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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1853.



HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE EXTINCTION OF THE LAST JACOBITE INSURRECTION.*

MANY years have probably still to elapse before an exhaustive history can be written of England and Scotland for the century which lies between the expulsion of the Stuarts and the outbreak of the first French revolution. The outward political characteristics of the period are sufficiently intelligible; but the forces at work underneath the surface, the swift and silent course of change in the temper and dispositions of the people, have as yet furnished too imperfect indications of their ultimate tendency to enable us either to estimate the value of them, or even vaguely to conceive their meaning. The word 'progress,' which is on the lips of all of us, expresses indeed our consciousness of the change that is going forward, and the sanguine feelings with which we regard it; but we have still to ask, progress towards what? and to receive very little satisfaction in the answers which are given us. Is it progress in nobleness? progress in the conquest of what is small and unworthy in the human soul? or progress merely in material comforts—in the conquest over nature, and making her the handmaid of human convenience?

In default of such proper insight into the real nature of what was going forward, such history of the eighteenth century as hitherto has offered itself has naturally been deficient in the power of arresting our interest. The disappearance from the surface of all questions of principle, religious or political, and as a consequence the absence from the arena of public life of all really remarkable men, is seriously felt as we descend from the great eras of the Reformation and the Revolution; while, owing to the improved

mechanical contrivances for the preservation of the records of what took place, we are overwhelmed by a multitude of details and minutiae of circumstance and opinion, in which all men, and especially statesmen, are most found to indulge in the inverse ratio of the importance of the subject matter.

It is, therefore, no small proof of historical talent in the writer of the two volumes now before us that he has been able to distil such a mass of material into a palatable liquid, and has made a practicable and pleasant road for us through what was before a rather dreary wilderness. We do not know that Mr. Burton has added any absolutely new fact to those already known; but, what is of far greater importance, he has organized and made intelligible the confused heap he found before him; and while it is not easy for us to speak too highly of the manner in which he has executed his work, the same modest gracefulness of mind that gives such a charm to all he has written will probably make himself the last person who will estimate it at its full value. The matter, as he has treated it, has itself become interesting, and his style, if less brilliant than Macaulay's, has a pregnant elegance of its own, leaving behind it a calm and satisfactory impression, which pleases us as we receive it, and is retained without an effort. There is an appearance of indolence which is sometimes unconsciously acknowledged, and betrays itself, by-the-bye, seriously in a negligent correcting of the press; but in general it is the indolence of power, which holds its subject under easy command, and wields it without exertion. He makes no preten-

* *History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection.* By John Hill Burton. Two Vols. Octavo. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

sion to a large philosophy; contented to let facts tell their own story, he does not encumber them with comments, and he has shown his discretion as much in what he has avoided as in what he has touched. But in his detail of action, and in his estimate of character, there is an elevation of feeling and a calm subdued fairness far beyond the school of utilitarians, to which, from an occasional condescension to their hack expressions, he seems to belong. Mr. Burton, too, speaks of the progress of the enlightenment of humanizing influences, of large minded toleration, &c. &c., as if the improvement of man's nature was an unquestioned and unquestionable fact; as if there were no excellences in the earlier world which we do not now possess in larger measure; as if there were no inimitable Athenian sculptures, Norman architectures, Italian paintings, and Elizabethan dramas. We should be glad to force him to a fuller definition of his meaning; but happily the philosophy of progress in the general modern sense has had very little influence in forming Mr. Burton's mind, however he may suppose himself to believe in it.

The subject of his book is simply indicated in its title; more particularly it is the union of the two kingdoms, the causes which made it necessary, the imprudences, carelessnesses, and jealousies in the working it out, which produced so many dangerous and almost disastrous consequences. We are thus carried through a series of events the names of the most prominent of which will show at once to the general reader what he is to look for—the accession of William, the settlement of the Church, the later career of Claverhouse, the Glencoe massacre, the singular history of the Darien company, the Act of Security, and finally the passing of the Act of Union, compose the first volume; the second opens with the inauspicious working of the new settlement, the thoughtlessness with which the sensitive pride of the weaker nation was fretted and irritated into alienation; and leads us on through the Jacobite insurrections, which were rendered possible only by the opportunity which had been so unwisely created.

Great art is shown in the arrangement and composition. The story evolves itself systematically as the writers saw it, event rising out of event, and cause slowly working upon cause till the climax of the rebellion. The descriptions are graphic and full, especially those of battles and battle-fields, which have been composed evidently after personal examination of the localities. Those of personal character, though occasionally rather too brief and allusive, are definite in their outline. Mr. Burton's sympathies are not controlled by party feeling, and high qualities are always appreciated on whatever side they are to be found. Bitter against no one, the smallest trait of good feeling betrayed by the veriest rascal receives its due kind mention from him; but he never makes the rascal into a misrepresented saint because he happens to be on the anti-Jacobite side. Judging by these volumes only we should consider him a man without enthusiasm, one who regarded enthusiasm with a sad feeling, as at best a species of generous weakness. But the period he is dealing with contains nothing about which it is possible for a wise man to be enthusiastic; neither greatness in the matters at issue, nor greatness in the persons concerned with them. The vehement theologians and the vehement politicians were alike fanatics or dreamers, and a dispassionate regret for so much wasted heroism was the only sentiment with which it was possible to regard them. If unenthusiastic, Mr. Burton is never contemptuous; when a good word is possible he never fails to say it; and the book throughout is written in a spirit of great kindly good sense.

In so brief a review as we can here permit ourselves we shall best please our readers, and better do justice to Mr. Burton, by not attempting any general analysis, but by selecting detailed specimens of his manner and of his conclusions; and we will take first, as a matter in which English readers in the present state of their knowledge are likely to feel greatest interest—the too painfully celebrated massacre of Glencoe. It has probably received an undue prominence as an isolated fact, but the intensely tra-

gical features of the story, with the wildness of the scene in which it took place, have combined to fasten it upon the imagination, and the shame and the stain have clung to the memory of William in days which have hitherto only deepened as time has grown older. As Mr. Burton himself wisely says—

If Dalrymple and Breadalbane had dreamed of the influence of striking scenery in perpetuating the memory of political crimes, they would have sought any other place than this grand mountain solitude for the execution of their cruelty.

But there are few persons who will not be glad to find the darker shadows partially relieved; and a literal and dispassionate statement of the facts of the catastrophe does certainly go far to distribute the guilt over a wider surface than we had hitherto supposed. William himself is cleared of any further responsibility than what is involved in his having permitted a severity which the Scotch Ministers on whom he was forced to rely had represented to him as necessary. The sufferers are shown to have been guilty of worse offences than Jacobitism, and the severity with which the massacre was executed must be allowed that degree of palliation (slight and misearable as it is) to which very bad actions are entitled when they are in harmony with the practice of the time, and are tolerated by general opinion. The outline of the circumstances is familiar to every one. The Highlanders had been out with Claverhouse in what the government were entitled to consider a dangerous rebellion. It was certain that they would explode again on the first opportunity; and even in peace their habits were such that unless they could be overawed or coerced, their very existence was fatal to the industry of the neighbouring Lowland population. The provocation which they had already given had laid them fairly open to a severe retribution, and we need entertain no wonder that alike by William and his advisers it was felt absolutely necessary to make some example of the worst of the clans. Among those against whom as freebooters there was the heaviest reason to complain were the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and if

the Government had in a straightforward and open manner selected them for a peremptory vengeance we could only have regarded it as one of those strong stern acts of justice on which great men will venture in a spirit of wise humanity, knowing that in dealing with habits radically vicious severity is the truest clemency. The Secretary of State for Scotland, however, Sir John Dalrymple, was not a great man, and such a course of conduct he had neither the understanding to perceive to be right, nor the energy to carry it out if he had. He attempted to entangle the chiefs in a position in which they should have outlawed themselves by acts of their own, and as soon as they had forfeited their privileges as subjects he determined to extirpate them as a horde of savages, or beasts of prey. Promises of money by William's orders were held out to such of the chiefs as would offer a ready submission, and this was done *bond fide*, and with no covert purpose. At the same time—

A proclamation was issued requiring all the chiefs to swear the oath of allegiance in the presence of a civil judge, before the first of January, 1692, threatening those who failed to do so with the penalties of treason and of military execution upon their lands. The ferocious name of the writ by which it was to be executed, called letters of fire and sword, had nothing in it to startle the ear, although it was known to infer military execution in its most appalling form. *Any one who by reason of his estates being ravaged, or for any other cause, had a deadly feud with a Highland clan, readily obtained this license of extermination against them, on payment of the usual fees.*

The threat, like the promise, appears to be open and plain, and so in form it was. But Mr. Burton has shown by extracts from Dalrymple's letters that he hoped that obedience would be generally refused, and that by skilfully availing himself of the animosities of clan against clan he might let them loose upon one another for mutual extirpation. Let the sentence which we have italicized, however, be carefully observed, for while the massacre in its actual features wears the frightful appearance of licensed murder, the licence was one which was recognised by the legislation of the time, and

of which on the present occasion the statesmen only availed themselves rather than created it for the immediate purpose. That the Mac Donalds really were a nest of thieves rests not only on the evidence of the time, but Mr. Burton has gathered a further curious proof of it on grounds not liable to the errors into which the prejudices of contemporaries may betray their formal statements, and which may serve as a correction to the romantic sympathies that are excited by the Glencoe scenery :—

The tourist in Glencoe (he says) finds himself in a singularly solitary road, with conical mountains rising on either side, nearly as abruptly as the Aiguillettes of the Alps burst out of the coating of snow. There is a narrow strip of grazing ground between these Alpine walls. There are a few, still narrower, scattered here and there in the upper level, whence start the scaurs and mural precipices. He remarks the absence of population, as he passes, after a series of miles, a solitary farm-house, and one or two shepherd huts. This solitude he naturally associates with the tragedy of which he has heard. But to the historical observer it may call forth the question, since the means of subsistence in this wild spot are so scanty, how, when there was a considerable population there, did they subsist? In equally arid districts of the Jura, we find a population subsisting by the making of watches; but we know well that neither this nor any other productive occupation fed the MacDonalds of Glencoe. In short, they lived by plunder, and were, with the exception of the MacGregors, who had been nearly exterminated, the most accomplished and indomitable freebooters within the circuit of the Grampians. If they had not lived on the reft produce of other people's industry, their arid glen could not have supported the population which made the massacre a considerable feature in the history of the seventeenth century.

Persons who in the midst of orderly and industrious neighbours choose to live like beasts of prey, have no right to be surprised if they find themselves treated as such. No matter what courage, fidelity, self-devotion, or other high feature of character there may have been among them, the propensity to thieve is utterly intolerable, and the alternative of correction or destruction becomes matter of simple

necessity. It is a necessity, however, which will not even palliate the manner in which the punishment was inflicted. In ages of barbarism, when governments are without the power to punish, offenders are left to the 'wild justice' of private revenge, and during the slow advances of society 'the avenger of blood' is recognised by the law as a legitimate executioner of the natural penalties against crime. But the close of the seventeenth century was not a period when recourse might be had to so rude an expedient; and that such a practice should have survived to so late a time is but a slight excuse for the statesman who employed it, and a disgrace to the nation who had consented so long to endure it.

Disappointed in his hope that any considerable number of the clans would refuse obedience to the proclamation, Dalrymple discovered that at least one, and that among the worst, of the offenders had fallen within his power. The 1st of January was the last day fixed on which the oath could be received (of course, in such a matter, some last day must have been fixed), and MacDonald, who had held out to the latest moment, with a clear purpose of remaining disloyal if he dared, and if the refusal were general, finding that he was being left alone, and knowing the vengeance which would fall upon him, hastened, at the extreme limit of the time, to follow the universal example. Circumstances, over which he had no control, interfered with his purpose, and he had not formally made his submission till five days beyond the time named in the proclamation. He was, therefore, technically and legally in the power of the Government; and as MacDonald, by the fact of his delaying to the last, showed sufficiently the *animus* with which he was actuated, they saw no reason why they should not make use of it.

The final tragedy was now resolved on. The letters of Breadalbane, Dalrymple, and one or two others in the secret, have a very fiendish appearance. They speak about mauling them on the cold long nights when they cannot live on the mountains; about not troubling the government with prisoners; seeing that

the old fox and his cubs do not escape; about striking the blow silently and secretly, otherwise the victims may flee to the mountains; and the like. To carry out the plan, the old well-established resource of clan animosity was appealed to. For ages even before the horrible exhibition on the North Inch of Perth, it had been the policy of the Government to set these unruly sects against each other. It was in every respect the most easy, simple, and economical method of destruction; and the deadly hatred which neighbouring clans had to each other was sometimes piously viewed as a wise dispensation of Providence, like that which provides for the destruction of one noxious animal by the enmity it inspires in another. The conduct of the affair in hand required so much treachery and duplicity, that nothing but clan-hatred could supply the necessary amount of these vices. The Campbells were the natural enemies of the MacDonalds, and they had been embodied in an independent regiment, which gave them the means, as they possessed the hearty will, to execute what was desired. Towards the branch of the MacDonalds who lived in Glencoe, the Campbells had a special ground of hatred. Their inaccessible mountain fastnesses protruded, as it were, into the Campbell country, and were in that shire of Argyle which they loved to consider entirely their own. Glencoe was thus invested with all the hatred of a hostile frontier fortress, and these mountains, raising their conical peaks above their neighbours, were contemplated by the followers of MacCallum Mohr as Gibraltar is by the Spaniard. The Campbell territory, more productive than that of the MacDonalds, was often mercilessly ravaged by the banditti of this stronghold, and at the conference which Breadalbane held with the chiefs as ambassador, he had high words with Glencoe about stolen cattle,—the main source, besides clan-rivalries, of highland bloodshed.

There is no occasion to follow the story of the massacre. Frightful as it was, it fell far short of what had been intended; for the entire clan was marked for destruction, and the actual victims were under forty. But the circumstances under which it was perpetrated were such, as to call out universal sympathy and horror; and a powerful party opposed to the Government made the most of the opportunity of holding them up to execration. The age was outgrowing such ferocious forms of justice; and Dalrymple had the

bad luck to be the last statesman who made use of a method which had been employed before a thousand times without challenge, and even with applause. Happy in his comparative insignificance, however, Dalrymple's name is seldom mentioned in connexion with the business; and the odium has been popularly, but without justice, transferred to the English King. The latter had signified his approval of the proposal to punish the Highlanders—he had even specified the MacDonalds as desirable to be selected for an example—but the manner in which the punishment was to be inflicted, and the extent to which it was to be carried, were left to the local authorities, who alone are responsible for them; while the deep, malignant treachery in the actual execution—the revolting features of which are sometimes spoken of as if they had been prescribed in detail by William—are due to the fiendish nature of the men into whose hands the work was given.

It will have been perceived, that for the act itself Mr. Burton offers no sort of apology.* It was a horrible crime, which he sees with the eyes of a wise and humane man, who is yet too humane to let his judgment be betrayed by his feeling, and distributes the guilt with an equitable hand. The parallel, indeed, which he endeavours to establish between this massacre and Cromwell's military executions at Drogheda will not bear examining. The garrison of Drogheda was summoned to surrender, and after its refusal the town was taken by storm. Cromwell was not a man to take advantage of a technical flaw in the acceptance of his terms—in an accidental delay of hours or days; and justice with him was a thing too sacred and too solemn for the infliction of its penalties to be committed to the passion of private enemies, or extended to helpless women and innocent children. The Drogheda victims were grown men taken in arms, the offscouring of the population of the three kingdoms, scarcely one among whom had not richly earned his own fate by his own individual crimes. But it is remarkable in this Glencoe business, that it may be questioned

which was the most surprised at the ebullition of popular feeling that was caused by it—the minister who had commanded the act, or the survivors among the sufferers who found themselves so unexpectedly the object of general sympathy.

The latter,

Unconscious of the greatness of the crime by which they suffered—because, in the ferocious social system in which they lived, they knew nothing of the moral obligations incumbent on a higher civilization—they doubtless were much astonished when they found themselves objects of national and even of European interest; and saw Parliamentary parties seeking influence and eminence by the advocacy of their cause.

While for Sir John Dalrymple,

Not the powerful, respected, and pious slave-holder of Carolina, when, emerging from his own circle, he has first heard an emancipist call him a robber of the worst kind, nor the hard-working conscientious lawlord, when, after labouriously carrying an act to make it death to steal five shillings in a dwelling-house, he is called a murderer by an abolitionist of death punishment,—could be more astonished than the Secretary of State when he heard the terms in which his meritorious services to the Government in the affair of Glencoe were attacked. . . . The rule had always been to show no more consideration to Highlanders than to wild beasts. The previous Stewart kings would have put every human being who spoke the Gaelic language to death had it been possible, as, to their great mortification, they found it was not. James VI., for instance, made a bargain with Argyle in the South and Huntly in the North, 'to extirpate the barbarous people,' each taking his department and fixing a time within which the thing was to be accomplished, but it was found that it could not be done. . . . If there is anything in the undoubted spirit of extermination with which our ancestors viewed the Celtic races to excite disgust, let us look at the notions which our American, African, and Australian colonists form at this day of the value of the lives of any given number of 'black fellows,' when compared with the advantage of preserving industry and property.

The affair of Glencoe was one among a number of causes which pressed upon the statesmen of the day the necessity of a union between the two kingdoms, and at the same time called out a variety of angry feelings, which made the

carrying it into effect so difficult. Looking back from our present point of view, when the enormous advantages which have resulted from the Union both to England and to Scotland can so easily be discerned, with no apparent evils whatsoever to countervail them, it is not easy to understand where the difficulty could have lain in carrying through a measure of such large and obvious benefit. United from the time of the Reformation in what, as long as Romanism was dangerous, was a common faith, they had already been governed long enough by a common sovereign for the ancient national animosities to have died away and been forgotten. It is true that under the two last sovereigns the power of England had been employed to persecute the Scotch Presbyterians. But the persecuting princes were themselves Scotchmen of the old royal line; and England had been a common sufferer under the same tyranny; which had rather served, therefore, to draw them together than to separate them. The fighting era of their rivalry had past away, and a new industrial era had commenced, in which the real interests of the two countries were the same; and a glance at the map is sufficient to show that an industrial development of two independent peoples in so small an island could not continue for ever. On terms either of agreement or of compulsion sooner or later they must unite; and, while experience had taught Scotland that she could not preserve her independence without assistance from abroad, more dangerous to her than alliance with England, England, too, had learnt from it, that if united to Scotland on any terms short of absolute equality, her proud and hardy neighbour could task her strength to its utmost to preserve the chain unbroken, and that she would be powerless either to develop further her own internal force, or to resist an external enemy. If either country was to prosper it was essential that they should be heartily and cordially united; and such a union, it was equally clear, was only possible upon terms of mutual respect and conciliation.

That this really was the case, and that every thinking person must

have seen that it was so, appears now so obvious, that however formidable the array of difficulties to be overcome, even when laid all together they look like nothing by the side of so paramount a necessity. The Church question had been settled on the Revolution once for all, and was to suffer no further interference. Of vital moment nothing remained to keep the two countries asunder; and of the obstacles which did remain we English have little reason to be proud. On the Scotch side there remained a feeling of intense nationality, a high value of the independence which they had so gallantly won, and a fear that 'the ancient kingdom' would subside into a province of the aggressive neighbour, whose efforts to subdue it they had for centuries successfully defied. Such a feeling and such a pride were honourable to them; and it was more honourable, that while they estimated the sacrifice which was required perhaps beyond its value, they were prepared to venture it. The real difficulty in accomplishing the union lay at the outset of the negotiation, not with Scotland, but with the ignorant selfishness of the English trading interests.

It is remarkable, that the broad sense of Cromwell had perceived, as well what would most ensure cordiality between the two peoples as the elements which, remaining unsettled, might make a disagreement between them dangerous. He had established perfect freedom of trade, and he had abolished the petty sovereignties of the Highland chiefs, which afterwards twice enabled the Stuarts to organize an army of insurrection. The belief which prevailed at the Restoration, that right and justice lay in the contradictory of everything which had been done by the Protector, restored the occasion of discord in giving back to the English their monopolies, and restored to the chieftains their hereditary privileges of leadership. To the first of these two acts is to be traced the tempest of animosity which preceded the passing of the Union, and rendered the working of it for many years so unsatisfactory. The other gave the Stuarts the means of twice appearing at the head of Highland

armies to reconquer the throne; and the second time on which they descended from their mountains it was into the midst of a people too deeply alienated from England to lift a finger to resist them.

The whole of this remarkable drama—for in the consistency of its parts it has all the completeness of a poetical composition—is admirably told by Mr. Burton, who opens it with the singular history of the Darien Company. William had, early in his reign, made an effort to induce the English Parliament to consider the question of the Union; but since it had to be acknowledged that the passing of such a measure would involve the extension of English trade privileges to Scotland, and since the English traders were still, as Mr. Burton says, 'possessed by the shallow belief that what was gained by their neighbours was something lost by themselves,' the proposal was coldly received, and was dropped without an effort to carry it into effect. Scotland, injured in purse and wounded in feeling, had soon an opportunity of showing her natural resentment. The success of the East India Company had excited a general emulation, and a few leading men in Edinburgh determined, since they were excluded from a share in their neighbours' advantages, to rival them in their own field. Their imaginative enthusiasm conjured up the wildest Anaschar visions of what their scheme was to achieve; but after allowing the natural deduction which must always be made from sanguine expectation, the association which they proposed to form, if successful at all, would trench deeply into the profits of the English companies. The principal feature in the plan was to form a settlement on the Isthmus of Darien, which, like Alexandria in the old world, was to be the centre of the trade between Eastern Asia and Europe; and by a single powerful effort the poor Scots were thus to seat themselves on the throne of the commerce of the world. The plan was no sooner published than it was caught up by the entire eager nation. Injured and slighted as they had been by the jealousy of the English, an opportunity of reta-

liating appeared to open itself, of rivalling, perhaps of eclipsing them. Money poured in from every side, the great nobles leading the subscription list, and the poorest traders finding a place in it. The whole realized capital of the country was cast into the venture with as eager a patriotism as if the owners of it were volunteering into an army to defend their country from invasion. The opposition of the English, which soon displayed itself, increased their resolution. If their rivals were afraid, it was a reason why they should hope. The spirit of Bruce and Wallace had awoke again, somewhat metamorphosed indeed, in the merchants' counting-houses. We could wish that there had been more of Edward's chivalry in the London Exchange. The anomalous position of Scotland, which, though a free country, was subject to the English king, made it, in the eyes of other nations, appear a dependent province; and the English merchants, very little to their credit, took advantage of the opportunity which was thus afforded them. Having by their own act excluded Scotland from a share in their own commerce, they were bound in honour, even in ordinary honesty, to have left it free play to develop its own resources; but unhappily honour and justice were words not at that time inserted in the commercial dictionary of England.

Trade jealousies (says Mr. Burton) have, from time to time, made the English people frantic. The Commons were urged on to an immediate extermination of the upstart rival to English commerce. They utterly forgot that there was, in the other part of the island, an independent imperial Parliament, legislating for a free state; and an inquiry was instituted, as to those who had advised the passing of the act in Scotland, as if it had been the measure of some English dependency, for which the promoters were responsible to the English Parliament. The Lords were roused as rapidly, and by the same influences. The two houses held that important conclave, little seen in later times—a conference; and united in an address to the Crown against the Scottish Company. To the address presented to him by the two Houses, the king was reported to have made an answer which became memorable in Scotland. It was in these terms:—
'That he had been ill served in Scot-

land, but he hoped some remedies might be found to prevent the inconveniences that might arise from this act.' The Commons proceeded still further. They seized on the books and documents of the company, in London [for the subscription list had been opened to English capitalists], and conducted a threatening examination of the capitalists who had subscribed to the fund. In the end, they resolved that the directors of the company, acting under colour of a Scottish Act of Parliament, were guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour; and then they voted that Lord Belhaven, and the other eminent Scottish gentlemen whose names appeared in the Scottish Act as the directors of the company, should each be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanours. This denunciation was more insulting than practically operative; and it may be counted the commencement of that series of rash insults to Scotland, which, rendering the Union necessary, were at the same time a sad impediment to its progress.

The 'insult,' however, was followed up by other measures of a less ineffectual character. The English ambassadors were instructed to inform all foreign powers that the Government knew nothing of this new company, and that it was established without the sanction of the king. In consequence, when the directors endeavoured to negotiate a footing for themselves, they were met by a demand for an inspection of their charter, and were coldly informed that their incorporation by a Scottish parliament could not furnish them with a character which it was possible to acknowledge. The Spaniards, who from the first had regarded the settlement at Darien with extreme distrust and jealousy, on the receipt of such a communication, and learning further that the Anglo-American colonists had been forbidden to hold intercourse with or notice it, considered themselves at once entitled to treat the settlers as buccaneers; and cut off from support, and isolated from all foreign sympathy, the colony magnificently begun was blighted at its outset. Quarrels were caused by disasters, and crimes by quarrels; and at last they really became what the Spaniards considered them. The entire melancholy history is told by Mr. Burton in a tone of powerful emotion, and the career of the ill-fated company assumes in his hands a

thoroughly tragic character. It was not the bankruptcy of a speculation set on foot to make the fortunes of a few adventurers; it was an effort of national enthusiasm, and ill as such a temper may promise for the successful conduct of a trading enterprise, it entitles it to a moral respect which usually there is no necessity for offering to such undertakings.

One source of calamity incident to the joint-stock manias of richer countries—jobbing in shares and sales at enhanced and fictitious values—was here wanting. It was a national affair; none sought individual aggrandizement; but the Scots, with their characteristic fidelity in times of difficulty, threw their fortunes into the common lot, and were individually to gain or lose with the rise or fall of the nation. Services of all kinds were disinterestedly offered. Paterson, amidst public applause, gave up a gratuitous allotment of shares, which he and others looked upon as seeds capable of sprouting and ripening into a princely fortune. There was a disposition that would have put down all attempts to entrap the unwary, and to gamble with privileges of selection, or the means of superior knowledge. It must indeed be admitted, that, had there been a strong disposition to run the scheme through the ruin of the multitude to the gain of a few heartless speculators, the means of accomplishing it were wanting; for the subscriptions sucked up all the money in the country, and none remained for jobbing transactions and enhanced purchases. Hence the calamities which overcame the country, and as they might be, were the simple loss of property, and they did not involve, as in the manias which afterwards deluged England and France, inextricable adjustments between impostors and their dupes, and a consciousness that the simplicity of one portion of the people had called forth the latent spirit of rapine in the men of prey who formed the other. Whatever follies of the sanguine, the ardent, and the ambitious, the Scots had committed, those who had committed them honestly abode the penalty; and, however they had been treated by other nations, they retained the proud consciousness that, not in their own streets or in their social circles were to be seen men who had grossly plotted on public credulity, and fed the fire of excitement, that in treacherous coolness they might profit by the ruin it was bringing on.

In a money point of view, Scotland had been ruined—all her little

savings swept away by a real, monstrous iniquity. Bitter and deep, however, as the general indignation was, before resorting to any extreme measures of self-defence, the estates submitted the treatment which they had received to the better judgment of William, in a grave and earnest appeal. While the latter was reflecting upon the answer which he should give, the English House of Lords, as if determined that nothing should be left undone to make the worst of their very bad position, 'passed an address condemning the Scottish colony, and approving of the proclamation issued against it by the Governors of the English Transatlantic plantations.' But William's clearer eye and calmer judgment perceived the tempest which was gathering, and perhaps he felt the injustice which had been committed. 'His answer to this address conveyed a tacit reproof.'

He expressed a warm sympathy with the Scots in their misfortune, and showed that he was not prepared to head the stronger nation in riding down the weaker. He took up the neglected question of the Union, and earnestly recommended such a measure to the House of Lords, with a special reference to the history of Darien, and to the adjustment of trading privileges, as the only means of saving the two nations from endless and irreconcilable discord.

The Lords, removed from the temptation of immediate interest, were able to listen. They passed a bill, apparently without difficulty, appointing commissioners to treat, and sent it down to the Commons. 'But the risk of war with a high-spirited people, driven desperate, had not become sufficiently imminent to overcome the commercial jealousies of the nation, or awaken them to the fact as a political necessity, that the Scots would no longer be sacrificed to the system.' City influence was still paramount, and the bill was lost at its second reading.

William still persevered. He renewed his entreaties two years after, almost with his last breath. On the accession of Anne the question was again pressed in the speech from the throne, as of urgent and immediate moment. Still, however, to no purpose. The bulk of the people remained unconvinced of anything

except that their pockets might possibly suffer. And although on this occasion commissioners actually were appointed by the Parliaments of the two kingdoms, and proceeded as far as a first meeting, the free-trade question lying on the threshold of the negotiation proved an insuperable obstacle, and the English persisted in their narrow, impracticable selfishness.

The Scots were now thrown upon their own resources. Nothing would evidently be gained by conciliation, and nothing was to be expected either from the honour or generosity of their neighbours. It remained for them to defend their own position; and in a proud spirit of self-reliance they at once assumed an attitude which forced its meaning into the brain of the densest trader in England. The descendants of the men who had defied and baffled the Norman chivalry, were not now to sit by and see their country fall prostrate before a paltry aristocracy of trade; and from default of issue of the Queen, the necessity having arisen of a fresh settlement of the succession to the throne, a simple and constitutional opportunity was afforded them of resuming their rank as an independent nation. The difficulty under which the Darien company had fallen had arisen from the dubious nationality of a people who in appearance were the subjects of the king of England; and being under no political obligation to follow the example of their neighbours in determining the line in which their crown should descend, they availed themselves of the occasion to recover their country's place among the European powers. By the Act of Security, which was passed with the enthusiastic approval of the entire nation, it was decreed that the crown of Scotland, on the death of Queen Anne, should not descend with that of England to the house of Hanover. We are not to regard this bold measure as a skilful manoeuvre of statesmen on the political chessboard; it was the simple determined act of a resolved people, who probably did not any more care to calculate how the question of the Union might be affected by it. The Scotch were not particularly anxious for the Union; they entertained no

very magnificent expectations of what they were to gain by that measure, while the surrender of their independence was an obvious and certain evil. They had been indifferent from the first, and now they were irritated into enmity, and were entirely ready to accept the alternative which the madness of the English was forcing upon them. But the eyes of the latter were at last opened. With a large element of Jacobite disaffection among themselves, if the Scotch as a united people should recal the elder branch of the Stuarts; if, as they showed themselves inclined to do, they should fall back upon the ancient French alliance, and determine, in combination with Louis, to maintain the Jacobite cause, a coalition would have to be faced more dangerous than trade competition. The mass of the English constituencies were probably scarcely even aware of the existence of a Scotch Parliament, or went on in the easy belief that Scotch liberties were a bauble with which their neighbour's vanity was amused, and they were roused from the comfortable dream to find themselves on the edge of hostility with a justly angry nation. There was no more hesitation, every point was at once conceded; even the losses by the Darien failure were made good, principal and interest; for which Mr. Burton is good enough to give the English Government credit as an act of generosity, when his own story, and ever his own words elsewhere, show that it was only extorted from their terrors. It is a chapter in English history little creditable to us; and indeed there are few among our public men of those years whose very belonging to us we have not reason to be ashamed of, and whose name and exploits our after historians will not be glad to thrust aside and pass over with a few disdainful pages. Whether the Scottish noblemen were bribed, as the Jacobite writers say they were, to forward the union (for after feelings so angry had been roused it was no easy matter to bring it about) is left in uncertainty. Large sums were distributed among them, but whether directly as bribes or as arrears of the unpaid salaries

of their various offices, there is not sufficient evidence to determine. Mr. Burton inclines to give them the benefit of the doubt; and the minute fractions in the sums which they received point to the same conclusion; at the same time there was nothing in the character of most of them to make the charge of corruption in itself at all improbable.

With the passing of the Act of Union Mr. Burton brings his first volume to a close. In the second, he passes to the Jacobite conspiracies, and the occasion which gave them an importance they would never have received from the popularity of the cause itself. That the fusion of two nations, brought about as it had been, not by any growth of attachment, or even by obvious reciprocal interests, but only by a stringent political necessity, would lead to many offensive bickerings and petty disagreements might have been foreseen with no great effort of sagacity. The social system of Scotland, far less artificial than that of England, was held together by customs rather than by laws; and in the necessity of reducing the two countries to a common order in essentials, even though as few abrupt changes were introduced as possible, the habits and prejudices of the people would be inevitably wounded in a thousand ways. After the concession which England conceived herself to have made in the opening of her trade, and in her engagement to attempt no interference with the Presbyterian church, she felt no particular obligation to proceed with minuteness of delicacy in less important matters. When we English are doing our best, we pay more attention to the substance of what is done than to the form in which we do it; and when certain things must be carried out, we have a straightforward, business-like way of setting to work with them, which may easily be offensive to people who are ready to take offence. There will always be a difference of opinion as to which is really the wisest mode of proceeding in such circumstances. In the present case offences of some sort were inevitable; and that matters grew no worse than they did, and that 'the vessel of the state' righted herself so readily after so heavy a plunge,

proves that the measure was at least well carried through, if we can fancy it might have been done better, and this or that lurch have been prevented. After all, the grievances most complained of were the establishment of a judiciary on the English model; a change, after the recent experience of such a business as that of Glencoe, which was absolutely necessary; and the method pursued of collecting the taxes, to which it was only necessary for the people to become accustomed to learn very soon the superiority of it to their own. In other words, a country accustomed to follow its own imperfect methods of administering the law, was brought under another, more just, firm, and equitable, and it exhibited those symptoms of impatience which are always shown by high-spirited animals, whether of the human or other species, at the first experience of restraint. But it was natural, on the other side, that the Scots themselves should be slow to see things in a reasonable light. The ill usage which they had experienced preparatory to the union made them jealously alive to after appearances of injury. The surrender which they had made could not be appreciated by others as highly as by themselves; and yet they appeared to demand that the English should never cease to remember it; and they required to be treated with a formal delicacy which they did not find, and which it was as natural as it was abstractedly unreasonable that they should expect. The really important mistake which was made at the union, as Mr. Burton himself shows, was in leaving too much, rather than too little, undisturbed; in permitting the Highland chiefs to retain their 'superiorities,' in virtue of which they exercised, in their own districts, a despotic and kingly authority. But the feeling of injury which was entertained, by even the most thoughtful of the Scots who understood and valued the inestimable benefit of the Union, will be found well expressed in the sentiments which Mr. Burton gives us as his own:

In all such secondary matters, it should have been the policy of Britain to have done as little as possible to remind

Scotland that she was now in the hands of strangers. The great service which a central government, uniting several interests and conflicting elements, can accomplish for its various parts, is to save them from the tyranny of local majorities and the selfishness of provincial interests. In these shapes the central government has in later times ever exercised a beneficial influence over Scotland, and has begun to extend this beneficent function to Ireland. It is a function, however, which is best exercised when it appears least conspicuously to emanate from the stranger. It might have been accomplished by quiet checks and skilful adjustments of the balance of parties, while, save in this beneficent but unobtrusive influence over them, the management of affairs should have borne as close a resemblance as possible to what it would have been had Scotland retained her own legislature. Unfortunately, whether from want of true statesmanship or the trying influence of a time when men were occupied in throwing desperate stakes for large prizes, the policy adopted towards Scotland was far different from this soothing and corrective character. In almost every one of the changes just enumerated, the offensive act was offensively done, and the country was ever reminded that she was in the hands of ungenial and uninterested, if not hostile, strangers.

But to leave these political disquisitions and to turn to other features of these volumes which will be of more popular interest. Mr. Burton's descriptions of character, always clever, are often extremely graphic and good. So many of the leading figures in his canvas are familiar to us from Walter Scott's novels, that we find ourselves on all sides amongst old friends; and the historian is less of an iconoclast than might have been feared. Rob Roy, indeed, it is painful to recognise in a traitor as double-faced as Rashleigh Osbaldeston, and without Rashleigh's genius—as the broken swindler who hovered on the skirts of the battle of Sheriffmuir, refusing to fight when he was ordered, and waiting, like an unclean carrion bird, to feast on the plunder of the field; but, in general, the believers in Scott will have less to suffer from Mr. Burton than they have suffered from Mr. Macaulay. Here, for instance, is Claverhouse, and a very intelligible conception of him, of

which even the Jacobites will hardly complain:—

The actual career of Dundee, without decoration, is an affluent fountain of romance. His handsomeness, his early historical career, his name associating him with the great Marquis of Montrose, his military capacity so great within its little sphere, the sad sympathy offered to those who throw their lot into a desperate cause, and the heroic glory of his death—altogether make a true history of brighter colours than many a romance. . . . He was a younger son of a Scottish laird, and, according to a common usage in a country which could not exercise its energies near at hand without arousing the trading jealousies of its affluent and powerful neighbour, he was sent to serve abroad. . . . He was a man of much more far-seeing ambition than the generality of his order. He felt within himself capacities of a higher stamp, and aspirations also; for though he belonged to the herd of mercenaries, his ambition, with all his defects, was of a higher order than that of the Dugald Dalgeties, who contented themselves with the consciousness that they had better pay, booty, liquor, and arms than the pike trailers under their command. *He became a fanatic of the order he found himself in—the order of the cavalier who is devoted to his monarch and his monarch's allies, aristocratic and hierarchical.* His fanaticism was that of the gentleman. It is not common perhaps to associate the reproachful term 'fanatic' with a word so expressive of estimable social qualities as this word 'gentleman'; but as there is no hesitation in applying it to religious opinions carried to excess, surely there can be no desecration in applying it to social qualities when they become offensively prurient.

Another, and perhaps a better specimen is the following description of the Pretender, as he appeared in the camp of the Earl of Mar. On his arrival at Perth—

He graciously desired to see the little kings of the Highlands, with their armies; and on their exhibiting some portions of the Highland exercise and discipline, he was pleased to bestow on them his royal commendation. But the approval was by no means reciprocal. The Highlanders were strangers to those subtle principles of apostolic succession or divine right, of which the theoretical purity was held rather to be confirmed than weakened by the wretchedness of the physical medium through which it might happen to pass. They had ever been accustomed to associate greatness and au-

thority with the immediate means of employing them, and especially with physical strength, and the indications of courage and determination. Their legends reminded them of instances where decrepit or timid chiefs had to be deposed and to be replaced by hardy daring kinsmen, who could effectively lead the clan. And when they saw in the great chief of all their chiefs, the never robust frame shaken by dissipation, the feeble lazy eye, the sallow cheek, the imbecile smile, and the listless movements, the vision of such a descendant of the heroic race of Stewart fell upon them with the coldness of despair. Though the Highlanders generally profess a reverential reserve about great men and great things, yet it appears that they could not suppress their uncomfortable astonishment, and asked each other if the apparition could speak.

Around such a being it is difficult to understand how any intensity of feeling could have gathered itself. But it was to their cause and not to their persons that the Stuarts owed their romantic attractiveness. After describing the unreality of the English Jacobites, 'who were effectually frightened by the march to Derby, like conjurors who have been too successful in raising a formidable fiend,' Mr. Burton proceeds to contrast with them the genuine Jacobitism of Scotland:—

In Scotland it was different. The Union had failed in accomplishing a complete fusion of the two peoples. The predictions of those who anticipated tyranny and insult from the strong country towards the weak, had too much the appearance of fulfilment. The preceding pages will have been written in vain, if it be not seen by them in how many of her most sensitive nerves, Scotland was acutely irritated by England. While smarting under these afflictions, the people, given to sentiment and romance, bethought themselves if the old race of their old line of sovereigns whom they had so relentlessly discarded, might not have stood by them in these their trials? The persecution of the Covenanters and the inquisitorial tyranny of the Privy Council, had migrated into the indistinct background of past history, and were overshadowed by the grievances of heavy taxation and national insult, present and palpable. Much had been heard of the high spirit and gallant bearing of that youth, on whom would have descended a crown, fondly believed to be the most ancient in Europe, and to have passed through a

line of monarchs unexampled in length and continuity. The few gallant and devoted men of the first blood in the land, who had already sacrificed themselves for his cause in self-imposed exile, called out the respectful sympathy of a people who love rank and admire generosity. They knew not the petty trickery and caballing in that court where people acted the game of king and ministers; and thought that the exiles who had cast their lot with him whom they deemed their rightful sovereign, exhibited a single-hearted purity of devotion well contrasted with the selfish, and often false dependants, in the Hanoverian court. Popular literature and song befriended the cause. All these attributes, calling forth pity, sympathy, and admiration, were directed by this potent agency towards illustrious birth, high rank, endurance, generosity, and heroism, and took a hold on the imagination with which the utilitarian principles that dictated the Parliamentary settlement could in vain compete. The finest of those old and simple, but sweet and plaintive airs, which called forth the admiration of Dryden, became allied with the 'auld Stuarts back again,' and the restoration on the legitimate head of Scotland's independent crown. It will yet be some time ere the race die out in Scotland, who have felt a little of the romance of Jacobitism—who remember from the nursery the sweet sadness of the ballads that spoke of the young prince's heroism and his royal line, embodied the wailings of those who had left their best and bravest on fatal 'Drumossy Muir,' and swelled into triumphant prophecy that for all that was past, a brilliant day was coming, and his adorers would behold their idol again.

There is one more aspect in which we desire to consider Mr. Burton, and that is perhaps the most important of all. What general moral conceptions are to be gathered from his book? What in general does he believe to be the meaning, end, purpose, of human life—in what does man's business consist, what are his duties, his proper hopes and fears? He has put together a number of facts, what does he make them say? Politics are but a small part of us; and, rightly read, human history is our great lesson book, embracing the entire range of our duty. We might perhaps expect to find what we are looking for in the chapters on the fortunes of the church of Scotland; but although it is true

that what appear to be his conclusions on these great matters are embodied in his narrative, we find less direct statements than we might have expected, or at least wished and hoped to find. The church of Scotland, with its struggles, divisions, and evolutions is treated with a uniform respect—with a ready appreciation of whatever nobleness of thought or action was enlisted in its service; but for anything which Mr. Burton allows us to see, it is regarded by him externally as a mere fact of history, with the fate of which no conviction of his own is at all substantially connected; and so far perhaps he does but adhere to his proper province; and exhibits, in his treatment of so critical a subject, the true historic power. We have already said for him as much as can be said for almost any living historian, in giving him credit for so uniform and so just a distribution of his sympathies, in saying that party prejudice never blinds him to the excellences of those with whom politically he least agrees, or palliates the vices of his friends; while virtue and vice in their broader forms, as they appear in action, are feelingly and equitably appreciated. But we can say more than this. On delicate questions, where the opinions of right-minded men are still divided, such, for instance, as resistance to established governments, and the conditions under which men venture on them, he can speak in a wise and dispassionate temper, which it would be well if, in these revolutionary times, we could all learn to imitate. After the extinction of the rebellion of 1715 arose the awful question—

What were the victors to do with the many hundreds of the vanquished, with whom the fortresses and prisons were crowded? No government can extend to defeated insurgents the privilege of prisoners of war, without opening the way to continued insecurity, and causing more public misery than the utmost severity can create. The security which nations have against the turbulent dispositions of their neighbours is, that they cannot be assailed by isolated collections of individuals; the State itself must make war. But if a government were to treat all the individual subjects who disturb its order, with the etiquette due to nations making war with it, all guarantee for

internal tranquillity would vanish. Whenever interest or passion excited them with sufficient force, bands of the people would rise against any government, however beneficent, if the alternative were success or a treaty without punishment. He who takes the desperate determination of rising against a settled government, must not only look in the face the misery and ruin he spreads around—unfortunately, the ambitiously-selfish can contemplate such a vision without emotion—but on the axe or the gibbet for himself, if he should fail. The prospect of martyrdom is the test of his sincerity, whether it be born of the fanaticism which calls men to fight for a leader or an opinion, without reference to the chances of success, or be founded, like the projects of a Sidney or a Russell, on well-weighed calculations for the benefit of a people. Nor when, in the defeat of the great enterprise, all is lost that is worth living for, can the forfeiture of a purposeless life, to one of high motives or strong enthusiasm, be a formidable addition to the ingredients of the bitter cup.

Excellent, however, as this passage is, the light which it reflects upon the writer's mind is still imperfect. The lesson, after all, is only a political one read to governors and subjects, and we look for something more broad and comprehensive, something which shall serve to show us our own steps. The most difficult problem of statesmanship is to discover how best to deal with offences against the moral law, which are not crimes or offences against life or property. The moral enormity of fornication and of adultery, for instance, is scarcely less in the eyes of a Christian than that of theft and murder; and in rude ages they have been visited with similar penalties. But the difficulty of carrying into effect laws of such extreme severity has led to successive modifications of them; and at present the worst of these two is a civil offence to be expiated by the payment of moneys, and the other is left to enlightened opinion—that is (as far as men are concerned), to no punishment at all. Intermediate between the two extremes, lay in European history the long period of ecclesiastical discipline, the last surviving exercise of which in these islands was to be found in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Mr. Burton's narrative leads him across

the mention of it, and in his eyes it was a barbarous custom, which the enlightenment of modern times has left behind it. The secessions, one after another, which broke off from the Establishment, in pursuit of a loftier standard than was to be found any longer within its pale, are described as efforts to remain behind the age; and those high aspirations after excellence, that hatred of sin which was the central motive power of the Scotch Reformation, and was the secret of its strength, finds toleration only from Mr. Burton, as if it were something which he did not understand.

And yet, surely, if to fight against evil in all forms be our real business in this world (and if that be not our business, it is time for us to learn what is), we shall not prosper in such a warfare by lowering the standard of what we require of each other, or putting away those checks on sin which the vigour of other ages enabled them to bear. Let Mr. Burton seriously ask himself whether 'enlightened public opinion,' 'humanizing influences,' and such like, have any real tendency to check what we call sin. In his own Scotland, for instance? He believes in the philosophy of History. Let him look through the history of the world—look to that history which is the great antitype of our own, the Roman—to the effects of that 'progress of civilization' which abolished the censorship as barbarous, and left the morals of the people to the control of opinion—which became tolerant, and large-minded, and philosophical, and put away the old austerities as unbecoming in a cultivated nation.

Very likely it was time for church discipline to vanish when the enactments of it were evaded by a return to the 'indulgences' of Tetzel; and dispensations were disposed of to those who could afford them on payment of money. But if there be 'progress' here, it is progress towards a place not hitherto considered a desirable goal of human efforts; and the abolition of the form is nothing more than a confession that there is no longer virtue to give life to it. The form is put away, not because it is superseded by another of fuller efficacy, but because it is

an unpleasant reminder of the evil of practices which there is no more heart to resist; because as long as it remains it is an uncomfortable witness of degeneracy, and interferes with the self-congratulation of an age which flatters itself with the outward splendour of its material triumphs.

It is remarkable that the only class of men to whom Mr. Burton attributes any transcendently high qualities (and when a large body of persons exhibit a distinctive type of character, it is through the influence of some pervading conviction, habit or belief) are a class, the marked characteristics of which he observes to be disappearing without regret, and almost with satisfaction, the Cameronians of the west. He is not blind to the lofty nature so often displayed by them. In detail, he can even admire their actions; but he cannot appreciate the temper of the men, or, it would almost seem, understand the connexion between their conduct and their faith. He can describe their astonishing practical ability, their steadiness of purpose, their patience in suffering, their moderation and calmness in victory. The noblest action related in his book is the defence of Dunkeld by the Cameronian regiment; and one of the most touching descriptions is his brief notice of the battle of Stoinkirk, where they were deserted and cut in pieces, after a defence so gallant 'that it almost turned the fortunes of the day,' and 'many a stern-featured westland Scot was found on that field, with a well-thumbed Bible in his pocket.' But for all this, Mr. Burton cannot like them. Their 'intolerance' is a deadly sin never to be forgiven; and he appears to regret the misfortune which united so much gallantry with so unpardonable a fanaticism.

The ruling principle among them (he says) was the simplest and broadest of all human principles,—that I am right and you are wrong, and whatever opinion different from mine is entertained by you must be forthwith uprooted, &c. &c.

Surely neither was this their principle, nor was intolerance their fault. They believed that right is infinitely to be loved, and wrong to be infinitely hated; and their fault

was, not in refusing to tolerate what they thought wrong, but in the narrow theory which they had formed of it. Narrow they were. They had fallen among hard times, and had lost the broader and more genial sympathies of the early Scotch reformers; they believed that the Divine grace was confined under their hard and straitened formulæ; and they could not conceive that it could be present in any human soul under other conditions. But that, believing themselves to be right, they refused to tolerate and compromise with error, only shows that their belief was *real*—that it was not a *perhaps*, like that of most men, but an iron conviction. All good men are intolerant—in- tolerant of evil. If they love good, they hate evil. It is the first condition of a sound heart. Only let the sound understanding go along with it, to determine rightly what *is* evil. Mr. Burton would not wish us to tolerate lies, or sin, or folly. They are to be fought against, trampled out, exorcised by all means, and with all energy of heart and soul. Not indifference of heart, but a wiser spirit of discrimination, is the thing to be desired; the Cameronian temper with a wiser creed. And yet if it is in the *heart*, rather than in the understanding, that the issues lie of good and evil, those poor Cameronians, in all their narrowness, had a wiser and more real sense of the meaning of their being in this world than has been found yet attainable on any theory of progress of the species. In his tenderness for them, Mr. Burton believes, 'that, at all events, they would have yielded to the softening influence of advancing civilization.' They would have yielded, we sup-

pose, to the temptations of worldliness and comfort, like the Establishment, or like the poor Cameronian regiment, which 'lapsed into the uniform modified licentiousness of other military bodies.' And that would have been matter for congratulation.

'Advancing civilization,' 'progress of humanity,' and such like, may serve to make the world run smooth and easy, and may form the tempers, here and there, of a few moderate and thoughtful men like Mr. Burton; but they are principles too vague to exercise a subduing influence over the passions, as they exist in the masses of mankind; and those forms of human nature which have hitherto been considered to be the highest and the noblest, are attainable only through convictions of that iron kind which all powerful nations and all strongly organized bodies have alike exhibited in the cras of their greatness, and in virtue of which they are alone great.

But we will leave this. Perhaps we have said too much about it. It would be a poor compliment to Mr. Burton to identify him with thinkers who, like the false mother in Solomon's judgment, that was ready to divide the child, cut up the truth into *opinions*, and leave us all to choose for ourselves as our inclinations guide us. If occasionally the language of such men has escaped from him, the scope and tone of his own mind, as will have been seen by the extracts which we have given from him, are set at a far loftier pitch. He has written what, in all essentials, is a calm, wise, and excellent book, and with these warm epithets we take our leave of it and of its author.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, SIR HUDSON LOWE, AND
DR. O'MEARA.*

THERE is no one now living, and we doubt whether a man ever lived, about whom so much has been written as of Napoleon Bonaparte. In our own country there are more histories of his life—more accounts of his campaigns than there are histories and records of Marlborough, of Wellington, or of Nelson. In Germany, comprising the smaller and the larger States, Napoleon's history is more familiar to the general public than the history of the Great Frederick, of Prince Eugene, of the Archduke Charles—nay, even than the story of the life of old Blücher himself. In far-off Russia the military man who reads at all reads more of Napoleon than of Peter the Great, of Potemkin, or of Suwaroff. In Spain, among the most vain-glorious race under the sun, the name of the overrated victor at Baylen—Castañas—is now less known than that of the French Emperor; and in Italy, producing in the middle ages great captains, Bonaparte is regarded as a soldier springing from their own soil—a soil always fertile in great creations. Even among the Americans, a people as proud and exclusive as the Spaniards—and with a million of better reasons for being so—the name of Napoleon is as well known, if not so much revered, as that of Washington; and his history and life are more talked of than are public or private details concerning George Washington or Andrew Jackson. There is some reason for this world-wide renown. Napoleon was more than a great general and consummate captain. He was also a great administrator, a great ruler, and a great law-giver—a man who, by his genius, his energy, and his art of fascinating and dominating his countrymen, not merely rose to the highest command of her armies, but who also won by his victories the way to supreme civil power. The position to which he

raised himself, whether in civil or in military life, was self-carved and self-created; and as there is no instance in history of such unique success and such wonderful reverses, our love of the wonderful, and our desire for startling excitement and strange contrasts, induces us to resort to the biography of this marvellous man as a species of strong intellectual dram. We can find in ancient, mediæval, and modern story the lives of men wiser, and more truly great and glorious; but in what pages other than in Napoleon's own biography shall we find the life of a man so renowned as soldier, statesman, lawgiver, Chief Consul, Emperor. Our own illustrious Duke was more distinguished by sagacity, by fortitude, by an imperious sense of duty—was more remarkable for his conscientious discharge of every obligation imposed on him, than the French general and emperor; but it is for this very reason that the history of his life wants the variety which as drama, melodrama, farce, and tragedy, is presented in the life of Napoleon. Men, whether gentle or simple, whether educated or uneducated, love the strange and the marvellous rather than the simple and homely; and this is the reason why the lives of Washington and Wellington are less read than that of the lieutenant of artillery transmuted into conqueror and captive—into First Consul, Consul for life, and Imperial Cæsar.

The books which have been written about Bonaparte may be numbered by hundreds, not by scores. Amidst such a multitude there are many bad, many indifferent, a few good, and a very great number interesting. One of the oldest books on the subject is the *Voice from St. Helena*, written by O'Meara, his surgeon, that volume having been published more than thirty years ago. Appearing soon

* *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the letters and journals of the late Lieut.-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and official documents not before made public.* By William Forsyth, M.A., author of *Hortensius*, and *History of Trial by Jury*, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1853.

after the death of Bonaparte, it was eagerly read, not merely in England, but all over the world. Containing a vast deal of personal detail, undoubtedly true and authentic, in reference to the Emperor and his household, recounted in a style clear and unpretending, it is yet, in other respects, a mendacious and most malignant book, and more particularly so in reference to the late Sir Hudson Lowe. The office to which that gentleman was appointed, though most onerous and responsible, was a most invidious and unpleasant one, requiring the greatest delicacy, firmness, temper, and tact. Held by the most indulgent, conciliating, and amiable man in the world, it was an office that never could have been discharged, in reference to the captive and his suite, without incurring angry and hostile feelings on their part. This must be borne in mind in considering the question of Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, in order to come to a just judgment in regard to the complaints of the one and the conduct of the other. Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of firmness, discretion, and temper, adhering to the letter of his instructions, and performing strictly and conscientiously his duty. But had he been more than this—had he been suave and benignant as an angel, he never could have been otherwise than disagreeable to the long spoiled child of fortune and of victory of whom he had been made, by the force of an English Act of Parliament, the legal custodian.

To return, however, to the book of O'Meara. If that book had never been written—had never obtained the vogue which it confessedly did attain—it is probable that these letters and journals of Sir Hudson would not have seen the light. It is from the book of O'Meara that he appeals to posterity; and we must say that he appeals not in vain. It has been said that there is a vitality almost approaching to immortality in calumny. The observation is not without a good deal of truth. For eight or ten years after it was published, the *Voice from St. Helena* had a great run, and notwithstanding the able criticisms and refutations of the *Quarterly Review*,

was accepted by many as unadulterated truth. But time, the great reformer, winnows and sifts all things, and reduces all things to their proper proportions. Time has operated to disclose the true character of O'Meara, the object of his volumes, and, as a consequence, to dull the edge of his calumnies. It is a great pity that the late Sir Hudson Lowe did not publish some, if not all, of his materials eight-and-twenty years ago, when the Napoleon fever was at its height. Then he might have counteracted the impression produced on men of Napoleon's age, and of a generation a few years younger; but having delayed his vindication for considerably more than a quarter of a century, the tomb has closed over nearly all his contemporaries, and the men of mature age, who formed their opinions on *ex parte* evidence thirty years ago, are not likely to be as anxious to set themselves right as they would have been when the question was the one topic of the day.

Why Sir Hudson Lowe so long delayed his vindication is not satisfactorily accounted for. He tells us himself there are few, if any, public administrations of which the records are so complete as those of his government at St. Helena. There is not only a detailed correspondence, addressed to his Majesty's Government during the five years that Napoleon remained under Sir Hudson's custody, but the greater part of the conversations held with Bonaparte himself was at the time immediately noted down with an ability and exactness which reflect the greatest credit on the Governor's military secretary, Major Gorrequer. This gentleman was not only a perfect master of the French language, but possessed a memory remarkable for its accuracy and tenacity, and was therefore eminently qualified to report the conversations at which he was himself present, and to detect any error to which a misapprehension of the meaning of foreigners might lead other persons who repeated what passed at interviews with Bonaparte and his followers. Why, then, were not these reports of conversations and occurrences, by Major Gorrequer, given to the world long ago? Many erroneous im-

pressions and misstatements of O'Meara and others might have been by these means corrected. The Lowe papers, it appears, were placed some years ago (the exact period is not stated) in the hands of the late Sir Harris Nicolas, with a view to edit them. But he was probably bewildered by the magnitude of the materials. Thirty folio volumes are filled with copies of correspondence and other writings, carefully made under the direction of Sir H. Lowe, who seems to have treasured a memorial of almost every incident, however trivial, connected with that important period of his life. In addition to these, there were several large boxes of MSS. relating to the same events, all of which have been examined for the purpose of the present work. There were also two sets of copies of O'Meara's letters to Mr. Finlaison, of the Admiralty, together with a vast number of despatches of Earl Bathurst, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies while Napoleon was at St. Helena. Sir H. Nicolas underwent the heavy labour of arranging these documents; and before his death, had proceeded so far as to have a voluminous mass of documents set up in type, down to the date of September, 1817. The plan of Sir Harris, Mr. Forsyth tells us, was to print almost every letter and other MS. at full length; in chronological order, connecting them with a slender thread of explanatory remark. The work thus meditated must have consisted of eight or nine closely printed octavo volumes; and who, in this busy and work-a-day world, could read eight or nine volumes, even supposing the price to render them accessible? Patience becomes exhausted and attention bewildered when minute details are thus spun out. Mr. Forsyth, the present editor, adopted a different plan. After full consideration, he resolved to re-write the work. He has made use of the letters and documents as materials for a narrative; but though he has abridged and curtailed possibly to the extent of a third, yet the work, even as it now stands in three volumes, is far too voluminous. Mr. Forsyth fairly acknowledges that his task has been lightened by the previous labours

of Sir H. Nicolas, who had rendered the materials more manageable, and who also carefully collated them; and he also acknowledges his obligations to Lieut.-Colonel Jackson, now professor at the East India College, Addiscombe, who was at St. Helena during the captivity of Bonaparte. This is all candid, proper, and gentlemanlike. But we may, in passing, remark, that notwithstanding the copiousness of materials through which he had to wade, Mr. Forsyth might have vindicated the memory of those long calumniated, and have proved that neither the British Government nor Sir H. Lowe were in fault, in a smaller space.

Albeit the work before us is a third too long, we must say, that we believe it to be emphatically a true narrative. O'Meara, Las Casas, Montholon, and Antomarchi, who were the immediate attendants of the exile at Longwood, and in whose statements the opinion of the British public mainly rests, had each a separate cause of quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe; and their object was not to make known the truth, but to exalt the character of Bonaparte, and to depreciate that of Sir Hudson Lowe. O'Meara attributed to Sir Hudson his removal from the post of physician and his dismissal from the navy for conduct, not merely at variance with his duty as an officer, but utterly unworthy of a gentleman. This, as Mr. Forsyth truly observes, ranked in his heart; and his book bears in every page the mark of implacable hatred against those who were the authors of his disgrace. We do not agree with Mr. Forsyth in thinking that the *Voice from St. Helena* is a voice wholly unworthy of belief. On the contrary, there is a great deal of truth in it on matters not having reference to Sir Hudson Lowe; but in all that bears reference to the conduct of that officer, O'Meara so distorts, perverts, and misstates facts—mixing up a little truth with a great deal of misrepresentation, that his statements are not to be believed. Las Casas, in his journal, has perverted, we will not say with Mr. Forsyth, almost every fact

which he records, but a great many facts and circumstances of the greatest moment to the reputation of Sir H. Lowe and the British Government, which he represented. Las Casas, though a Royalist and an emigrant, who served in the army of Condé—though a zealous ultra, who followed the Count d'Artois to Quiberon (none of which particulars are given by Mr. Forsyth)—profited in later life of the amnesty which followed the 18 Brumaire, and re-entered France. He remained for six years in tranquillity, during which time he occupied himself in the preparation of the *Atlas Historique* of Le Sage. The reputation of this work, as well as his offering himself as a volunteer for the defence of Flushing, brought him under the notice of Bonaparte, who made him one of his chamberlains. Ultimately, the Emperor became the god of his idolatry, and it is not wonderful that he came into collision, at St. Helena, with the officer to whose keeping his master was committed. The dismissal from St. Helena, to which we have before referred, created in his mind an irritation which never subsided. Montholon, as an authority, and as a man, was less credible than Las Casas; while as to Antomarchi, it may be remarked that his self-love had been wounded by his having been subjected to the same regulations as the French residents, and also by the earnestness with which Sir Hudson Lowe pressed upon the attendants of Napoleon the necessity of having recourse to additional medical advice when his illness became serious.

These four individuals—we cannot call them authorities—have long had their say. Their books have been too long read unquestioned; and the period has at length arrived, though late, when there are fuller materials for judgment, and when an impartial verdict may be given. It is not wonderful that nearly all French writers should take but one view of the question of Napoleon's captivity. They deal, with scarcely an exception, in nothing but panegyrics on Napoleon and in invectives against Sir Hudson Lowe. There is, however, as Mr. Forsyth

says, one honourable exception. Lamartine has done homage to truth, and, so far as he had the means of forming a just judgment, has taken pains to arrive at it. That Governor, says Lamartine, whom the myrmidons of Napoleon, and Napoleon himself, attacked with groundless and passionate charges, had neither criminal intent against his captive in his thoughts, nor insults towards the unfortunate in his heart. But, crushed under the load of responsibility which weighed on him, lest he might suffer to escape the disturber whom Europe had given him to guard, narrow in his ideas, jealous in his regulations, nervously tenacious of forms, deficient in tact, and odious to his captives from the very nature of his functions, he wearied Napoleon with restrictions, superintendence, orders, visits, and even marks of respect.

This portrait, though not for a Frenchman harshly drawn, is, nevertheless, incorrect. Instead of Sir Hudson Lowe wearying Napoleon with visits, we learn from the journals before us, that during the whole of the six years of the captivity the Governor had only five interviews with his prisoner; and that Napoleon rudely and discourteously refused, after insulting him to his face with the grossest language of abuse, to see or have intercourse with him again.

It is difficult for the present generation, many of whom were not born at the period of the battle of Waterloo, and who cannot from reading form an adequate conception of the immense struggle in which we were engaged, to conceive the importance of the question which presented itself to the consideration of the British Ministry, in 1815, when Napoleon surrendered himself. It was a case without precedent. Sir Wm. Grant, Sir W. Scott, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Eldon were consulted, and gave conflicting opinions. Lord Chancellor Eldon said the case was not provided for in Grotius or Vattel, but that the law of self-preservation would justify the keeping of Napoleon under restraint in some distant region, where he should be treated with all indulgence compatible with a due regard

for the peace of mankind. The question then is, as Mr. Forsyth puts it, what was his real position when he set foot in the *Bellerophon*. Was he a guest, or an enemy brought to bay—in a word, a prisoner of war? Napoleon himself assumed that he was a guest, and protested against any forcible dealing with his person or liberty. But a claim or an assertion is not a title, and one fact is certain, that, vanquished at Waterloo, Bonaparte fled through Paris, and reached Rochefort, from which he found escape impossible. We learn from Müffling's memoirs that if he had fallen into the hands of the Prussians it was the intention of Blücher to have him shot over the grave of the Duke d'Enghien, in the ditch of Vincennes. Napoleon, then, it appears had merely the choice of the nation to which he must give himself up, and not of the mode in which he was to be disposed of by that nation. It should be remembered that he had escaped from Elba, and the result was the battle of Waterloo, and the loss of 60,000 men. Can it, then, be contended that the British Ministry was not justified in considering the ex-emperor a prisoner of war, and in relegating him out of Europe, which he had so long threatened and disturbed?

The generality of Frenchmen will answer both of these queries in the negative; but let it be remembered by those Frenchmen who reproach England that Abd-el-Kader was kept in close confinement for many years among themselves, after relying on the promise of a French prince, who assured him that he would not be dealt with as a captive. Justifiably restrained in his personal liberty, Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, with no greater measure of severity or restriction imposed on him than was deemed necessary for the security of his person. Instructions were given to the British officers to whom he was committed to allow him every indulgence consistent with the safe custody of his person.

In the memoranda of instructions delivered by the Government to Sir G. Cockburn, it was provided that the captive should be allowed to

have all his furniture, books, and wine; that he should have plate sufficient for domestic use; but that his money, diamonds, and negotiable bills should be given up, not to be confiscated, but to be administered merely to prevent their being converted into an instrument of escape. Count Montholon invents a story of Bonaparte's sword having been demanded of him by Lord Keith, but this is pure fiction, and is contradicted by Las Casas.

The suite of the ex-emperor consisted of twenty-five persons. The *Northumberland*, of which he was aboard, sailed on the 8th August. They hove to off Funchal, in Madeira, for refreshments, and arrived at St. Helena on the 15th October. In a letter written a few days after they landed, by O'Meara to his friend Mr. Finlaison of the Admiralty (with whom he kept up a secret correspondence), he gives a description of the exiles, which stands in remarkable contrast to his printed work. He speaks of the tastes and humours of the ladies; of their ever unceasing caprices; and of their never complaining of loss of appetite. 'They generally eat,' says he, 'of every dish in a profusely supplied table of different meats twice every day, besides occasional tiffins, bowls of soup, &c. They most hate each other, and I am the depository of their complaints, especially Mde. Bertrand, who is like a tigress deprived of her young when she perceives me doing any service for Mde. Montholon. The latter, to tell the truth, is not so whimsical, nor subject to so many fits of rage as the other.'

From this letter it will be at once seen that O'Meara was a coarse, low, and vulgar-minded man, without the feelings or tone of a gentleman. That he had a good deal of smartness, some education, and a competent knowledge of his profession, has never been denied; but from every line of his private correspondence in these volumes any candid person would come to the conclusion that he was totally deficient in the feelings and tone of a gentleman.

The educated countrymen of O'Meara, it must be admitted, gene-

rally possess these feelings in a pre-eminent degree, and it has become almost a proverb that a really Irish gentleman is the most perfect model of the character to be found; but as the corruption of the best things is, according to the old maxim, the worst, so when you meet a ribald and coarse-mouthed, or coarse-minded Hibernian, he is the most insufferable and most dangerous animal in the creation. During the passage out to St. Helena, Napoleon did not appear in the after cabin before twelve, breakfasted either in bed or in his own cabin before eleven, dined with the Admiral about five, stayed about half an hour at dinner, then left the table and proceeded to the quarter-deck, where he generally spent a couple of hours in walking, or else leaning against the breech of one of the quarterdeck guns, talking to Las Casas.

Early in November, 1815, a correspondence took place between General Bertrand and Sir George Cockburn, relative to the title of Emperor. Sir George answered that he had no cognizance of any Emperor being actually on the island, or of any person possessing such dignity having come out in the *Northumberland*, as stated by Bertrand. Mr. Forsyth considers this 'some affectation' in Sir George, and is of opinion it is difficult to refute the arguments used by Napoleon in favour of his right to be styled Emperor. Mr. Forsyth remarks that he was Emperor of France by a solemn act of coronation, with the assent and amidst the acclamations of the nation.

He confidently urges, too, that if, at any time between his ceasing to be First Consul and his invasion of Spain, he had been willing to make peace upon firm and equitable terms, England would have treated with him in his character of Emperor. This, we think, may be doubted; for we never had recognised the title of Emperor. But be this as it may, Mr. Forsyth seems to forget the abdication at Fontainebleau. After abdications, even born and hereditary emperors and kings do not continue to wear their titles; and we may cite, as cases in point, the Emperor Ferdi-

nand, the uncle of the present Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria; the King of Bavaria, father of the present monarch; and the late King of Sardinia.

Though, therefore, we cannot agree with Mr. Forsyth in thinking it puerile not to have called him Emperor, we conceive it would have been politic to have called him ex-Emperor. This would have gratified his feelings, and done much to smooth the difficulties which occurred at St. Helena. Mr. Forsyth thinks we chose for him the worst title that could have been selected—General Bonaparte; but he does not give us a reason for this opinion. His observations on the question of title may be answered by the remarks of Lamartine, 'He persisted,' says the author of the *Histoire de la Restauration*, 'with an affectation which his flatterers consider heroic, but which history will judge as puerile, because it is a misconception of his fortune, in exacting the titles of Emperor and Majesty, which England, never having acknowledged the Empire, was not officially bound to give him. He appealed to Heaven and earth against this breach of etiquette. He dictated notes on this trifle, as he would have done on the conquest or the loss of Europe.'

Notwithstanding, however, this morbid irritation on the question of title, Napoleon often exhibited himself, and more especially when at the Briers, in a most amiable mood. He liked the family of the Balcombes, who did everything in their power to minister to his comfort. He was especial favourite with the young people; and one of the daughters (now Mrs. Abell) has written a very interesting account of his stay amongst them. We learn from her book how good-humouredly he bore her girlish tricks—how she made him burn his fingers with hot sealing-wax—how he revenged himself by running away with her ball-dress—how he played at blindman's-buff, and entered into the spirit of the game as heartily as a child. 'These,' says Mr. Forsyth, 'are pleasing traits of Napoléon's disposition, and showed that he still retained a freshness of heart and elasticity of mind which the vicissi-

tudes of his marvellous career and his mighty fall had not been able to destroy.'

Soon, however, there were complaints of the wind, and the rain, and the clouds, and the damp of St. Helena. But it is beyond the power of the British or any other Government to remedy defects of climate or temperature. It is very evident that Napoleon was surrounded by a set of persons who imposed on and deceived him. This is over and over again related in O'Meara's letters to Mr. Finlaison. Writing to this gentleman, in March, 1816, he says—'The Admiral's conduct has been most grossly and shamefully misrepresented and blackened to him. The people he is surrounded by at present give me some faint idea of what the court of St. Cloud must have been during his omnipotent sway. Everything even here is disguised and mutilated in the representation to him, particularly by Montholon.'

Among those who were about the person of the Emperor, there was no one, except O'Meara, who had done more mischief than Montholon. To any who has been familiar with the society of Paris for the last twenty years, the character given of this man will not appear extraordinary. Most people familiar with Paris are aware that in 1829 he was deeply engaged in commercial speculations the very reverse of prosperous. The last time we ourselves saw him was on the morning of the 6th of August, 1840, when he arrived at Boulogne with M. L. N. Bonaparte, the present Emperor of the French. His demeanour on that occasion impressed no one in his favour; and his subsequent declaration before the Court of Peers, that he was only aware of the criminal attempt ten minutes before the period of landing at Wimereux, was disbelieved by every human being, and would have been disbelieved, so monstrously improbable was it, if even uttered by a man not known as a romancer. O'Meara, writing of this man, says, 'Napoleon said to him, 'Now, Montholon, do not bring me back any lies as news, as Marshal Bertrand is going to town to-morrow; and I will then hear the truth.' Yet such

are the men on whose testimony we are called upon to brand and stigmatise the character of a distinguished British officer.

We think Mr. Forsyth has conclusively proved that one of the principal objects which O'Meara had in view was to avenge himself upon Sir Hudson Lowe as the supposed author of his disgrace. His means of accomplishing this were to re-cast his memoranda, suppressing some passages and altering others. That he thus garbled his matter, sacrificing truth, honour, and honesty, is proved to demonstration by Mr. Forsyth. There exists, as we before stated, a series of confidential letters written by O'Meara, during a great part of the period embraced by his book, in which he relates conversations and events as they happened; and the narrative is obviously taken from the same notes of which he professed afterwards to give to the world a true transcript.

We are thus enabled to compare his written and his printed statements of the same occurrences, and the result will show that to gratify his malice against Sir H. Lowe he published a most unfair version of his own notes, and that no reliance whatever can be placed on his veracity. It should also be remarked that at most of the conversations recorded by O'Meara, Major Goussier, the military secretary of the governor, was present. He wrote down full minutes of all that passed, and he, in almost every instance, bears testimony against O'Meara.

It may be asked who was Sir Hudson Lowe. From a fragment of an autobiography which he has left, and which Mr. Forsyth publishes, we learn that—to use his own words—he was born in the army. His father was an Englishman, a native of Lincolnshire, who obtained a medical appointment with the troops that served in Germany during the seven years' war. Sir H. Lowe was born in the town of Galway, on the 28th July, 1769, and was within one month of the age of Napoleon. Before he was twelve years old he obtained an ensigncy in the Devon Militia; in 1787, a King's commission as ensign in the

50th. He served at Gibraltar, in Corsica, and in Elba. In 1795 he was promoted to a company, and was soon after appointed deputy-judge-advocate to the troops. From Elba he proceeded to Lisbon, and to Minorca, and was subsequently present at the battle of Alexandria, on the 21st March, 1801. His zeal and ability in command of the outposts on various occasions obtained for him this flattering encomium from General Moore—'Lowe, when you're at the outposts I always feel sure of a good night's rest.' Through the recommendation of Sir John Moore, Lowe was appointed to the 7th Fusiliers, and subsequently was sent by the Government on a secret mission to Portugal, for the purpose of ascertaining the military condition and resources of that country. On the 31st December, 1803, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Corsican Rangers, which he had raised in the Mediterranean. This regiment formed part of Sir J. Craig's expedition to Naples. Colonel Lowe was present at Capri, where he gained much distinction, and he next served under Sir John Stuart in Sicily, obtaining, on the 1st January, 1812, the rank of full Colonel, so early as January of the following year, he was directed to proceed without delay to inspect a corps of troops called the Russian-German Legion. Having arrived at Stockholm, Colonel Lowe, pursuant to instructions from Lord Cathcart, joined that noble lord at the head quarters at Kalish. He was present at the hard-fought battle of Bautzen, on the 20th and 21st May, and it was there, for the first time, he saw his future prisoner, then in the plenitude of his power, and at the head of an immense and devoted army. In July of the same year he received instructions to inspect the whole of the levies in British pay in the north of Germany, amounting to nearly 20,000 men. In October he was attached to the allied Russian and Prussian army, under the command of Blücher, and was with him in every action in which he was engaged, from the battles of Möckern and Leipsic until the surrender of Paris; and when the capital of France was entered by the allied army, Colonel

Lowe brought the first news of Napoleon's abdication to England.

Mr. Forsyth has published the most honourable attestations to Sir H. Lowe's merits and services from the chief of Blücher's staff, General Count Gneisenau, and also from Blücher himself. Such was the man who was chosen to be governor of the island on which Bonaparte was to be a captive, and if imperturbable *sang froid*, good temper, firmness, and discretion, joined to an unimpeachable character, were requisites for the office, no man in the British army was fitter. On entering upon the onerous duty Sir H. Lowe received an assurance in Lord Liverpool's name, that if he undertook the charge of Bonaparte's person, and continued in that charge for three years, 'it should not stop there.' The Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Lord Ellenborough, told him in the royal presence that in the execution of the important duty to be confided to him he might rest assured the law would give him its support. He had also several interviews with the Solicitor-General, Sir Samuel Shepherd, respecting the acts of Parliament to be prepared for the safe custody of Bonaparte.

Sir H. Lowe has been often blamed for placing sentries round the dwelling of Bonaparte at Longwood. It appears, however, that this idea originated not with himself, but with the solicitor-General.

I had (says Sir H. Lowe) an interview with the Solicitor-General, and endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of such stipulations in the act of Parliament as might aid me in the discharge of that part of my instructions. His reply to me was very remarkable. He said he considered the danger of any unauthorized communication would be best guarded against by means of sentries. The reply, I say, was remarkable, because I had not wished to molest Napoleon by placing sentries near his dwelling, and because it shows the law-officers of the Crown, to whom I was referred, had ideas of much greater rigour in the discharge of the duties imposed upon me than those I had professed.

This is the man to whom, according to O'Meara, Napoleon applied the epithets of Sicilian hangman, *boja*; of a constable, *sbirro*; of a gaoler, of a leader of brigands, and

chief of spies, *capo di spioni*; a captain of vagabond Corsican deserters; a clerk, *scrivano*; a man who had never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honour.

From the first moment of seeing Sir H. Lowe, Napoleon conceived a dislike towards him, and this soon ripened into utter aversion. 'It is not too much to say (remarks Mr. Forsyth) that for a long time, if not to the end of his life, he hated him with a perfect hatred.' The feeling seems to have been an almost instinctive antipathy, for it displayed itself before the newly arrived governor had introduced any change in the regulations, or done anything which could give offence. Bonaparte said, that the countenance of Sir Hudson Lowe was repulsive to him; and Mr. Forsyth admits that his manner was not prepossessing, even in the judgment of favourable friends. We had not ourselves the honour of Sir Hudson Lowe's personal acquaintance; but knowing his person well, we can aver that it was the very reverse of prepossessing. He was, emphatically, a down-looking man, with a slouching air and shuffling gait, much more like an attorney's clerk than a military officer. Colonel Jackson, who knew him well, however, says he was a man possessing little of what is called manner; but he was full of kindness, liberality, and consideration for the feelings of others. The real truth was told by Montholon to this officer, when he visited him at his Château of Frémigny, near Arpajon in France:—'Mon cher ami,' said the Frenchman, 'an angel from heaven could not have pleased us as Governor of St. Helena.'

No doubt, it was irksome to Bonaparte to show himself twice a-day, morning and evening, and equally so that any stranger should be prevented from seeing him, except with the Governor's previous authority. But the question is, whether these precautions were necessary, were indispensable?

In the month of May, 1816, when Lady Loudoun, the wife of the Marquis of Hastings, was on her return home from India, the Governor invited Bonaparte to dinner; but this civility, however well meant, was unavailing, as Napoleon clung te-

naciously to the title of Emperor, and this could not be given him by Sir Hudson Lowe.

The precautions for Napoleon's security were precisely the same under Sir Hudson Lowe as under Sir G. Cockburn; so that his indignation against the former was either simulated or unjust. Napoleon, as Las Casas admits in his journal, allows that his conduct to the Governor was unjustifiable:—

I behaved very ill to him, no doubt (said he), and nothing but my present situation could excuse me, but I was out of humour and could not help it. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries I should have felt myself bound to make some atonement. Never, during the period of my power, did I speak harshly to any one without afterwards saying something to make amends.

This is, unquestionably, a great stretch of Bonaparte's imagination. His language and demeanour were often brutal and ungentlemanlike, not merely to his own generals and ministers, but to foreign ambassadors. His rudeness to Lord Whitworth was interrupted by the latter placing his hand on his sword; and his incivility to Metternich, and other of the foreign ambassadors, is also matter of record.

Under the date of the 27th June, we find allusion made to a letter written by O'Meara to Major Gorrquer, in which this low-lived man jests at the expense of his patient, that patient being a lady. In June, 1816, Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Henry) Keating, who was on his way from the Mauritius, had an interview with Bonaparte. He told Colonel Keating that England would soon have need of him, and would remove him from St. Helena:—

It was impossible (he said) that the Bourbons could retain power in France, and that recourse must be had to himself or his son, in either of which cases he would be summoned to Europe. He said that if his brother Joseph had not been a fool (*benet*) he would have enlightened Spain as he (Napoleon) had enlightened France, and then the Bourbons would have had no hold there. But, he continued, I speak not of my brother—the question is about my son; it is he who is necessary to France, and France will have him, because she cannot do without him. People do not

want your nonsense about legitimacy. All the monarchs of Europe are fools, with their legitimacy. That is not common sense: the people want no more of that. I must speak to your Prince Regent. He has sense and spirit, and would understand what I have to say to him. Europe, and especially France, are too enlightened to be caught by the stupid nonsense which the old Monarchs and their courts talk about legitimacy, divine right, the throne, and the altar. The less they wish to grant liberty to their subjects, the more they must speak to them about it. I do not wish it any more than they, you may be sure. I know well that now-a-days, it requires a rod of iron to rule men, but it must be gilded, and we must make them believe, when we strike them, that they direct the blow themselves. It is necessary always to talk of liberty, equality, justice, and disinterestedness, and never grant any liberty whatever. No change of system is required, but only a change of language, and provided we talk to the people of liberty and equality, I answer for it that they may be easily oppressed and made to pay down to their last farthing, without being tempted to rise in insurrection, or feeling really any discontent.

These are remarkable admissions, and will by-and-bye do more to destroy the prestige of Bonapartism in France than even the sway of the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

In July, 1816, Sir H. Lowe discovered that letters were brought to the island contrary to the provisions of the act of Parliament, by the servants of persons arriving in an official capacity. Some of the letters in question were brought by the valet de chambre of Baron Sturmer, who had been fourteen years in the French service, and accompanied Joseph Bonaparte to Spain. The danger that might arise from communications of this kind will be obvious to the meanest capacity. But the governor, while informing Lord Bathurst, resorted to no extraordinary precautions.

At the time that Napoleon and his suite were thus illegally receiving letters, the ex-emperor himself admitted that the British Government could not remedy the continual privation in the island of objects of primary necessity.

While the ex-emperor and the governor were at open war, it is not to be supposed that the suite of Na-

oleon agreed amongst themselves. There can be no doubt as to the unhappy terms on which the French lived with each other at Longwood. Lieutenant, now Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, who resided some time there with the orderly officer, says, 'the court of Longwood, like the *entourage* of more powerful sovereigns, was not free from jealousies, envy, and much uncharitableness. Bertrand and Montholon were never on friendly terms, while Montholon and Gourgaud were at openly avowed enmity. The two ladies, Mmes. Bertrand and de Montholon only interchanged formal calls once or twice a year.

On July the 10th, 1816, we find a letter of O'Meara to Sir Thomas Roade, in which are these passages: 'They (meaning Montholon and Co.) are sufficiently malignant to impute all these things (enumerating complaints about the supply of meat, wine, &c.) to the Governor, instead of setting them down as being owing to the neglect of Balcombe's people. *Every little circumstance is carried directly to Bonaparte, with every aggravation that malignity and falsehood can suggest to evil disposed and cankered minds.*' Contrast this with the published *Voice from St. Helena*.

In August, 1816, Sir H. Lowe had one of his five interviews with Napoleon, principally with a view of making known to him the rude and untidy conduct of General Bertrand. Bonaparte of course took the part of Bertrand, when Sir Hudson, with great dignity said, 'I am a subject of a free government. Every kind of despotism and tyranny I hold in abhorrence, and I will repel every accusation of my conduct in this respect as a calumny.'

In September, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe forwarded to Earl Bathurst a letter of O'Meara's, which stated that Bonaparte made him an offer of 6000*l.* yearly, in addition to his allowance from the British Government, whereupon the doctor asked to be allowed a similar sum to that offered him by Bonaparte. In observing upon this letter to Lord Bathurst, Sir H. Lowe said that, having had experience of O'Meara's zeal and useful information he felt induced to solicit consideration to his claim.

A great outcry was made in O'Meara's book, and in the volumes of Gourgaud, Montholon, &c., because Napoleon sold some of his plate to be broken up, ostensibly to provide a larger supply of what Lord Coke quaintly calls 'victual'; but this after all was but a pretence, for Sir H. Lowe had fixed the expenses of Longwood at 12,000*l.* a year, which sum was 4000*l.* a year more than his Government had authorized him to allow. The obvious way to have had more 'pro-vend' at command would have been to dismiss some of the large retinue of fifty-five persons, all of whom insisted upon luxuries. But in thus acting they would have deprived themselves of a grievance, and this was not their cue.

On the 8th July, 1816, Sir Charles Stuart, the British ambassador at Paris, informed Lord Castlereagh that he had received intelligence that one Carpenter, an American citizen, was equipping a fast-sailing vessel in the Hudson river, for the purpose of facilitating the escape of Bonaparte from St. Helena. In consequence of this, M. de Richelieu induced Sir C. Stuart to recommend that apparent security should not lead to a relaxation of a vigilant system. And it is in the teeth of these suggestions and recommendations that people complain of the vigilance of Sir H. Lowe.

To read O'Meara's *Voice*, one would suppose that the suite of the ex-Emperor were all martyrs and injured innocents. In his private correspondence with Finlaison, however, O'Meara states the whole party, with the exception of one or two, to be the greatest gluttons and epicures he ever saw.

Under date of November 5, 1816, O'Meara says, in his *Voice*, that Sir Hudson desired him to write an opinion on the health of Bonaparte, cautioning him, that in writing it he must bear in mind that the life of one man was not to be put in competition with the mischief he might cause were he to get loose—that Bonaparte had been a curse to the world, and had caused the loss of many thousands of lives. No hint or trace of this appears in O'Meara's private letters, or in any of the papers of Sir H. Lowe, and it rests

entirely on the unsupported assertion of O'Meara, in a work written many years afterwards, when his object was to vilify as much as possible the character of the Governor.

In the middle of November, 1816, Sir H. Lowe discovered a clandestine correspondence, which led to the arrest of Las Casas and his ultimate removal from the island. Previous to his leaving, Las Casas admitted that the state of Bonaparte's mind was one of great irritation, that he must be looked on as a sick man, and great allowances made for him. Having made this admission, he went on to say, that the suite of the ex-emperor were all more irritable and more ready to believe evil than he was himself. In truth, every effort made by the Governor for the comfort of his prisoner was misconstrued. In November, 1817, Sir Hudson sent some excellent coffee to Longwood, thinking it would be acceptable. So it was considered by Bonaparte himself, but Montholon calls it an inexplicable idea of performing an act of politeness, and he intimates that Cipriani, the maitre-d'hotel, suspected that the coffee might be poisoned, and would not use it until it had been submitted to a variety of tests. Cipriani, he says, thought me mad when I put the case into his charge to be used by the chief cook. This incident shows how perverted were the minds of the French at St. Helena, and how difficult it was to please persons so disposed to misconstrue the commonest act of politeness.

Many have doubted, though we have never been of the number, whether Napoleon ever had really an intention of invading England; but in January, 1817, he stated to O'Meara, who records the circumstance in a letter to Sir H. Lowe, that it was his firm intention to invade England, and to head the expedition himself. To the same person he boasted of the exact information he obtained from England. He stated that the emigrants were on all occasions his best informers, and that he paid at times as large a sum as 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* per month to a lady of high rank, who sent him regular accounts of all he desired to know. Speaking of Fel-

tier, he said, 'he was a *polisson*, a *briccone*, a man who would write anything for money and for anybody. He offered me a hundred times to change his style and write for me. Several of the editors of the English newspapers made similar offers, but I did not then attach sufficient importance to it. Not so the Bourbons. In 1814 the editor of the *Times* wrote for them, and was paid about 3000*l.* annually, besides taking a great number of copies.'

The pamphlet of a man named Santini, a porter of Bonaparte's closet at St. Helena, produced a considerable impression in London in 1817. We now learn that this was written by Colonel Maceroni, an officer who had served under Murat.

Lord Amherst, our ambassador to China, arrived at St. Helena on the 27th June. Sir Hudson was glad to avail himself of his presence to introduce any amelioration into the situation of Bonaparte, which, on conversation, it might appear advisable to allow. Lord Amherst did not obtain an interview with him until the evening before his departure, when he entered most fully into every subject, past and present, respecting his situation on the island. Lord Amherst told Sir Hudson Lowe that Napoleon had made bitter complaints, and he asked him whether he ought to make them known to the Prince Regent and Ministers. Sir Hudson said that he wished him to make known all that Bonaparte had mentioned, upon which Lord Amherst replied, 'In such case, sir, I shall think it my duty, as an honest man, to say at the same time I consider them unfounded.' Soon after the *Voice from St. Helena* appeared, in 1822, Sir Hudson Lowe wrote to Lord Amherst, and called his attention to certain misrepresentations in the book, upon which Lord Amherst, who was then at Montreal, replied that he did not use the expression, nor anything like the expression, attributed to him.

Before Las Casas had left, Napoleon obtained an order for all that he had left in England, without giving him any real security, or even parting with a single article of those valuable personals of which it was

known that the ex-emperor was possessed.

In August, 1817, Bonaparte quarrelled with Gourgaud, and they did not speak for more than a fortnight. Gourgaud at this time expressed himself strongly to Count Balmain, the Russian commissioner, in disapprobation of the mode in which Bonaparte had conducted himself towards Sir H. Lowe personally, and observed that had he been in the Governor's situation he would have confined them more closely. He (*i.e.* Sir H. Lowe) has good right to complain.

O'Meara observes in his *Voice*, 'that there was not enough to keep a good table,' yet he also states that they used thirty pounds of beef in soup every day, which was boiled down to rags.

It has been said that Napoleon could not take exercise. If he did not take exercise it was his own fault, as he had twelve miles of range in which he might ride or drive. We must say, having conscientiously gone through the volumes, that the Governor exhibited a nervous anxiety to furnish everything on a liberal scale, and in every mode and manner so to perform his strict duty as not unnecessarily to give annoyance or pain. Many of the little complaints which the ex-emperor made might have been put right in a moment if Napoleon had not resolutely determined to hold no personal intercourse with the Governor. It is no doubt a painful and a humiliating thing to see

The queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed
rations;
but the fault was not Sir Hudson
Lowe's, but Bonaparte's, and we
may well say with Byron—
Weep to perceive him mourning as he
dines,
O'er curtailed dishes, and o'er stinted
wines;
O'er petty quarrels, upon petty things;
Is this the man who scourged or feasted
kings?
Behold the scales on which his fortune
hangs—
A surgeon's statement, and an earl's
harangues.
A bust delayed, a book refused, can
shake
The sleep of him who kept the world
awake.

In February, 1818, the ill-treatment which Gourgaud experienced induced him to apply for permission to leave the island. He lived miserably, and, to use his own words, like a dog; seldom saw Bonaparte; and having declined to receive 12,000 francs from the ex-Emperor as a pecuniary obligation, was refused a loan of 200*l.* or 300*l.* by Bertrand. As he was quite penniless, Sir Hudson Lowe sent him an order on his own banker, in London for 100*l.*

The third and last volume contains an account of O'Meara's disobedience of orders—of his expulsion from the mess of the 66th Regiment—of the discovery of a clandestine correspondence, implicating Mr. Balcombe and others,—and of his dismissal from the navy.

The letter of Mr. Croker, in which the dismissal was conveyed, is an admirable production, and we regret we cannot print it at length. In a letter to the Admiralty, O'Meara had stated—'that Sir Hudson Lowe had made to him observations on the benefit which would result to Europe from the death of Napoleon, of which event he spoke in a manner which, considering his situation and mine, was peculiarly distressing to me.'

It is impossible, says Mr. Croker, to doubt the meaning which this passage was intended to convey, and my lords can as little doubt that the insinuation is a calumnious falsehood; but if it were true, it was your bounden duty not to have lost a moment in communicating it to the Admiral on the spot, to the Secretary of State, or to their Lordships. Either the charge is in the last degree false and calumnious, or you can have no possible excuse for having suppressed it. In either case, my Lords consider you to be an improper person to continue in his Majesty's service, and they have directed your name to be erased from the list of naval surgeons accordingly.

There is little new in the account contained in the last volume of the progress of Napoleon's fatal illness and death. On this part of the volume, therefore, it is unnecessary to dwell. When Sir Hudson Lowe

was informed of the expected event—'Well, gentlemen,' said he to Major Gorrequer and Mr. Henry, 'he was England's greatest enemy, and mine, too; but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret.'

From a perusal of these volumes, we arrive at the conclusion that Napoleon was unequal to the task of bearing adversity with dignity, or even with resignation. He contended (to use the words of Lamartine, quoted by Mr. Forsyth), with adversity as if it had been a human offence, and in that struggle he resorted to quibble, to trick, to misrepresentation, and falsehood, to make men believe that he was the victim of malice and of persecution.

Napoleon was unfortunate in the choice of his companions in exile. They were his mere instruments—the puppets of his will, and they became accomplices in his system of trickery and deceit. We agree with Mr. Forsyth in thinking that Napoleon outraged Sir H. Lowe with every species of insult. His constant habit was to speak of him in epithets which no gentleman should use, and, we regret to say, with an habitual disregard of truth.

As to Sir Hudson Lowe, like most men who have done their duty, and have become unpopular in doing it, he was neglected by the Government he served. The only reward he received, was the commandership of the forces at Ceylon. He died in 1844, in the 75th year of his age, and so poor that he left no provision for his unmarried daughter. Under these circumstances, the late Sir R. Peel recommended Miss Lowe for a small pension, which at the time was at his disposal, in recognition of the services of her father.

It only remains to us to say that Mr. Forsyth has executed his task with care and circumspection, and, on the whole, very creditably. Now and again the style appears a little pompous and prosy—something like the summing up of a judge in an important case—but the editor is careful and conscientious, though somewhat too judicial in his manner and mode of treatment.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

BY CAPTAIN HARBURGAIN.

MAN is indeed the creature of circumstance! thought I, as I sat, one evening in July, lounging on a sofa in the handsome drawing-room of my Club, with the current number of *Fraser* in my hand. Here am I with shiny boots on, reading over a little sketch of one of my last nights in the jungle, and wondering at its fervour as if I had never felt what I there described! Ten to one in another eighteen months I shall again be enjoying meditation and moonlight in a similar situation, and then shall have as great difficulty in realizing this artificial 'life in London!' And these serious elderly gentlemen around me, who are devouring the evening papers with the assistance of their double glasses, what adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes may they have not passed through in a long career? all forgotten now as though such occurrences had never been. In the reverie occasioned by these reflections, my eyes fixed themselves on a very major-ish elder in a black stock, whom I forthwith divested of his *Myttee*, and arrayed in scarlet, with sword in hand, at the head of his company, on the 'retreat to Corunna,' when I was abashed to perceive that he was eyeing me over his glasses, as if he thought I had *dined*; so I retired into the library, carrying my thoughts with me, and commenced this sketch of my first night in the jungle.

'The country is so dried up at this time of the year that game is always scarce, but the moon is within two days of the full, if you would like to sit up at night, sir? and I know of a little pool about a koss off, in the midst of the jungle, and if it is not dried up yet, you would get many shots there.' Bussassa the Shicaree thus delivered himself to his youthful employer, Ensign Harburgain, in reply to his lamentations that his first expedition into the jungle would probably be bootless, three out of his five days' leave having expired without having seen anything larger than a Muntjak.

'What! to sit up all night long in the midst of the jungle?'

'Yes, sir, we do it—we village Shicarees. Before I was regularly taken into service by a gentleman, I lived in the village of Gouldacope, near the pool of water I have been speaking about, and always sat up on moonlight nights by that water. Deer and hog abound, and I generally got a shot at one or the other; sometimes a tiger, bear, or cheetah, came down, but only having my matchlock, I never interfered with them since my brother was killed, five years ago;—he fired at a tiger, which jumped on him, and killed him on the spot.'

'Let us go and see the place, at any rate,' said Harburgain; and we were on our legs again, and, with guns sloped over our shoulders, and stiffened limbs from a twelve-miles walk over rough ground in intolerably hot weather, walked ourselves supple again.

It was about mid-day when we suddenly passed out of the shady forest, and stood on the margin of the pool, or, more properly speaking, puddle. Yes, a large puddle of very dirty water, smelling very much of cattle, and trodden all round and about by innumerable hoofs—cows, buffaloes, calves, sheep, and goats, had all left their marks without number; but among all this kneaded mud, a practised eye would detect the pointed, game-looking pugg* of Samber and spotted deer, marks of a slide on the slippery clay here, and the deep hole there, where the heavy *Sing-wallah*† had sunk up to the knee in the soft mud, while he slaked a two days' thirst.

Pigs too, large and small, told the tale of a *sounder* in the neighbourhood. The fore foot of a hyena, so large and round that it might have been mistaken for a leopard's, was there, but the Shicaree's eye would have known the beast at once for the cowardly hyena, when he looked for the hind foot, and saw it was only half the size, even if the unretractile claw had not left its impression.

Foot-mark.

+ Stag carrying antlers.

'Yah! here we have a pugg worth looking at—last night's—a good span across it; the owner of that had a double object in view here. Well, enough of puggs. Where should we post ourselves for this night-watching?'

Here is a circular hole in the ground, about a yard deep. A little straw, and a handful of charcoal ashes, show that some one has spent a night in it—a successful night too, for twelve paces off is a heap of half-digested grass. A Samber was *gral-locked* there two days ago, and his skin is drying in the village. Why may we not have as much luck?

'Sir,' said Bussassa, 'I can promise good luck if you will give me half a rupee, and let me go and make *Poojah** for you to the jungle God. The *Devul*† is not far off, and a man can be sent back to the tent meanwhile, for some dinner for you.'

Hardbargain's Christian scruples against *Poojah* were great, and Bussassa was as emphatic in favour of that act of propitiation.

'Bussassa, I am a Christian, and of course don't believe in your jungle God, but if *you* choose to make *Poojah*, there is nothing to prevent you.'

'What is the use of *my* making *Poojah*? I am not going to shoot—you don't allow me, the man who shoots must make the *Poojah*, or it is no use. I can make it in your name.'

'Pooh, pooh! send to the tent at once for a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer—they wont have time to cook anything—and a blanket.'

My horse-keeper, who had carried a gun, in company with a villager, started off at once for the tent, which was not more than six miles distant, 'cross country. Bussassa asked leave to go to the village about a mile off, and I was left alone under a clump of bamboos, to enjoy a nap.

A nap! a youth of nineteen waiting with impatience for sunset, and the moon to rise, on his first night 'watching a pool,' would be as much inclined to sleep as he would be at the same age waiting for his sweetheart.

Ladies, pardon me—I am a monomaniac. Never did day pass so slowly: the sun appeared stationary, blazing away, just overhead, as it never did since the days of Joshua.

As sleep was impossible, I took my gun, jumped into the pit, and rehearsed my part; peering out cautiously, and taking deadly aim at imaginary Samber or hog; and even perhaps presumed to carry out in imagination a shot at a tiger; but when I heard his roars, and thought of the death I had heard of in the morning, I was glad to change him at once, and compound for a more modest prize in the shape of a stag, only a very large one with immense horns. Then, again, I was for the tiger, who should drop dead to the right barrel, but yielded him up again when I remembered that I was a bad shot.

If I felt confident, I could shoot, and if not, I could determine not to molest him. At any rate I should like him to come. I would measure the distance from his puggs to the pit—eighteen paces! I think I could kill him at that distance.

I had begun building 'castles in the air' till the sun really had got a good slant—half-past four, at least, when Bussassa's long thin legs could be seen among the bamboos, and presently he stalked out from the jungle: a tall, spare, serious, weather-beaten Shicaroe. You could have guessed the history of his life from his appearance. I wish, for the sake of my lady readers (and I flatter myself that I have some), that I could describe his dress: but the truth must be told, and he was almost as naked as truth. He did not rejoice in much that was adventurous—he had a cap on, however, that I am quite certain of, and a waist-belt that supported a very flabby-looking leather pouch, which contained powder, balls, tobacco, and pawn-soparee.‡

Hewas, as I said before, a weather-beaten man, with a close-fitting leather skull-cap, deep furrows down his cheeks, and crows' feet round his eyes, the effects of years spent contending with the fierce glare of a tropical sun. A restless eye ever running along the ground, through

* To offer sacrifice.

‡ Betel-nut leaf and quicklime, for chewing.

+ Sacred edifice.

the trees, or along the sides of the distant hills; a wide awake eye, in short. Neither beard nor whisker had he, but as compensation for the absence of these signs of virility, he petted a pair of the most gigantic iron grey moustaches, which curled up and round again in a way that would strike envy and astonishment to the heart of the most ferocious militia officer in England.

I can remember nothing else remarkable in the appearance of Bussassa, except that his knees slightly knuckled over through the wear and tear of time and excessive exercise: and the calves of his legs, such as they were, for the same reasons had got up just behind the knee, under which the leg was of the same thickness to the ankle—he had a tendency also to go in the tendon-Achilles: but notwithstanding these slight blemishes, a band of linen tied tight round each ankle to comfort these back sinews, and a sash bound tightly about his loins, few gentlemen now after the grouse in the Highlands would be able to walk with Bussassa of Dharwar, as he was in the days I write of.

We walked into the shade, and sat down on a bank of hard red clay, carpetted an inch thick with dry bamboo leaves: I to examine the workmanship of Bussassa's matchlock, and he to smoke, out of a pipe made on the spot of a teak leaf, which he curled up into a funnel, and charged with tobacco from the pouch. I handed him a cap, which he placed on a stone with a little bit of old rag round it, and a pinch of gunpowder, and giving it a smart tap with another stone, the rag was smoking, and the pipe ignited from it. If ever man enjoyed the weed, it was Bussassa—he appeared to drink it; with both his hands round his mouth and pipe, he guarded the escape of the fragrant smoke with jealous care. Two little white columns poured out of his nostrils, and the leaf was exhausted and cast away.

While this operation was going on, I had his matchlock in my hands, which, for the sake of my gun-admiring reader, I will describe.

Imprimis, it was rather longer than a garden-rake, bound to the stock at three equal distances along the

barrel by bands of iron, slightly bell-mouthed, gauge twenty. The pan, for it was not on the percussion principle but it remembered, was formed on a large dab of black bees-wax plastered on the side of the stock where the lock should be, and embossed all over with red seeds. The touch-hole was guarded, and the powder in the pan preserved by another little dot of wax, which could be removed when the gun was to be fired. The stock and trigger were one piece of iron in the shape of an S, which went through the stock perpendicularly behind the barrel, and worked on a pin running through from side to side, as the screw does that holds our lock plates. The upper end of the S was split, and held in its jaws the match, a piece of cotton cord saturated with nitre.

It was an uncomfortable-looking gun, but Bussassa was attached to it, and declared it could kill an elephant. As it wanted an hour and a half of sun-set, and we had nothing to do, Bussassa proposed that we should go and see the 'Dewul,' the residence of the jungle god, who, was by all accounts a perfect *brick* to Shicarees who treated him civilly—a present of a cocoa-nut and bunch of plantains always ensuring a shot at hog or deer. Moreover, there was a tigerish nullah he wanted to show me, where he had sat up and killed a tiger from a tree last year: and by the time we came back the horse-keeper would have arrived with the things he was sent for.

A quarter of an hour's walk along a winding cattle path brought us to the reedy banks of a dry water-course, which we descended; a cool but gloomy spot, even when the sun was high, for the overhanging banks were lined with tall bamboos, which nearly met overhead: but at this hour of the day, with a slanting evening sun, its silence and gloom were most impressive. The bed of the nullah was irregular and sandy, out of which at intervals the bare rock appeared, forming here and there natural basins. One of them still held water, although choked with decaying masses of dead leaves.

We surprised a peacock with a gaudy train, who was drinking: he

startled us as much as we frightened him, when he sprang up, beating the still air with his heavy wings. Even the little birds here appeared timid; everything alive was on its guard, all eyes and ears, feeling the influence of the place. Nor was it a neighbourhood to loiter in: the two figures that moved round the water carried their guns at the ready, and shortly disappeared as they came—in silence.

A few minutes more along the cattle-path brought us to a clear spot, where another path crossed, and at the junction of the four, under a tamarind tree, I was introduced to the divinity.

The Dewul was formed of four large slabs of stone, one forming the back, two the sides, and the fourth covering it in. A raised dais of baked clay occupied the back of this kennel, and on the dais Sawmy himself was respectfully pointed out to me. I could not see the idol very distinctly, but it appeared to me much the size of a monkey. He was very black and very shiny; round his neck he wore a wreath of—no, they were a kind of marigold. At his feet were deposited a bunch of plantains, and a broken cocoa-nut. Bussassa went down flat on his face, and cried out in a lugubrious voice 'Hutiman.' As I did not wish him to see me laughing, I turned my back, and strolled slowly away; he joined me almost immediately, and we made the best of our way home to the water.

We were disappointed on our return to find no signs of the people from the tent. Bussassa relieved his feelings with another teak-leaf of tobacco, and to encourage me for an interview with a tiger gave me the particulars of his brother's death.

'You see those stones there, built in a circle, on the bank opposite, under that old tree? That was the place he was killed in—no one has ever sat there since. I was sitting with him. It was on the night of a full moon. The tiger was moving round the water, and came right towards us—he either saw or smelt us, for when about three paces off, he stood, and began to growl: my brother fired, and I scrambled out of the pit, as the

tiger fixed his teeth in my brother's neck. I spent the rest of that night up a tree, and was very ill and mad next day. This scar on my leg was done then.'

All this was told with the most absurd *sang froid*, considering that he was sitting within sight of the spot; but Shicarees are real philosophers.

'The cattle are coming to drink,' said Bussassa in explanation, as the short grunting bellow of buffaloes, bleating of sheep and goats, and the noise of many running quadrupeds fell upon the ear: and out of an opening in the jungle, on the other side of the water, poured a living stream of thirsty cattle and goats. The *buffs* threw up their noses and stood motionless when they caught sight of us, and then twirling round, cocked their tails, and rushed headlong away, crashing through every impediment like wild things. The two herdsmen, who were singing loudly in the jungle, as they brought up the rear of their charge, were silenced in a moment, making sure the cattle had seen a tiger; but Bussassa calling out explained the case, while the buffaloes, who had wheeled round again at a respectful distance, advanced slowly and hesitatingly, with their heads up and horns back, squinting down their noses at us most ominously.

Confidence was restored when their guardians came up, and I looked begrudgingly on them as they occupied the whole pool, and bid fair to suck it dry.

The herdsmen and Bussassa were holding a conference, when I was gratified by the approach of my horsekeeper and the village man, who were coming along at a round trot to show their zeal.

The horsekeeper unfastened the blanket which was tied round his shoulders, from which fell a towel, containing a bottle of beer, a small loaf of bread, and an *English letter*! which had been forwarded by an attentive friend in cantonment. Yes, an English letter, crossed and recrossed, from a dear relative. Shicaree as I was, I retired for the moment, and greedily devoured its contents, and my mind was in England again. Mothers and sisters will understand this.

The little pool was of the consistence of pea-soup when the cattle were driven off home to the village. I made my dinner of bread and beer, while my comrade eat a couple of black indigestible-looking soft flat cakes, with some black sugar like treacle, and drank from the pool!

The sun was going down as we spread the blanket in the pit, and Bussassa tipped the muzzles of my guns with chunam.* Side by side we sat, silent as mutes—there was no alloy to the happiness of that hour.

Our first visitants were the monkeys, who were whooping and springing from branch to branch, fighting, shrieking, and chattering; a red republic they were, without order or authority among them: night was right, and that was decided by length of teeth. Down they flopped one after the other, some with children hanging round their necks, some in pairs agreeing indifferently; some confirmed old bachelors, friendly to none. A young man-about-town, or gentish-looking monkey, with his eye on the other sex, would drop from a branch, and commence showing off and ingratiating himself into the good graces of a quiet young mother with an infant, when whop would come down a great fellow and start him up the next tree with a flea in his ear: who was no sooner safe from immediate vengeance than he would relieve his wounded pride by chattering a volley of abuse at the tall bully, upon which tall bully would skim up after him, to pay him out; and then commenced a race and steeple chase, such rash leaps, such drops from branch to branch, that the lookers on could remain neutral no longer, but joined in the hunt, chasing the chaser or the chased in delicious confusion.

When they were tired of this sport, they dropped from the trees in twos and threes, and trotted on all fours up to the water, and on their knees and hands sucked their fill.

Then we had a flock of peafowl to look at, and jungle-fowl, all su-

premely ignorant of our presence: till the shades grew deep, when they retired as the broad red moon rose over the tree-tops—like a great cheese. As she mounted higher, and the last traces of sunlight vanished, she grew paler and brighter, and soon appeared like a disc of burnished silver, flooding the scene with her fairy light.

The stars were almost quenched; and as the eye returned from the deep blue, limitless expanse of ether, and rested on the glistening foliage of the feathery bamboos, all at play in the breeze, you might fancy you heard chords of delicious melody floating through the air—the music of the spheres!

I began to repeat to myself:—

The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

* * * * *

As I concluded these lines, I impulsively turned round to realize 'pretty Jessica,' but the charm was

* Lime. It is necessary that the sight of a gun should be white, in order to see it after sunset.

rudely broken as my eye rested on Bussassa's leather skullcap, shining in the moonlight; his head was on his breast, arms folded, legs outstretched, and each toe standing out stiff and distinct from its neighbour, one of his great toes wrapped round with a bit of rag to solace it; for a bauble thorn had wounded it in the morning.

Bussassa was a good man and true, but by no manner of means a pleasant substitute for the ideal 'Jessica.' I revenged myself on him by giving him a poke under the fifth rib, which woke him at once; he, however, assured me in a whisper that he had never been asleep.

After carefully raising his eyes above the pit, he took a searching scrutiny around, and then lowered his head, and commenced untying an old pink calico handkerchief. I was rather surprised to see some bits of a broken cocoa-nut and a small bunch of plantains drop out; he peeled a plantain, and holding it in his doubtful fingers, politely offered it to me. I excused myself, and peeled and ate another, while Bussassa helped himself.

'Oh, we are certain to get a shot; Huniman will be very glad because you made 'poojah' for him: I am nothing—but an English gentleman! Oh! it's a great honour for him, without doubt.'

'I make poojah?' I indignantly exclaimed. 'What do you mean?'

'You gave me the order, sir, in the morning, you know very well, and I went and got the fruit, and offered it, when the horsekeeper went to the tent for the blanket and bread.'

'Why, you said you wanted half a rupee; did I give it to you?'

'No, sir, you did not, certainly, but the horsekeeper did, and he told me not to trouble you again, but to go at once and make the poojah.'

'Oh the scoundrel! if I don't pay him out to-morrow!'

'No, sir, don't be angry with the horsekeeper—it is my fault, but what harm has been done? Have you not got the plantains to eat? Take another, sir.'

Oh, thought I, this is disgraceful. Here have I actually offered up sacrifice to 'Huniman,' the monkey

God! and it will get all over the cantonment. And, in sheer desperation, I commenced eating the plantains, vowing vengeance against the horsekeeper, and highly applauding his benevolence in my heart at the same time; and the moon showed that I was smiling, while Bussassa struggled grimly to suppress his satisfaction at the success of his pious fraud.

'Peet, peet, ti teewit-peet-ti-teewit,' cried a plover, as she flew towards us, and passed over our heads. Bussassa's eyes were on the instant straining in the direction she came from, trying to penetrate the deep shadows under the trees on the margin of the jungle. I asked him in a whisper if he saw anything; he squeezed my arm, and held it, squeezing and relaxing his hold by turns. At last he squeezed harder and harder as I saw a figure moving under the shadow of the trees, which almost immediately walked out into the moonlight an immense stag, as big as an Arab horse. Two hinds followed him, and all three began to graze towards us—nearer, and nearer, till at last they raised their heads, and after a moment's survey, with their great leaf-like ears pricked, walked leisurely towards the water.

I believe I was more excited at that moment than I ever was before or since, for my first stag was standing knee-deep in the soft mud, twelve paces from the muzzle of my gun!

Oh that earnest, long-protracted aim—I was sure I should miss him: and that provoking Bussassa was giving me little stabs in the side with his fingers, and, in an authoritative and exasperated manner, whispered, 'Marro, Sahib—Marro gelde,—Fire, sir—fire quick.'

Bang! My ears were filled with noise and confusion as the stag and his hinds sprang into the jungle, disappearing with the report of my gun. The smoke cleared off, and showed the ground as bare as it was five minutes before.

'I have not missed him,' I cried, in an appealing manner. Bussassa was standing up in the pit, with his ear on the ground outside. 'Girgia!' he chuckled out with a knowing nod—'Girgia!—he has fallen.'

He jumped out of the pit, and I followed without asking why. Going on his hands and knees where the stag stood when I fired, he pointed to the wet mud. 'Deko, Sahib!' said he, and he pointed to a patch, as big as the crown of a hat, of short cut hair sprinkled on the mud.

'But he has gone off, Bussassa?'

'Ne, Sahib, ne; girgia, nusdig hai—No, sir, he has dropped, and is close at hand.' So saying, he went back to the pit, and brought out his sword, an ugly-looking weapon enough, and, leading the way, took up the pugg, and followed it into the jungle.

'Hai, Sahib, hai—Shabash—here he is! bravo,' cried Bussassa, and he stood with one foot on the dead stag.

I could hardly believe in my good luck, as I walked round him, and contemplated his immense antlers. 'Oh, hero's a trophy! if I never shoot another,' thought I.

'What did I tell you, sir?' said Bussassa; 'did I not say we were sure to have luck if you made poojah to 'Huniman'? We shall get another shot before morning.' And he began to tear down small branches to cover the haunches of the stag. We protected the animal from the jackals as well as we could in a hurry, and returned to the pit; loaded the discharged barrel, and relapsed into silence. Sleep was out of the question—those antlers were too prominently before my mind's eye to admit such a weakness.

Spitter, spatter—spitter, spatter, went a host of little frogs, as they fled from the bank, and hopped along on the top of the water, like flying-fish pursued by a dolphin. Our eyes were instantly peering out over the margin of our hiding-place.

Only a jackal! 'Not a jackal,' whispered Bussassa, 'a *baloo*,' the genuine lion's provider—understood to be an old jackal, who, no longer able to hunt for himself, follows a tiger, as the pilot-fish does a shark, only, for obvious reasons, at a more respectful distance.

He lapped some water, and came smelling along towards our place; stopped, and stared in our direction with his ears pricked forwards;

could make nothing of us, and sat down, and began to scratch his ear like a dog; then taking a long look at the surrounding forest, as if he was thinking, trotted off into the shadows.

We presently heard his peculiar shriek and bark, such a noise as could only be imitated by a suddenly frightened cur dog.

About half an hour after this visit, a noise of many feet attracted our attention, and, grunting and squeaking, came a sounder of some thirty hog. A huge boar, with tremendous tusks, led the party, consisting of pigs of every age, down to a family of squeakers of two months old. They were on the opposite side of the pool, some thirty paces off, but the night was so light that you could almost see their eyes.

Again my gun was tremulously grasped and pointed, and again Bussassa jogged and nudged me, and whispered 'Marrogelde.' The same confusion was among the pigs on the report of my gun, but this time, as the smoke cleared off, a large black mass lay wriggling in the mud. A victorious 'girgia' from Bussassa, and an English 'hurrah' from Hardbargain, and they both were standing over the prostrate boar. Bussassa, in the excess of his joy, kicking the dead pig with the flat of his foot, and heaping abusive epithets on him and on his mother and sisters.

We returned to our hiding-place, and I loaded again, while Bussassa sang praises to 'Huniman.' I was satisfied with my success, though Bussassa still promised another shot, as it was not later than twelve or one o'clock.

The faint boom of a gun came on the breeze; Bussassa referred it to a pool about four miles off, where a village Shicaree had probably made a successful shot.

Presently I heard, for the first time, the clear, musical bark of the spotted deer—so clear-sounding that it always gives one an idea of frosty air. Our friend the 'baloo' we also heard from time to time, yelling and barking as if he was baying at his awful companion. Bussassa looked uneasy.

The moon was rapidly slanting towards the west, and I grew sleepy

after my great excitement. The old Shicaree, on the contrary, appeared more wakeful and watchful. No sooner satisfied that it was fancy, and not a moving object in the deep shade opposite, than his eyes were riveted in another direction. The little frogs rushing into the water gave an alarm more than once; now it was from a hare they fled—then from a pair of jackals who were trotting round the water, with their eyes fixed on the pig.

The air began to grow chill; the moon would soon be behind the trees. A white mist began to hang about. The best part of the night was over.

'A fine thing a blanket, certainly,' said I to myself, as I rolled it tight round. 'Fancy that stag's head stuffed! After I have shot a tiger or bear's skin, I'll send them home together. What a glorious country this is for shooting!—how uninhabitable if there was no jungle.' And I began to doze.

'Ha-augh'—Great Heavens! that's a tiger! Bussassa's right hand was on my chest, holding me down.

Without taking his eyes off the spot he was gazing on, he gently released me when he felt me moving, satisfied that I was now awake, and, aware of what had happened, would not jump up startled.

The moon, which was resting on the tree tops, shone directly on his face; his lips were tightly compressed, but there was no expression in his features of any kind.

'Ha-a-ugh,' thundered the tiger again, so deeply distinct and hollow that it sounded as if it proceeded from an empty hogshead. The old Shicaree's eyes never moved from the spot, but I felt a tremulous motion in his hand as he grasped my arm. We heard some twigs breaking under the shadows—he was moving away from us, as his next roar confirmed.

Bussassa appeared relieved, and turning his face full on mine, he whispered 'burra-boag, a royal tiger. Durra mut, don't be afraid,' said he, looking doubtfully at me.

'Ha-augh,' so close that it stunned us like a six-pounder, burst from the thicket on our left, and then after a snuffle or two, a low ominous growl. 'Wo each baag,'

'it is *that* tiger,' whispered Bussassa, his countenance an ashy grey: and the growl continued deep and sonorous, till you felt it vibrating on the ground.

I believe neither of us either moved or breathed until the growl ceased. The whole of the tragedy as it occurred five years ago was to be repeated over again now. What the tiger had done once so successfully, he wouldn't fear to do again: and if it really was the same beast, time was nearly over with us. Although no believer in special judgments, I could not help feeling the keenest remorse for having eaten, even in fun, of the sacrificial fruit: remembering what a grievous sin it was considered by the primitive Christians, who rather than do as I had done, were glad to suffer death under horrible torments. Such were the thoughts that flashed through my mind while that growl continued. Poor Bussassa, I fancy, was past thinking at all. Abject fear was painted on every feature of his face. When I had attempted to raise my gun in the direction of the growl (for the tiger had never once shown himself,) Bussassa had seized the barrels, and held them down with all his strength: perhaps presence of mind could have gone no further. Everything must have an end, and this frightful moment was no exception to the rule.

As the tiger drew off, and we felt that he had made up his mind that he was afraid of us, a kind of reaction came over us both. I lost all respect for him, and could I have caught a glimpse of him, I think I should have hazarded a shot. Bussassa merely remarked that he had not been growling at us—that he had only been mystified by smelling men, and seeing the dead boar.

The jungle was again as silent as death, and the moon under the trees. Every now and then we heard something moving in the jungle on the other side of the pool, and at last a sort of grumble from our friend the tiger, who was evidently about the pig. Bussassa declared that he had carried the hog away, but it was too dark to see distinctly: and as I was quite sure that my comrade would keep his eyes open for the rest of the night, or rather

morning, I made myself up for a nap.

When I awoke, there was a streak of light in the east. The morning was breaking. It was light enough to see that Bussassa was right, the boar was gone! The tiger had positively juggled him away from almost under our very noses, without our hearing any noise.

'I wish I had got a sight at that tiger,' said I.

'If you had fired, sir, when his head was towards us, growling in that way, you would never have shot again, at tigers or anything else; he would have been on us and killed us both. It is the same that killed my brother.'

'Pooh, pooh, Bussassa,' said I, 'how many tigers have been killed in this district since then?'

'It is the same, sir, every one knows that; he has never been killed, and never will be: he is not a common tiger, he is a *devil*.'

'Oh! that is the reason you were so frightened then?'

'I was not frightened, sir, for myself; what should I have done if you had been killed?'

'I think, Bussassa, you would have done what you did when your brother was killed, and taken to your heels.'

The old fellow was thoroughly vexed now, and began to mumble to himself, and as I felt that it was only his position in my service that prevented his giving me a bit of his mind, I confessed that I was never in such a stew in my life, and that we had had a most narrow escape, and that he showed great coolness in holding my gun down.

Bussassa came round at once, and on the principle of 'you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours,' declared that young English gentlemen had no fear, and required prudent Shicarees to keep them out of danger.

We now drew our balls and loaded with some large shot that I had with me: and, as the sun rose over the dripping jungle, got raking shots at the pea-fowl when they came to drink. Killing six, including a splendid doom-waller—a cock with a train six feet long.

Thus ended this, to me, memorable night, my first in the jungle. My servant with some bread and a bottle of tea, and the horsekeeper with the pony, were with us by six. We found the boar about two hundred yards off, with his hind quarters eaten, and as I had a day's journey to make to get to cantonments, and but one more day's leave, I reluctantly left him for the tiger: hoping to cultivate the *devil's* acquaintance next moon, and in greater security. Bussassa highly approved of this resolution, and was not so positive about his immortality.

The boar's and stag's head were cut off, and sent on to cantonment to be stuffed. I gave the venison to Bussassa, who divided a portion with my servants and sold the rest to the villagers of Gouldscope.

'Well, I am glad you have returned in safety,' said a punster-friend of mine, to whom I that night related my adventures. 'Although you lost your pork, you saved your bacon.'

MEMOIR OF JAMES BARTLEMAN.

The painter's dead, yet still he charms the eye,
While England lives, his fame can never die;
But he who struts his hour upon the stage
Can scarce protract his fame through half an age,
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
The art and artist have one common grave.

THE truth contained in these lines, which were written by Garrick, was afterwards amplified and applied to the great actor in Sheridan's monody upon him, and equally does it describe the transient popularity of the singer. It is perhaps still more difficult to convey any suffi-

cient notion of the quality, power, and varied inflection of the singing voice, and the peculiar and striking expression which it is sometimes capable of producing, than of the speaking tones and gesture of an actor. In the former case we can scarcely do more than relate the

effect produced by performance. Singers with other great and varied excellences have arisen since the time of Bartleman; but the same splendid voice, the same untiring zeal, the same mental energy, and the same independence of character, as well as the same knowledge and love of his art, must unite in one person in order to form another singer like him; for into the discharge of his duty all these qualities habitually entered.

The race of his eminent musical contemporaries is nearly extinct; one only of his frequent associates remaining. The following sketch comes from one who knew him in the zenith of his fame, who has been with him in public and in private, who enjoyed the privilege of occasionally singing with him, and the advantage of his advice and assistance. A few years more, and Bartleman's remaining hearers will have followed him; and tradition, unless assisted by some record like the present, will only hand down his name as one of the eminent singers of his day.

James Bartleman, the finest singer that the English school has produced, was born, it is believed, in Westminster, September 19, 1769. At the usual age he was admitted into the choir of Westminster Abbey, of which Dr. Cooke was then organist and master of the boys. His voice and capacity soon raised him above his contemporaries, and he became a deserved favourite with his master. His early familiarity with the best specimens of the highest style of music disciplined and formed his taste, and his admiration of the great masters of the English school, imbibed when a boy, terminated only with his life. Miss Hawkins, the daughter of the musical historian, in her *Anecdotes and Biographical Sketches*, thus speaks of him as a boy:—'Bartleman would sometimes spend the leisure part of a whole day at our house, where, at my father's request, he would sing whatever was put before him, and with the sweetness of a lark pour forth his mellifluous notes. It was when called upon to sing a solo anthem that he most shone and most delighted. I now seem to hear him in Greene's 'Acquaint yourself

with God;' and may I never forget the impression of those sounds. His fine taste was either natural to him, or showed itself so early as to make it appear so. Under Dr. Cooke's tuition it met with every encouragement; and I think it must be acknowledged by all who ever heard him, that, excepting the lark 'singing up to heaven's gate,' nothing more melodious ever warbled in the air.'

The Academy of Ancient Music, though verging towards extinction, was still supported by a respectable list of subscribers, and young Bartleman was allowed to take his place among the principal trebles, for which voice, education, and taste eminently qualified him. 'Of his early superiority,' Miss Hawkins adds, 'he was as little vain as if it had consisted in spinning a top or trundling a hoop; and, let me add, that in the goodness of his nature he never forgot where he had spent so many of his boyish hours; and that whatever time elapsed without our writing, he was always prompt and eager to express his unabated regard for us. Success never altered, applause never elevated him; and he died, as he had lived, beloved beyond the usual degree of love bestowed on those whose excellence has no companion.'

When his voice broke, Bartleman resolved on making music his profession, for which he assiduously qualified himself by diligent study. He applied himself to the practice of the organ and pianoforte, and became also an excellent performer on the violoncello. He studied with the fondness of an enthusiast the works of the Italian, English, and Flemish madrigal writers, and early began to form that unrivalled collection of them which was unfortunately dispersed at his death. In 1793, he joined the Madrigal Society, where he associated with his master Dr. Cooke, Stevens, Horsley, Spofforth, Robert Cooke, and other less eminent composers of the English school. The library of this society yet contains many compositions which he scored for its use. Two years before, he had been elected a member of the Catch Club, where he was accustomed to meet Webbe, Callcott, Harrison, Knyvett,

Sale, and Greatorox; but he retired from this society for a time, and rejoined it in 1798. At the time when Bartleman first appeared as a solo singer, Reinhold, Champness, and the elder Sale were in possession of the public favour; and in 1791, his name appears in the following list of bass chorus singers at the Ancient Concerts—Danby, Doyle, Saunders, Bartleman, and Boyce.

After the season of 1791 had terminated, Harrison seceded from the Ancient Concerts, together with Miss Cantelo, afterwards Mrs. Harrison. Bartleman, who now began to feel that his rising powers were adequate to something more than chorus singing, enlisted in the orchestra of the Vocal Concerts, which were established by Harrison and Knyvett in 1792. The orchestra at these concerts consisted only of a pianoforte and a quartet band; and their materials were glees, songs, and catches. The first year produced a successful pecuniary result; but having to contend not only against the fashionable Ancient Concerts, but those of Salomon, conducted by Haydn and aided by the talents of Mara, and the Professional Concerts, supported by Pleyel and Billington, the speculations of the seceders terminated unprofitably after the season of 1794, when Harrison and Bartleman returned to the Ancient Concerts; and in 1795, the latter took that station which he held without a rival till his death. The principal singers for this year were Signora Banti, Mrs. Harrison; Messrs. Harrison, Nield, Bartleman, Champness, Knyvett, Sale (the elder), and Bellamy (the elder). His first song was 'The Lord worketh wonders,' his second, 'Go, my faithful soldier,' neither of them admitting or requiring more than a good voice and a moderate share of execution. His third song, 'Nasce al bosco,' from Handel's *Ezio*, displayed his powers as a singer to much greater advantage, and it continued to be a favourite with him and with the public throughout his life. Up to this time the Concerts of Ancient Music were little more than performances of Handel's compositions:—the noble directors adopting the taste of George III., who, in his

private concerts restricted his musical enjoyment to these alone. But Bartleman had now felt his ground; and the indications of his vigorous and active mind, as well as his power, soon manifested themselves. He venerated Handel, but not with ignorant and exclusive devotion; and from the long neglected remains of Purcell's genius he imparted new life and new character to these concerts, while they furnished abundant scope for the display of his unrivalled abilities as a singer. If Purcell had never written these would have been but imperfectly displayed; and it may also be safely affirmed that some of Purcell's great songs were unknown until Bartleman revealed their varied and extraordinary excellences. In Purcell's time the vocal art, lost and forgotten in the age which immediately preceded him, was yet but in its infancy, while his songs demand the powers of its full maturity. He wrote them for posterity.

In 1796, Bartleman resumed his place at the Ancient Concerts, but the season had half expired ere he was allowed to venture on the novel and perilous experiment of reviving Purcell. At the sixth concert he sung the magician's song from the *Indian Queen*, 'Yot twice ten hundred deities;' and his auditors were soon made to feel the truth of Burney's remark, that 'this song opens with the finest piece of recitative in our language.' But who will ever forget his delivery of the passage—

From thy sleepy mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes.

The gradual crescendo, from the first bar of this expressive passage until the full power of his splendid voice pealed in at its close, took the audience by surprise. Accustomed to the chaste simplicity and quiet excellence of Harrison, the fire and animation of the new English singer, and the bold originality of the music on which he was engaged, awoke them as from a dream. At the next concert, he revived 'the Frost Scene,' from *King Arthur*, a composition in which the learning as well as the genius of Purcell are equally conspicuous. The part of 'The Cold Genius' presents difficulties to the singer which occur in no other song, but Bartleman overcame them all,

adding another laurel to his own fame, and to the wreath which encircles the brow of Purcell. But his greatest triumph was to come. At the ninth concert he revived—or rather caused to be heard for the first time—‘Let the dreadful engines of eternal will.’ This song, written for the character of Cardenio, in Purcell’s opera of *Don Quixote*, demands a combination of powers on the part of the singer which few, if any, songs require in a like degree. Rage, hatred, scorn, pity, love, and contempt, in swift and sudden alternation, find their most vivid and ardent expression in this extraordinary composition, throughout which the singer has the accompaniment of the pianoforte or violoncello only. The whole effect must be produced, if it be produced, by his unaided powers; and it was a test to which few had cared, and few will care, to subject themselves. The result must always be complete success or entire failure. Bartleman felt that he was equal to his self-imposed task. He had prepared his auditors for his grandest exhibition of Purcell’s genius, and he was himself prepared to display it. In the course of his career many critics sat in judgment upon him, but he was the severest of them all. He studied his song as an actor would study one of Shakspeare’s characters; he became the person that he represented; he entered into every feeling, thought, and emotion of his mind, finding for each the most emphatic expression in Purcell’s music; and the result was, that the song was his, and his alone: with Bartleman it was born—with him it died. The mental as well as bodily exertion which this song entailed upon him can scarcely be estimated except by those who knew him. A lady of fashion, who had engaged him for a concert at her house, having heard of his name in connexion with this song, addressed him in the course of the evening, as if asking for some popular ballad, with ‘Pray, Mr. Bartleman, will you favour us with ‘Let the dreadful engines!’ ‘Madam,’ said Bartleman, ‘do you know what you ask—do you know that it is an illness to me to sing that song?’ In fact, whenever he did sing it, it was usually his last effort, and one that

left him little power or inclination to re-enter the orchestra.

In the following concerts of the same season he sung, with Harrison, the duet of ‘To arms,’ from *Bonduca*; and the song of ‘Thy genius, lo! from his sweet bed,’ in the play of *The Massacre of Paris*; having thus, in the course of a few weeks, displayed to his admiring hearers the unrivalled and long-forgotten talents of their illustrious countryman.

This season established Bartleman’s reputation as a singer, but it also served to develop his character. The habits of those by whom he was surrounded in the orchestra of the Ancient Concerts were those of passive obedience. Whatever noble directors commanded them to sing, they sung—never questioning their ability, never impugning their judgment. Their creed was quiet subserviency, but such was not that of Bartleman. He had the manners of a gentleman, but his opinion in matters connected with his art he never condescended to compromise. Here, unlike his associates, he was no respecter of persons; he would argue with a chorus singer, but he would not truckle to a lord. With him art levelled all distinctions; whoever cordially pursued what he regarded as its best interests, he welcomed as a friend; whoever opposed them he withstood to the face. The influence of such a mind was soon perceived in the future season of the Ancient Concerts. The English school found in him an enlightened and able champion; its compositions, sacred and secular, so long excluded from public notice, were again allowed to take their deserved place and rank, and the courtly influences which had secured a monopoly of attention to a single composer were counteracted. Bartleman felt his power, but used it to his own advancement only as far as it was connected with the best interests of his art. His copious store of information was poured out to this end; his influence was directed to it; his exertions had this in view as their chief object, and wherever these could be rendered available to the purpose at which he aimed, they were cheerfully given.

This was apparent, whenever he

appeared as a public performer, and, next to the Ancient Concerts, chiefly in the provincial musical festivals. These were sometimes mere trading speculations of London musicians, but in the triennial meetings of the Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford choirs they were undertaken for the benefit of some local charity. Such a periodical performance had existed at Birmingham since the year 1776, by which several hundred pounds had always been obtained for the General Hospital there. In 1799, Bartleman was first engaged there as one of the principal singers, and his influence was speedily felt, not only in his public performance, but in everything connected with the arrangement of the festival—in the choice of the music—in the business of rehearsal, and in everything that tended to stamp upon it the character of excellence. The profits in that year rose to 1470*l.*, and at the triennial recurrence of the festival, to 2380*l.*

In 1801, the vocal concerts were revived by the same party as had undertaken the former concerts under that name. The field was now more open, for the Ancient was the only established concert in activity; and Harrison, Bartleman, and Knvett, profiting by former experience, enlarged their establishment by the addition of a complete orchestra and chorus, thus enabling themselves to give their audience the most popular pieces of the Ancient Concerts, and adding many compositions which were there inadmissible. Among these were the songs which Dr. Calcott wrote for Bartleman, in which the aim of the composer and that of the singer was to give to poetry of a high order just musical expression. Bartleman never condescended to lower his style to a vulgar standard, but, like a true artist, sought to raise the taste of his hearers to his own; and sometimes when, on the first performance of a song of which he knew the excellence, it was coldly received, he would say, 'They don't understand it—I must sing it till they do.' But, as the manager of a series of metropolitan concerts, he had to encounter, like all his predecessors and successors, the constant craving

after novelty, good or bad, and in order to keep afloat, to go with the stream. For some years, and so long as Mrs. Billington was the *prima donna* of the concert-room as well as the Opera House, the vocal concerts were performances of classical music of all kinds; but in 1807, music was identified in England with the singing of Catalani. When she was absent, the theatre or the concert-room was deserted; but her presence sufficed to crowd it. Her engagement at the vocal concerts followed of necessity, and with it the songs of Pucitta, Portogallo, and the inferior Italian composers whom she especially patronized. Then came harmonized airs instead of glees, and the compositions of Sir John Stevenson and Dr. Clarke were announced as among the attractive features of a scheme. The Vocal Concerts were evidently tending downwards and approaching their end. Every concession of this kind was distasteful to Bartleman, whose contempt for all these puny prettinesses was supreme. Meanwhile his exertions to support the character of the Ancient Concerts of necessity relaxed.

The Vocal Concerts were a private, and to a certain extent a rival speculation, and demanded of him constant exertion as a manager and a singer. His library, his judgment, his exertions, had been, at the command of the directors of the former concerts, or rather, as they were for a time, the directed. During a single season different madrigals of Ford, Lawes, Angelini, Pietro Philippi, Giovannelli, and Orlando di Lasso were performed at the Ancient Concerts, and all selected by Bartleman from his own valuable library. To every class of the vocal composition which he regarded as worthy of admiration he directed the public attention, and the Ancient Concerts never presented so varied an amount of excellence as during the seven years in which he first assumed a principal place in the orchestra. After the commencement of the Vocal Concerts the quiet routine of former years returned. A certain number of favourite pieces of Handel formed the staple of the entertainment from year to year, and for many successive seasons the concert books were

nearly the same. In the season of 1811, the Ancient Concerts were deprived of their most efficient vocal support, Mrs. Billington having closed her public career, (singing as her last song Purcell's 'Mad Bess,') and Bartleman being unable, from severe and protracted indisposition, to appear in any orchestra. His place was supplied at the Ancient and Vocal Concerts by Mr. Bellamy, and the following year he was able to resume his usual professional avocations.

In the course of this year he lost his friend Harrison, in conjunction with whom he had sung and acted as fellow-manager for so many years. The Vocal Concerts were continued under the direction of Bartleman, C. Knyvett, W. Knyvett, and Greatorcx. But with the endeavour to keep their former hold on the public favour, Bartleman was reluctantly compelled to engage singers with whom he never cordially acted, and his colleagues Greatorcx and Knyvett to substitute their harmonized airs for the legitimate glee. Various symptoms indicated a change in the public appetite, and it was evident that the singers of the English school had seen their best days. They had for many years been supreme, and the instrumental compositions even of the greatest German masters were rarely tolerated in their entire form, while those of Beethoven were proscribed as the effusions of a madman. The instrumental performers and composers of London were at length roused from their lethargy, and in 1813 the Philharmonic Society was formed, 'the chief object' of which, as stated in its rules, was 'the performance in the best style possible of the most approved instrumental music.' The list of its members included not only all the most eminent instrumental composers and performers of the day, but several leading vocal writers and singers; among the former, Bishop, Horsley, Attwood, and Shield, and of the latter Bartleman and W. Knyvett. But Bartleman had neither time, health, nor inclination to engage in the direction of the Philharmonic Concerts, to which the attention of

the town was now attracted. The managers of the Vocal Concerts maintained the unequal strife for a few years longer, but with a constantly decreasing list of subscribers, and after 1820 they quitted the field. Bartleman's last song at these concerts was, 'Ye twice ten hundred deities.' At the second concert of this season Madame Mara, almost infirm and voiceless, was unwisely permitted to sing. She was heard with grief by those whom she had once delighted, and with surprise by the generation who had grown up since her departure from England. At the fourth concert, Spohr, then known only as an unrivalled performer on the violin, played a concerto. These were the principal events attending the last season of the Vocal Concerts.

After the death of Harrison, Bartleman's place was supplied at the Ancient Concerts by Vaughan, and that of Mrs. Billington by Miss Stephens, Mrs. Salmon, or Mrs. Vaughan. In 1818 he was frequently unable to take his place in the orchestra, and in 1819 he was absent during the entire season. In the following season he rallied sufficiently to resume his place, and for the last time to appear in that orchestra of which he had once been the real director, and long one of the brightest ornaments. His admiration of Purcell continued unchanged, and the last song he sung was 'Thy genius, lo!'

His life was now approaching its termination. The disease under which he suffered, and which for a whole season had incapacitated him from the discharge of his public duties, though yielding for a time to medical treatment was never subdued. His ardent spirit struggled against its attacks, and often while delighting crowded audiences the dew of bodily agony stood upon his brow. Every alleviation that friendship could offer or medical skill suggest was given, for few men had a circle of sincerer friends or more ardent admirers; these, and above all the consolations of that religion of which he had early learned the value, supported him during a state of protracted suffering, which ter-

minated on the 15th April, 1822. He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, near the remains of his master, Dr. Cooke. The inscription on the monumental tablet near the spot is prefaced by the first notes of Pergolesi's air, 'O Lord! have mercy upon me,' and it records with perfect truth, that 'he possessed qualities which are seldom united—a lively enthusiasm and an exact judgment.'

Bartleman stood alone in that branch of the profession to which he belonged. The musical records of our country afford no similar instance of a concert singer acquiring the reputation and the influence which he acquired. Nor were these attained by unworthy means. He never sought popularity by descending to the level of his hearers, but obtained it by elevating their tastes to his own. Singers are usually either passive instruments in the hands of others, or if they have power it is too often used with a sole reference to their own advantage. Bartleman was the real head and chief of every orchestra that he entered; and he obtained the deference which was paid him not only by his superior attainments as a musician and a singer, but because it was well known that these were always subservient to the interests of his art. He was accused of being intolerant, bigoted, dogmatical, and exclusive, and it will not be denied

that the charge is in a certain degree true. But it must also be admitted that without a decided preference for that style of vocal writing which he regarded as most worthy the attention of an English singer, the public would have remained in ignorance of even the existence of those compositions which especially distinguish and ennoble the English school. Purcell's finest bass songs were written not for the display of any existing singer's powers, but rather to afford fit employment for the talents of one of future generations. They awaited the coming of Bartleman, and then for the first and the last time the unrivalled genius of their author appeared. Aided by his talents the English school displayed all its characteristic excellences, and when these were withdrawn it declined. It is true that he never willingly appeared as a public performer except with his own select companions, but the result was a more perfect exhibition of that style of vocal music which they especially cultivated than has ever been heard since. Associated with Harrison, Knvett, and Vaughan, to whom his will was law, no composition in which they were jointly engaged was ever heard in public while the slightest imperfection of any kind remained. As long as this polish was given to the English glee it retained its popularity, but it declined after Bartleman's death.

THE DEMON CHAIN.

A Legend of the Swedish Counts of Piper.

THE family of Piper, in Sweden, possess a curious antique chain, to which the following tradition is attached. It was given by the Devil to their founder, in a remote age, as the price of his soul and of those of his descendants, and a promise of worldly prosperity was united to it, while it should be faithfully worn. In the seventeenth century the army of Sweden lay before Copenhagen, under King Charles X. The chief of the Piper family had his station in the trenches, while his brother and heir was posted at Helsingborg, on the Sound, opposite Elsinore. Late at night the latter received an order from his brother, by an unknown messenger, charging him, by the demon's chain, to hurry to Copenhagen. He obeyed, but, on his arrival, the Count declared that he had never despatched the messenger, and that mysterious person disappeared. The mind of the Count became filled with the fear of a supernatural interference, and of coming calamity. His anticipations were realized. He was killed the same night, and, with his last breath, delivered the chain to his brother, declaring that the demon had, by this timely interposition, preserved the infernal pledge to their posterity. It is still worn by the head of the

house, with superstitious care, and its influence is thought to be in no wise impaired. The story was related to the author by Count Piper, of a collateral branch, now Secretary to the Swedish Mission at St. Petersburg.

Part I.

Where sheer the beetling cliffs ascend above the Baltic foam,
The ancient counts of Piper raised their dark and frowning home,
No gentle knights of chivalry, but Northmen stern and rude,
Meet company were they to dwell in that high solitude!

Of all the race who drew of yore their gallees on the strand,
No restless pirate vexed the sea like bold Count Hildebrand;
But now, by evil fortune foiled and stricken in the fray,
With wrathful schemes of vengeance fired, he in his chamber lay.

Redly the embers of the pine flashed with a dying gleam,
Wildly the storm-beat sea-fowl strove across the casement's beam;
The fitful moon illumed the waves that curled before the gale,
And touched afar, with treacherous light, the flying merchant-sail.

'Ah! grant me such a breeze again!' the wounded captain cried,
'And charm my trusty bark amidst the dangers of the tide:
Be mine to board the goodly ships which gem the British main,
And beacon all the burghers' coasts from Dantzick to the Seine!

'Hark! thou dread Power, of midnight hour, who grimly reigns below,
And barter all the joys of day for dim eternal woe,
Full be my life of gallant strife, of pleasures and of fame,
And brand upon thy vassal roll my tributary name!

Ere yet the impious accents all had melted on the air
The watchful demon glided forth, and answered thus the prayer:
'Of every right my lieges know I henceforth make thee free,
And with the boon I now bestow thy badge of fealty.

'Bind fast this chain upon thy breast, beneath thy shirt of steel,
No lightning then shall strike thy mast, no rock shall rend thy keel;
But fortune still shall point thy prow, and strength shall ply thine oar,
And the deep shall roll its wrecks and its ambers to thy shore.

'Yet many a year of mirth and power shall gaily pass away
Ere I wing the chilling summons to call thee to my way;
And all thy glory and thy gains shall cleave unto thy line,
While steadfastly they trust upon this magic gift of mine.'

Nor shrank that lord from such weird word, but clasped the cursed spell,
Whose wondrous virtue swiftly proved as swiftly wrought him well.
The fiend again, from mortal ken, hied to his shadowy realm;
When flashed the dawn Count Piper laid his gauntlet on the helm.

Long, by the infernal angels fanned, his flag victorious flew,
And widely o'er the western flood its crimson shadow threw.
He recked him ne'er of holy rood, nor shrift nor penance made,
But, dying, like a vassal true, the demon's call obeyed!

Part II.

Now winter's breath o'er all the straits had laid its icy thrall,
The Swedish drum had waked the Dane by Copenhagen's wall,
And, marching forth, King Charles had set a watch beside the shore,
Where Helsingborg defies the guns of castled Elsinore.

The faggot blazed upon the hearth, the cavaliers around,
With flagon and with festive speech their martial leisure crowned;
The trooper burnished, as he sang, the carbine or the blade,
And shrilly at the forage rack the fretful charger neighed.

When sudden, from the gathering gloom, a stranger horseman spurred,
And of their leader earnestly craved for a secret word.
'Sir Count!' he said, in haste and dread, 'thy brother doth me speed,
For of thy presence at the camp he stands in pressing need.'

'Now rest thee, welcome messenger, and share our jovial cheer,
To-morrow with the leaguer host our pennon shall appear.'
But altered grew that stranger's mien, as sternly he replied,
'I charge thee, by the demon chain, no longer to abide.'

Then swift across the frozen plain, and by the vaulted keep,*
Where Denmark's fabled champion dwells in old enchanted steep,
And past the regal fane, whose lake repeats the trembling star,†
And through the glade where roves the shade of love-lost Valdemar.‡

Though long the way, ere break of day, those riders 'lighted down,
Hard by the deadly trench, which pressed the rampart of the town;
They passed among the dusky throng were mustering to the storm,
For in the eager van they knew Count Erick's lofty form.

'Ha! by Saint Bride, a gallant thought, thy laggard post to leave,
And in our desperate venture here some honour to achieve:
But say, what bird of nimble wing was bearer of the tale,
For late resolved our lord the King the order to assail.'

'I wot not of the fight, nor yet to share this peril sought,
But by thy urgent envoy moved, my loving service brought;
I would have tarried till the morn, and craved him for my guest,
When darkly, by the demon chain, he pleaded thy behest.' ●

While thus they spake that horseman strange in silence passed away,
And the shadow of some evil upon their spirits lay;
Around the ranks from mouth to mouth, the whispered signal ran,
With bended brows and 'bated breath then onward went the van.

Loud rang the challenge, and the trump its wild alarm pealed,
The baleful cresset blazing wide the mounting foe revealed:
At every loophole sprang the flash, from every port the flame,
And pouring fast on rattling blast the iron volley came:

Alas! how many a bounding plume of gentle youth went down,
How many a grey-haired soldier of the Gospel and the crown:
But no brighter sword was shivered, and no bolder heart was spent,
Than where upon the blood-dropt soil Count Erick slowly bent.

'Ah, brother dear, that messenger hath bid thee to my doom,
See! from the wreathing battle-clouds he beckons me to come;
But to the vow, be faithful thou, the demon pledged of yore,
And on thy bosom bear the sign which all our fathers bore.'

In sacred verse, with solemn curse, the priest hath banned that chain,
The chemist, in his crucible, hath tried it oft in vain:
Unscathed by fire and godly ire, it keeps the dreadful charm,
And still the house of Piper rules for fortune or for harm.

* The castle of Kronborg, where the Kœmpe or champion of Denmark reposes for ages, seated on a marble chair, in a vault far below the ground.

† The palace of Friedrichsborg, built in a lake.

‡ The forest of Gørre, where the ghost of King Valdemar is condemned to rove with spectral hounds, on account of his impious devotion to his dogs and his mistress.

BERTHA'S LOVE.

PART II.

IT was a strange sensation, the awakening from what seemed to me a long sleep. I had never had a severe illness in my life before, and when I opened my eyes languidly, and became feebly conscious of myself, I felt a vague wonderment whether I was reviving to the same existence, or to a new one. I tried to remember what I had been—what had happened before the long sleep came, but the mere effort of memory dizzied me, and I closed my eyes again, and lay passive, till a stir in the room aroused me.

I felt some one draw near me. I looked, and saw Mary bending over my bed.

The innocent face, the soft eyes, brought all back to my mind. I could not suppress a low cry, as I hid my face, and turned from her—*remembering!*

She, poor child! uttered fond, soothing words to me, while her tears fell on my hands, my shrunken, pallid hands, which she clasped in her own, and ever and anon pressed lovingly to her lips. Then she gently raised my head, and supported it on her bosom. I had no strength to move away. I was constrained to lie still, and hear her caresses, only closing my eyes, that they might not meet the tender, steadfast gaze of hers.

'My darling, my darling Bertha,' she kept saying, 'you are better, you will be well now, thank Heaven!'

And she, with her soft, cool hands smoothed the hair from my forehead, and then kissed it.

'You know me, don't you, dear?' she asked, presently. 'You will say one word to me?'

'What has been the matter?' I said, startled by a sudden fear. 'Have I been ill—delirious?'

'Hush, darling! Keep quite still and quiet. No, you have not been so ill as that; and now I trust there is no danger of it. But we were afraid.'

I sighed—a deep sigh of relief. I heard her saying more, and I gathered from her words, interrupted as they were by tears and sobs, that I had broken a blood-vessel, and

that they had for some hours despaired of my recovery.

'And it was for me, for me,' she went on; 'it was in saving me you nearly lost your life. Oh Bertha! if you had died.'

A passionate burst of weeping choked her voice. I repeated softly to myself—

'If I had died!—ah, if I had died!'

'It would have broken our hearts,' sobbed Mary,—'mine and—and Geoffrey's. We should never have been happy again. Poor Geoffrey!' she repeated, arousing herself suddenly, 'I am forgetting him in my own gladness. He has been waiting and watching in such terrible anxiety. I must run and tell him. Let him come and speak to you at the door.'

'No, no!' I cried, clutching her dress to detain her. 'You must not. I cannot—I cannot bear it.'

I was too feeble to assume the faintest semblance of composure. Even when I caught her look of innocent surprise, I could not dissemble any the more. I fell back, closing my eyes, and hardly caring whether she suspected or not. But hers was too transparent a nature to suspect. She smoothed my pillow, and kissed my hot brows with her fresh lips—blaming herself the while, in low murmurs, for her thoughtlessness in exciting me. Then, she stole softly out of the room.

Geoffrey must have been waiting in the next chamber. I heard his voice, uplifted in a rapturous thanksgiving—*his* voice, blessing God that I was saved! Somehow, it fell on my heart with a strange pang, which yet was not all pain; and, like a thick cloud breaking and dissolving into rain, a heavy choking sob burst from me; and I wept blessed, gentle tears, such as I had never yet known. And then, exhausted, like a troubled child, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke, I heard subdued voices in the room. I distinguished Doctor Ledby's grave tones, pronouncing that I was now out of all danger; that I should recover—slowly, perhaps, but surely. Then

I felt some one come and hang over me as I lay, and, languidly opening my eyes, I saw my father gazing on me, with more affection expressed in his face than I had ever dreamed he cherished for me. It sent a thrill to my heart, half pleasure half remorseful pain, for the bitter things I had sometimes thought of his want of love for me.

'I am awake, father,' said I; and he kissed me tenderly, and with great emotion.

'We have been in much trouble about you, child,' said he, hoarsely. 'We thought—we thought——'

He broke off, and turned hastily away. Then my step-mother came. Even she, cold and impassive as was her disposition, showed kindness, almost tenderness towards me now. She busied herself in settling my pillows, brought me a cooling draught, and in various ways testified her interest and solicitude. And she was habitually so indolent and indifferent, that such trifling offices assumed quite a new importance in her.

'Now then,' said she, sinking down in a chair, when her labours were concluded, 'I will sit by you for awhile. Your nurse is taking a walk in the shrubbery, by Doctor Ledby's desire. Poor child! she was quite pale and worn with watching so anxiously; and Geoffrey fairly dragged her out of the house.'

'I can see them now, walking together in the laurel path,' said my father, who was standing at the window. 'They are talking earnestly enough. They make a pretty pair of lovers.'

I could see them, too. I kept silence.

'Bertha, my dear,' added he, walking to my bedside again, and assuming something of his old manner, 'are you prepared to be a heroine in these parts?—to have your name immortalized in guide-books, and mis-pronounced by garrulous old women? I hear they already call that creek 'Bertha's,' and that rock 'The Escape.' And you may expect an ode and two or three sonnets, in the next *Cornish Luminary*.'

I smiled. It may have been a very sickly smile, for my father

again turned away, and again grew unwontedly grave.

'We must not talk too much to our invalid,' considerably said he.

And he, with great caution, quitted the room. My remaining companion sat mute, and sorted her wools; while I lay, with clenched hands, and head buried in the pillow, and had time to think, and to remember, and to look forward. But I could do neither. Mentally, as well as physically, I was so weak that I was unable to penetrate the confused haze which enshrouded my thoughts. And in the vain endeavour to cleave through this chaos, consciousness partly floated from me, and, without being asleep, I lay as if in a dream, knowing where I was, and all that was passing around me, but in utter abeyance of all thought. In this state I heard Mary enter the room. I felt her come and look at me. Then followed a whispered conversation with some one else. Then—then—Geoffrey stood at my bedside. I felt him there—his gaze fixed on my face. Once he touched my hand—he pressed his lips on it. Emotion seemed frozen within me. I lay passive the while—conscious of all, but still, and quiet. It was as if I were dead, and he bending over my corpse.

'Bless her—God bless her!' said he, presently, in a strangely broken and suppressed voice. 'But for her, oh, Mary! what had been my life now?'

'Hush, •darling!' came in the timid tones of Mary; 'you will awaken her.'

He turned to her. In my strange waking trance, I seemed to see how he took her in his arms, and looked into her face. For a little time there was silence.

'God is very good,' said he at length, 'to have given two such dear ones to me, Mary, and to have preserved them both through the peril that threatened them. If even after you were saved, Bertha had died—'

'Oh, terrible, terrible!' murmured Mary, shuddering. 'Ah, dear Geoffrey! that would have been worse than all; far, far worse than if I——'

'No, darling—there could be no worse than that.'

Very quietly they talked, with a

subdued and solemn cadence in their voices. Like tones heard in a dream it all fell on my ears—to become afterwards a remembrance more distinct than the reality.

‘How pale and still she is!’ whispered Mary. ‘And how altered since this illness. She was so full of life and energy when I first saw her. Only a few short weeks ago, Geoffrey, do you remember?’

‘Yes, dear, I remember well.’

‘How different her face is now. Oh Geoffrey!’ She stopped weeping. He soothed her tenderly, as a mother might a petted child.

‘To think that but for me all this sorrow had never been,’ faltered she. ‘Bertha would have been spared this suffering had I never come to Cliffe.’

‘Do you wish you had never come to Cliffe, Mary?’ asked his low, fervent voice.

‘Ah, no—no! If you do not.’

‘I? Heaven forgive me, darling! but a whole world of misery would seem to me a cheap purchase of what I have won.’

He spoke passionately, impetuously, and she was quick to calm him.

‘Hush,’ she said, gently, ‘you will waken poor Bertha.’

But I did not wake. I lay still and placid—soulless, as it seemed, and pangless, long after they had left me.

My memory of the next few days is vague and uncertain. I was kept very quiet, rarely spoke, and remained, for the most part, motionless and with closed eyes, so that they often thought me asleep when I was only thinking.

Mary was constantly with me. Her love was devoted, untiring. It would not be discouraged by coldness, and it seemed content to be unreturned. She was the tenderest, the most watchful of nurses. And every one was very kind to me. My father, my step-mother; all those of whom I had thought so hardly that they did not care for me. Sometimes now I reflected remorsefully, that if they had not hitherto shown me much affection it might have been my own fault. I had no right to quarrel with natures for being over reticent.

Geoffrey sent me the freshest flowers every morning, and scoured the country for fruits and delicacies to tempt my appetite. And once or twice he came in to see me. These interviews were very brief—very silent. No one wondered—I was still so feeble.

I regained strength but slowly. It was long before I left my bed. And the autumn was far advanced when for the first time my father carried me down stairs into the cheerful sitting room, and laid me on the sofa near the window.

I looked out into the garden; saw the trees wearing their golden tints; the laurels in the shrubbery waving about in the wind, the little wicket gate; beyond that the cliff; beyond still, the great sea, flashing in the noon sunlight. I remembered the last time I had passed out at that gate on to the cliff.

Mary was beside me, busied in some tender cares for my comfort. With a sudden impulse I passed my arm round her. It was the first expression of the new and softer feeling rising in my heart for her.

Poor child! she nestled her head in my bosom, weeping in a torrent of gratitude and joy. She must have been often cruelly wounded by the kind of sullen endurance with which hitherto I had received all her tenderness. For it was long before her patient love won its way and softened my rebellious heart. But she could not tell—she could not guess. It must have been a mystery to her always—the strange fitful humour of my love for her, which one minute would make me clasp her in a passionate embrace, and the next gently, but irresistibly, put her from me.

As I did now. I had struggled—God knows I had!—I had battled with the fierce tides of feeling that ever and anon surged within me, convulsing my whole being, feeble as I was, till the little vitality I had remaining seemed to leave me. I had learned the new lesson of striving against myself—against the strongest, wildest part of my nature. But I was young yet, and the instincts of youth are so passionate, so uncontrollable. They rebel so fiercely against suffering—they will shriek out, and dash themselves im-

potently against the strong despair, even until it stuns them into silence.

And I untwined Mary's clinging arms, and turned my head away from her. She sat contentedly beside me, playing with my hands, which she kept possession of.

How thin they were, and pallid! When I looked at them, after a while, and then at Mary's, what a contrast! She was amusing herself by taking the rings from her own fingers and placing them on mine. There was one—an opal set among diamonds—which sparkled brightly.

'A pretty ring,' said I, languidly, taking it to look more nearly at it; 'I never noticed it before.'

'No,' said Mary, drooping her head, shyly; 'I—I never had it till last evening.'

I gave it back to her. She tried to put it on one of my fingers, but they were all too shrunken, and it slipped off.

'Tis of no use,' said I, and I drew my hand away; 'it is a faithful ring, and will only be worn by its mistress.' And again I turned my face and gazed out.

'Don't look away from me,' said Mary, pleadingly, 'because—because I want to tell you—this ring,—Geoffrey gave me.'

'I know,' I answered quickly; 'I understand—all. You need tell me nothing.'

She seemed relieved, and scarcely surprised. For a moment she looked in my face, her own cheeks all flushing, and her eyes only half raised from the shadow of the lashes. Then she fell weeping on my neck.

'Tell me—tell me you are not sorry,' she said, brokenly; 'he is so good, and I—oh, I am so unworthy. You knew him long before I did, and you must know how noble he is, and how little I deserve him. But—but I love him, Bertha!'

She raised her head, and looked up straight into my eyes, as she uttered the last words. I pressed the tearful face down again upon my bosom hastily but gently.

'I love him!' she again murmured, in a kind of childish dalliance with the words: 'I love him dearly!'

I said, after a little while, 'Then, Mary, is there no need to fear your

worthiness,' and I mechanically repeated the lines:—

'Behold me, I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am
worthy as a king.'

'Is that true—is it really so?' she asked, earnestly; 'loving much, do we merit much? Because,—and again her cheek crimsoned, and her voice sank timidly—'then I know I should deserve him. Who could love him so well as I?'

She had crept closely to me. It was almost more than I could bear. I moved uneasily upon my pillow, disengaging myself from her embrace.

'I am tired,' was all I could say
'I should like to sleep.'

But her sweet look of innocent self-reproach for having wearied me smote on my heart. When, after carefully arranging my cushions and coverings, she stole quietly away, I called her back. She knelt down at my side, and unsuspectingly the clear, untroubled eyes were raised to mine. I parted the hair on her brow, and twisted the fair tresses listlessly in my fingers.

'I am weak still, dear,' I said, the while, 'and peevish, and capricious often. But you are very patient; you will forgive me.'

She was eager with deprecatory words; but I would not heed the. I kissed her tenderly, solemnly; bending over her, as I whispered the words—

'God look on you, and love you always!—you and Geoffrey!'

And when I was alone, I prayed the same prayer.

Very gradually I regained strength. I do not care to dwell upon the time of my early convalescence. When I was well enough to need no nursing, Mary returned home; but she came to see me every day, and she was almost more at Cliffe than at F—. Geoffrey would go to fetch her in the morning, and escort her home in the evening: when he returned, I had always retired to my room, so that I saw but little of him, though he was still, nominally, my father's guest.

He was most kind, and affectionate to me as ever. If the close and con-

fidential intercourse of old was at an end, it was only natural, and I was very grateful that it should be so.

He had never spoken to me of his engagement with Mary, till one evening, in the dusky twilight, they both came together to my sofa from the window, where they had been for some time talking in low whispers, and Geoffrey, pressing my hand in both of his, told me that he had that day arranged with Mr. Lester—that they were to be married early in the New Year, and that in a day or two he was going to London to see his lawyers.

Mary hid her tearful face in my bosom while he told me this. I was glad it was so dark.

'And next week I shall go,' repeated Geoffrey; 'and then—I shall leave Mary in *your* charge, Bertha; and you in hers,' he added, as an after-thought. 'Poor little invalid! she cannot take care of herself yet,' she went on, in playfully, half in tender earnest. 'I must not burden her with the keeping of my treasure. But I am glad I leave you together.'

'And you will not be long away,'

said Mary, pressing; 'you will be home very soon? And then I shall be quite well—wont

to go with us to Italy. I know what we have planned, and I am sure it will do us good. Does it please you?'

I was more than half prepared for some such proposal. I did not attempt to combat it then, and my murmured answer, unintelligible as was, satisfied him. He went on easily—

'Do you remember how we used to talk of Rome, and Venice, and Naples, and long to see them—to visit them together, Bertha? Who would have thought our dreams so near realization? Ah!' he continued, with a deep sigh of content, 'the world is a better world than I thought it, and life has a great deal of happiness—more than I ever dreamed!'

He paused for a moment. Mary's little hand stole into his.

'I am very happy, too,' whispered she; 'but not quite content—till Bertha is well.'

'But Bertha will be well—shall be, *must* be,' he cried, in a tone almost of defiance. 'My darling's heaven must be cloudless. There shall not be a speck upon it.'

'Hush—hush, dear!' she said, timidly; 'don't talk so—it is not right. And besides, Bertha is weak, remember.' She was always so thoughtful over me! I felt that, and was grateful, even then.

'Dear Bertha,' he said, in compunction, 'you know my old sins of feverish thoughtlessness. Do I tire you? Shall I go away?'

'No; I am stronger—stronger than I was. Stay.'

The words came forth very faintly and gaspingly, though I tried hard to steady them. He was silent for awhile.

'Doctor Ledby says you will recover fast now,' he presently said, as if reassuring himself; and Naples is the place, of all others, for you to winter in. Think of Naples, and Vesuvius, Bertha! Think of the Bay, at which your beloved E—— Bay will have to hide its diminished head for evermore. You will never dare sing its praises again—obstinate patriot though you are.'

'And at Naples,' added Mary, 'we shall meet my brother.'

'Ay—there's the grand crisis of delight in *her* mind,' cried he, in assumed peevishness; 'it's always that brother Arthur, to whom I take exception from the beginning. I know I shall hate him. You have no business to have a brother—nor anything—but *me*.'

Mary laughed merrily. She never noticed the shade of earnestness which I could trace through all his jesting.

'Ah, Bertha,' she said, 'you will like Arthur, I know. *You* are not unreasonable and prejudiced. And he is so good—so clever, too, and—'

'Oh, you inscrutable little schemer!' interrupted Geoffrey; 'do you always make a rule of showing your plans beforehand? This dangerously artful person—this terribly manœuvring match-maker—don't you see, Bertha—can't you guess? Ah, you wont answer; but I wish it was light enough to see you smile.'

'Be quiet, Geoffrey,' urged Mary.

'Oh, I promise you infinite amusement in this young lady's budding diplomatic talents,' he persisted. 'As for me, I know the programme of her plot by heart—as I ought, having heard it so often. She is quite a female Macchiavelli. I only wish I were going out on a mission: what an invaluable secretary she would be to my ambassadorship!'

'I will give you a mission,' said she, laughingly—'go and get Bertha some grapes. Her hands are quite hot, and I know your talking is too much for her. Go away, and ask Mrs. Warburton for a bunch.'

She pushed him playfully towards the door, through which at length he departed, grumbling, and appealing to me against her tyranny.

I did not see him again that night. Before he returned with the grapes, I had gained my own room, where I was glad to be quiet and at rest.

After that day, I noticed that a certain shade of pensiveness appeared to hang over both the lovers, as the time of their first separation drew nigh. Geoffrey grew thoughtful often, while watching Mary as she worked, or read, or lay on an ottoman by my sofa, one of her fair arms thrown, around me, as she loved to remain, her head half raised, and her loving face peering forth from the midst of her curls. So we were sitting, the very evening before Geoffrey's departure, and I remember how he looked at her, as he stepped into the room from the garden, where he had been pacing the terrace with quick, firm strides for more than an hour. He stopped for a moment on the threshold, gazing on her with eyes whose deep, wild love it seemed to me must have thrilled her—all unconscious as she sat. Then, as I furtively watched his face from under my trembling hand, I saw a changed expression come upon it—an expression of keen, vivid anguish. I had never seen such a look on his face before, and it appalled me—smote me out of my forced, stony self-possession. I started up, with a suppressed cry.

'Geoffrey—Geoffrey! what ails you!'

He glanced rebukingly at me, as Mary rose hastily to her feet, and looked alternately at me and at her

lover, her whole frame shaking with alarm.

'Bertha, have you wakened out of a bad dream?' he said, while he drew her to his side, and soothed away her fright—'that you horrify this poor child thus?'

I sank back again on my cushions, and closed my eyes.

The poor frightened child hung sobbing on his breast. For a few minutes they did not heed me, and I had time to restore myself to my habitual composure before Mary, breaking from his arms, came to me again.

'Darling Bertha, you terrified me so! Tell me, of what were you dreaming?—that some harm had come to Geoffrey?'

'I hope so, fervently,' he broke in, with his old vivacious manner. 'I have great faith in the proverb about dreams being fulfilled contrariwise. There could not be a better omen for my approaching journey than that you or Bertha should dream I had broken my neck.'

Mary shuddered.

'Oh, don't talk so!' she murmured; 'and don't wish us to have such dreams. Think, when you are gone, how dreadful—'

Her voice died utterly away, and she buried her face in my bosom. Again Geoffrey looked on her with that same look which I had scarce strength to endure. Then he turned away, and strode to the window. There he remained, looking out on the wintry, stormy world of sea, and cliff, and snow-covered moor—until Mary rose from beside me, and trying to laugh at her own foolishness, ran from the room to hide her freshly gathering tears.

Geoffrey approached me hastily, even as the door closed upon her. He seized my hand with almost fierce earnestness, and looked down upon me, his face quite wild with agitation.

'Bertha, Bertha! I always feared this happiness could not last. I believe each human soul has its portion allotted from the beginning of its existence—and I—I have drank mine to the dregs already.'

I suppose the expression of my face struck him then, for he stopped suddenly, then resumed—

'I am a thoughtless brute, I feel,

in talking to you thus—poor, weak, and ill as you are. But, Heaven help me! I feel such a yearning to give vent to this dismal feeling—this sense of foreboding that has come upon me! And Mary—it would kill her if she guessed! I must needs practise hypocrisy with *her*.'

'But you must not with me,' I said, rising with a sudden effort. 'Tell me all that is troubling you. It will do you good to talk unrestrainedly. And you need not fear for me: I am quite strong, and very calm. Now, speak!'

'Blessings on you, my Bertha—my sister!' he said, with a grateful tenderness that for a moment over-set my boasted calmness. 'Ever since I knew you, you have always been the refuge for my cares—my fits of depression; and you have always done me good. What should I do without you, Bertha?'

'Go on,' I said; 'tell me what you have to tell, for we may be interrupted. Mary will return.'

At the name, his face again grew darkened with a strange gloom.

'How shall I tell you?' he said, hoarsely; 'you will not laugh at my weakness—you will understand and pity it. Bertha, do you believe in presentiments?'

He looked fixedly at me, but without waiting my reply, proceeded in a lower, yet more distinct tone—

'For two days I have been conscious of a strange burden on my mind—a mysterious prescience of some ill to come, I don't know of what nature. Whether any ill is pending to me, or—No! not to Mary—not to *her*—but—'

He paused abruptly, and sat as if thinking for awhile. I tried to speak; I could not—I could only remain still, looking at him.

'Did I ever tell you,' he suddenly resumed, 'about my poor friend Sinclair? He was about to be married, and a week before, he caught a fever, and died on the very day fixed for his wedding.'

Still I said nothing. But the glance he gave me taught me something of the look that my own face wore.

'Don't, Bertha—don't think too much of these foolish fancies. I am worse than foolish to infect you with my dismal ideas. Come, let us talk;

you will do me good, and make me all right again. Let us be cheerful!'

Looking back upon it now, I can hardly tell how I restrained the agony in my own heart to minister unto him. But I did so. In the gathering twilight we sat, until I had soothed him into a comparative serenity. It was strange, how his reason yet fought against his sensations. When I urged him to delay his journey for a time, he laughed, and, with something of his old pleasant banter, deprecated such a weakness, and derided himself for yielding to it as much as he had done. And his was always such a mercurial nature, that I felt no surprise at seeing him suddenly shake off all his gloom, and when Mary joined us, become even more than ordinarily vivacious. When the rest of the family joined us, he and my father began arguing in their usual style of quaint warring of wits. Mary sat silent, her fingers busily engaged with some light work; my step-mother, equally speechless, at her unfailing wools; and I—I could lie quite unthought of and unobserved on my sofa in the dark corner, out of the glare of the firelight and the lamp.

Oh, miserable—miserable evening! It was surely not unnatural that I, spite of what seemed my better reason, should be deeply impressed by what Geoffrey had told me. I had carefully avoided letting him see how much I was affected by it; but I could not conceal from myself the feeling of undefined terror and yearning anguish with which I watched him that last evening. I shivered as I gazed on his laughing face, and marvelled and doubted within myself whether his mirth were real or assumed. Well as I knew him, in the confusion and pain I had to battle against in my own mind I could not satisfy myself with respect to what was passing in his.

Mary was to stay with me that night, and Geoffrey was to depart early the next morning. When we prepared to separate for the night, he bade adieu to my father and Mrs. Warburton, then he came to me. No one could see his face but I, as he advanced to my sofa. I turned hastily aside, saying I should see

him in the morning before he went. I could not bear it—to lie quiet there, bidding him a formal farewell, while my poor faint heart yearned over him in his trouble—his trouble, that I only knew to exist.

And so we dispersed to our several rooms. Directly we were in ours, poor Mary gave vent to the sadness she had been feebly striving to suppress the whole evening. I think I was more selfish than usual that night; I felt more of my old, wicked self stirring within me, than I had for many weeks. As I looked on her lying on the bed, as she had thrown herself in a childlike abandonment, her head buried in her outstretched arms, and her sobs sounding wildly and frequently, I clenched my hands, and bit my lips hard.

'You think you know what grief is,' I muttered within myself. 'You believe you suffer! You! Can children love, or feel as we do—we, whom God has created women, but planted in our natures all the desperate earnestness of man, together with that unchanging, patient constancy, the fatal and exclusive birth-right of every true woman since the world began?'

These thoughts were stirring within me as Mary raised her head, and looked on me with an expression of appealing helplessness.

'Dear Bertha!' she faltered, extending her arms to me—'come to me—take me to your bosom: I am so wretched!' And again her tears burst forth.

'Thank God—bless God, all ye who suffer not

More grief than ye can weep for!'

These words passed my lips, coldly and bitterly, almost before I was aware. She turned her sad face reproachfully upon me, with a vague sense of my meaning.

'Ah, you don't know—you don't know!' she said, slowly, and with an effort to subdue her own emotion. 'It is childish, I feel, to be miserable because he is going from me for awhile. But ah, Bertha!—though the cause may be foolish, sorrow is sorrow, and you should pity me, for I have never known it till now.'

I had need to be more than humanly cold and stony to resist her supplicating voice. My heart melted within me, and I clasped her in my

arms where she lay, troubled and restless, through the night—only sinking into slumber a little time before the late dawn appeared.

Then we both arose, and descended into the room where Geoffrey's breakfast awaited him. She seated herself at the table, busying herself with the cups, striving very hard to maintain a cheerful look. So fresh, and young, and girlish she appeared, in the cold light of the January morning—trying to smile upon Geoffrey when he came in, and, seeing only her, seated himself beside her.

I was content to be disregarded. It was gladness enough for me to see on his countenance no trace of the fitful agitation of the day before; in his manner neither the heavy gloom, nor the wild vivacity that had then disquieted me so much. He looked quiet, composed, more serious than usual—and ah! so tenderly loving to the little, clinging creature at his side!

We heard, gradually drawing near, the tramp of his horse, which was coming to take him to meet the coach. Then he rose, and Mary, too.

He had embraced her—had turned away—was leaving the room—when I, in a kind of reckless impulse, tottered forward from my quiet corner, silently holding forth my hand.

'Bertha! is it you?' he exclaimed, astonished—moved, even, I thought, —and he sprang back to me, and carefully led me again to my seat. 'Dear Bertha! And I was going away without seeing you.'

'Never mind,' I whispered; 'only tell me—are you more content?'

'I am quite content,' he answered, assuredly. 'I only think happily of the time when I shall return.'

He was interrupted by Mary, who, seeing him still linger in the room, stole to his side again. He caught her in his embrace, bending over her with love—unutterable—unlimited dilating in his eyes. And then he placed her in my arms, and said—

'Leave my darling in your charge, Bertha! Keep her safely for me till I come. Always love her dearly—(ah! you could not do else!)—be gentle—be tender with her!'

He leaned over me, and kissed

my brow. It was the first kiss he ever gave me.

When I opened my eyes, and knew myself again, Mary was lying, pale and still, where he had placed her, and I heard the sound of a horse's gallop dying away in the distance.

The days passed on. Mary was very much with me. She soon recovered, or almost recovered, her usual serenity—that true contentment we so seldom see out of childhood. Geoffrey's letters were great aids to this re-establishment of her cheerfulness. The first she received from him,—what a delight it was to her! She came running to me, holding it fast to her bosom the while, and began to read it in a transport of eager joyfulness. It was such a new pleasure to her—I believe it well-nigh compensated for the grief of separation. A week before, I should have thought so with some bitterness towards her light, girlish nature. But now my feeling towards her was changed. Geoffrey himself could not have been more tender, more gentle than I was in thought and word, and deed, towards her whom he had so solemnly confided to my care. The echo of his words ever rang in my memory. *Always love her dearly and be tender with her.*

The days when his letters came were always brighter days to me. I hardly knew the burden of anxiety that constantly rested on my mind, till it was partially relieved by the sight of his familiar hand-writing—the large closely-written pages,—exact transcripts, too, his letters ever were of himself,—that Mary regularly received. She used to read them to me—part of them, at least—crouching beside my sofa,—her face flushed with gladness, her voice becoming broken ever and anon, and dying away into whispers; then bursting forth again in a blythe laugh at some piece of Geoffrey's gaiety. Well I remember them—those clear, cold, winter mornings, when the world looked so dreary without, and the wind wailed, piercing even through the silver joyousness of Mary's laughter.

I had always intended to leave Cliffe before the marriage. I had even arranged my plans so that I

could leave without suspicion, and without giving them time to remonstrate. But ever since the night before Geoffrey's departure, the plan—the very idea even, had floated from my mind. All my own pains were merged into the one dim, undefined anxiety I felt for him. All my own sickening wishes to be away—to be alone—yielded now to the passionate yearning I had for his safe return. Day by day the uneasy longing grew more intense; till, to have seen him back again, married to Mary, and happy, I would—ah, it is nothing to say I would have died—I would have lived, and looked forward to living long, long years—tranquil, and at peace!

At length a letter came, announcing the day he proposed to leave London. Three days after that day he would arrive at Cliffe. The marriage would then be arranged, and would certainly follow speedily. Mary's mother, half tears and half smiles at her darling's approaching bridal, had already been busily preparing for it. The wedding dress had come from London, and the veil, and the orange flowers. All would be in readiness by the time Geoffrey returned.

And the day fixed for that drew nigh. It came. It had showed incessantly for three days previously; but that morning shone cloudless, and the sunshine was awaking the redbreasts into joyous warblings, as Mary triumphantly remarked to me, when she drew aside my window curtains, and urged me to hasten my toilet and come down stairs.

'Everything unites to give him welcome back,' she said. 'Look at the sea, how blue and sparkling it is! We have not seen such a sea for weeks, have we? And even the flowers! I have been into the greenhouse, and gathered an exquisite bouquet. The obstinate little tea-rose, that has refused to blossom for so long, has positively deigned to uncloze a bud this very morning for Geoffrey.'

She went on, half singing to herself, as she arranged two or three geraniums and a spray of myrtle together. When they were fixed to her satisfaction, she came and fastened them in my dress.

'For,' she observed, laughing, 'we will all look festal,—even you, dear, with your plain, high frock, and Quakerish little collar, will condescend to ornament *to-day*. You tremble!' she cried, suddenly. 'You are not well, Bertha. What ails you?'

I could not tell her. I did not know myself. I said I was cold. And she hurried me down stairs to the warm drawing-room—remarking, at the same time, that my face was glowing, and that my hands felt dry and feverish.

'Mamma is coming this morning,' she went on, as soon as we were established at the fire-side; 'and, do you know, Bertha, I am to try on my wedding dress. Mamma is to dress me, to see if it is all right. And there is a dress for you, which I have chosen. And you will wear it, wont you, darling?—although it isn't made quite in that peculiar, half puritanical fashion of yours, which I have learned quite to love, because it is peculiar to you.'

She caressed me fondly. I tried hard to shake off the unaccountable oppression that I laboured under. In vain. The while she flitted about the room, laughing, and talking, and carolling snatches of merry songs, I remained mute, as though perforce, with the mysterious, terrible burden weighing heavy on my heart.

Then Mrs. Lester came; and my stepmother and she talked long together, while Mary was appealed to by one or the other, every now and then. Once or twice they spoke to me, and I essayed to answer; but the words came thick and stifled; and, moreover, I failed to catch the sense of what I said, though I heard distinctly.

'Miss Warburton does not seem quite so well this morning,' observed Mrs. Lester, with concern.

'She is sleepy,' said Mary, as she hovered about me, and tried to find some little office in which to busy herself for me. 'Let her keep quiet till——' She kissed my closed eyes, and whispered the rest of her sentence.

'Bertha is no authority in matters of this kind,' my stepmother placidly remarked. 'I never knew a girl who thought so little about dress.

Really, it almost becomes a fault, such extreme negligence. But, as we were saying—whether a *ruche* or an edge of blonde will look best,' &c. &c.

Presently the door opened, and a servant announced the arrival of Mrs. Lester's maid, with the dresses.

'It's a pity Miss Warburton should have fallen asleep,' said Mrs. Lester. 'However——'

'Oh, she mustn't be disturbed,' cried Mary. 'Let her sleep quietly. And,' she added, in a lower tone, 'I will go and put on my dress, and come in and astonish her when she wakes.'

The two elder ladies laughed, assented, and withdrew, and Mary, after once more arranging my plaids and cushions, followed them from the room.

I raised myself when they were gone, and pressing my head with my two hands, I tried to analyze the strange, inscrutable feeling which overpowered me. But even while I sat thus, its nature changed. My heart began to throb, wildly, loudly, so that I could hear its passionate pulsations; and an imperious instinct seemed to turn me toward the door of the room, which opened into the entrance hall.

'Geoffrey is coming already,' I said to myself. I repeated it aloud—all the while *feeling* that it was not so—that Geoffrey was *not* near. Yet, at that moment I distinguished a horse's gallop, growing louder, till it ceased at our gate. And then quick footsteps along the gravel path—and then the peal of the outer-door bell, resounding in the house.

'It is Geoffrey,' I said again, resolutely. 'I will go and call Mary.'

I knew it to be false. The throbbing at my heart stopped suddenly. I was quite calm, quite prepared for what I saw, when, opening the door, I found a servant listening, with a horror-struck face, to the quick, agitated words of the man who had just dismounted from his horse, and whose disordered appearance told of a hasty journey.

'Who is that?' he whispered to the servant, when he saw me, stopping suddenly in his recital, with a kind of shrinking.

'It is Miss Bertha—Miss Warburton,' replied the other.

'Not the young lady that——'

'Come in here,' said I, steadily. 'Tell me all you have to say, and do not alarm any one else in the house. Come in.'

He entered, and I closed the door.

'What has happened to Mr. Latimer?'

'Do not be too much—there may be hope—the doctor says,' he began, with a clumsy effort at preparation.

'Tell me in as few words as you can,' I said; 'and tell me the *whole truth*.'

'Mr. Latimer arrived by the coach at P—— last night late—or rather, early this morning. He seemed anxious to get on here at once, and would not be advised against taking horse, and going the remaining thirty miles. The roads, they told him, were in some parts dangerous from the heavy snows; but he said he knew them well, and thought nothing of the risk. About seven miles this side P—— the road runs close beside an old stone quarry. You may know it, Miss?'

'Go on—go on.'

'The snow deceived him, we suppose, and he got out of the track. His horse fell with him. He was found there about two hours ago by some labourers. They took him into a little inn near. He was quite insensible; but the people knew who he was, and asked me——'

He was interrupted. The door opened, and there came in, with a buoyant step, a little figure, arrayed in rustling, glancing, dazzling white silk. The delicate lace veil fell cloudily over her head, shading the blushing cheeks—the laughing eyes. And Mary's blythe voice sounded clear and ringing—

'Enter—the bride!'

I had felt calm, as I have said. Heaven knows what she read in my face which struck the smile from her mouth, and sent her flying to my bosom with a terrible cry. There she hung, vainly trying to give speech to the dread that overcame her; while Mrs. Lester, who had followed her into the room, stood transfixed, gazing first at me, and then at the strange messenger.

'For mercy's sake, tell me what

has happened?' cried the mother. At length, hurrying to her child—
'Mury, my darling, look up—come to me!'

But she kept clinging to me, till I unwound her fragile hold, and laid her—poor, pale child, in her shining bridal robes, on the sofa near.

I do not well know what followed. When at length Mary understood what had happened, her senses gave way, and she fell from one fit into another continuously. It was vain to hope she would recover sufficiently to go to her lover. Geoffrey would not have the blessedness of dying in her arms. But I knew how, if he ever regained consciousness, he would yearn to see her, and I waited long, in an eternity, as it seemed, of torture, in the hope of bearing her with me.

In vain. I set forth alone, leaving her with a tribe of weeping women around her. I sprang on my horse, and in a moment was on my way across the moor.

In the midst of the chaos of my mind, I yet clearly remembered the last time I rode there with Geoffrey a little while ago; but oh! what a chasm yawned between then and now! I remembered, too, how stormy the day was then, and how serene my own heart! Now the sunshine seemed to float like a visible joy through the transparent air, and the low murmur of the sea sounded in the distance like a hymn of peace. The birds in a little grove that the road skirted were singing loudly—shrilly.

Merciful heaven! how mockingly it all blended with the dead quick fall of my horse's hoofs, as I pressed him on towards Geoffrey and death!

I heard his voice before I entered the room where he lay. It sounded strange, yet fearfully familiar. His wild loud call was for Mary—always Mary! The doctor, who came gravely and sadly to meet me, asked with anxiety if I were she? And as I, not quite able to speak then, stood very quiet leaning against the wall, I heard the man who had returned with me answer in a low tone, 'Bless you, no, sir! That other poor young lady was struck like dead when she heard; this one was as calm the whole time as

could be. I don't think she is anything at all to him.'

'I am his old friend,' said I, answering the questioning glance of the doctor, 'and the daughter of his host, Mr. Warburton. Let me see him.'

They did not hinder me, and I went in. * * * * He thought I was Mary. When I drew near to him, he fixed his wild eyes on me, with a terrible likeness of look in them to what I had so often watched when he gazed on *her*. He clasped my hands in his scorching fingers, and pressed them with a kind of fierce fondness to his lips.

'Ah, my darling, my darling! I knew you would come,' he said, in a subdued tone, 'I have been waiting so long; but now I am happy!'

'It seems to compose him, the sight of you,' observed the doctor, after a pause of comparative quietude in his patient. 'I suppose he mistakes you for some one else!'

Ah! God be merciful to our weak human nature, how bitter that thought was, even then!

I remained still, my hands pressed in his hot clasp, till he sank into an uneasy slumber. I could 'better bear to look at him then, when his eyes—the bright, frank eyes, now all glazed, and dry, and fiery—were closed. And I looked at him. From amid the wreck before me of tangled hair, and haggard cheeks, and lips parched and bloodstained, I gathered up and treasured in my soul the likeness of his olden self, that was ever to remain with me till I should see him restored to it again—in heaven.

* * * * By-and-bye the doctor came in; then after looking at him, turned to me with mouth close set. 'Would you wish other advice sent for?' he whispered.

I shook my head, saying, what I then first remembered, that my father and Doctor Ledby were to have followed me.

'Nothing more can be done, I apprehend,' he muttered again. He was a man eminent in the district, and having, indeed, a fearful experience of similar cases among the miners and stonecutters.

'How long—?'

'He cannot possibly exist many hours,' he said, adding some profes-

sional remarks which I but imperfectly comprehended; 'about—perhaps towards night.'

He paused considerably, imagining perhaps, that there *might* be some feeling hidden underneath the blank calm he doubtless thought so strange. Then he silently took his leave.

I remained alone with Geoffrey. Occasionally the woman of the house came in with offers of service, but she never stayed long, and her intrusions grew less frequent as the day advanced. My father and Dr. Ledby did not appear. I do not know why—I never knew.

I did not think of their absence. My whole world of thought, of feeling, was bounded by the rude walls of that little room. There I sat and watched his fitful sleep, or listened to the terrible ravings of his troubled waking. He would slumber for a few minutes, and then awake, each time to a new form of delirium. Sometimes he pushed me from him, shrieking out that the sight of me was a torture to him, and bidding me leave him—leave him! Again he fancied I was Mary, and spoke tenderly, in low murmurs, telling how dear I was, how fondly he loved me, clasping my hands, and looking up into my eyes, till I too had well nigh shrieked out in my agony and despair.

And so passed the day.

The day!—his last of earth—my last of him! And the noon sun faded quietly away, the red sunset glowed into the little room, and the dull twilight came on.

He had fallen into a sleep—deeper and more protracted than any former one—leaning his head upon my arm as I crouched down at his bedside. And while he slept the twilight deepened into night, and through an opening in the window curtain, I could see stars shining.

The firelight flickered on the wall, and played upon my face, as I could feel. And when I turned my eyes from the stars, by the coal-flame I saw that Geoffrey was awake, and looking on me with a changed look—with his own look. And he uttered my name in a low faint voice, trying the while to lift his head.

I raised it silently, and we looked at one another. The doctor had

foretold this change. I knew what it portended. It was not *that* though, but it was the familiar sound of his voice calling on my name in the old, old tone, that smote upon me, moistening my burning eyes with a great gush of tears. Perceiving them, he smiled up at me with a quiet smile, that made his face look divine for the moment. But it passed quickly.

'Mary—where is Mary?' he asked, uneasily. 'Why is she not here?'

I told him. A look of intense anguish came over his features, and then again they took an expression of ineffable tenderness, while he murmured, as to himself—

'Poor child! poor innocent darling! God comfort her!'

He closed his eyes, and said no more. I watched him and was silent—my tears all spent. Presently he turned towards me, and with a gesture caused me to kneel down close beside him, so that I could hear his faintest utterance.

'It is hard,' he faltered, 'not to see her once more. But you, dear Bertha, my true sister! you will stay with me to the end? You do not fear?'

'No—ah no! Yet,—O Geoffrey, Geoffrey!'

The strong agony—the wild love—would not be repressed. It all burst forth in that long wailing cry, which he heard, but did not understand. O woful, woful love, that must be thrust back, trampled down, hidden out of sight, even in such an hour as this!

'Kind Bertha! dear loving friend!' he kept saying, feebly stroking my head as it lay crushed down between my hands. Then there was a silence, till again he spoke.

'Bertha! you will take care of Mary? You will never forsake the child! Look up, and promise me.'

I tried to speak. But my strength failed me when I met his eyes, and again the cry escaped my lips:—

'Oh Geoffrey!—*My*—Geoffrey! Let me die!'

He scarce heeded; only looking steadfastly at me he repeated, in a troubled tone, 'Promise me!'

I lifted my eyes once more to his face, where the indescribable change

was growing fast—fast. And the sight froze me into quietness again.

I promised, and the anxious look faded away into a beautiful calm.

'You will love her. You will watch over her happiness. You will never leave her. Bertha?'

'Never—till I die!'

'Good, dear sister!' he murmured. 'Tell her, tell her,' he went on, his voice gradually weakening, 'tell her I bless her; tell her —'

He moved restlessly on his pillow. I gently raised his head and rested it on my shoulder. He lay there quite content, and once again smiled up in my face, pressing my hand, which he still held. Then his lips moved in prayer. I could distinguish my own name and *hers* repeated many times, while the brightness of that last smile yet lingered on his face.

Then his hold of my hand was loosened, and the lips stirred no longer.

I knew that my arms held only Geoffrey's corse.

And he knew *then* I loved him!

A long time has passed since that night.

I have kept my promise. Mary and I have never been long separated. I was with her through all the time of deep, desperate woe that followed upon Geoffrey's death. I was her nurse, her helper, her comforter—even *I*! I prayed with her, and for her, as I had learned to pray only since I had seen *him* die. And from that time until now I have been her constant friend, her tender watchful sister—as he would have wished. And as I felt myself gradually drawing nearer to the rest I so long prayed for, my only care was the thought of leaving her before my work was done and I no longer needed.

That trouble is removed. Mary's grief, so terrible at first, so wild and so despairing, has yielded to the influence of changed scene and lapse of time. Renewed health brought fresh feelings—new hopes. She was so young—life was as yet almost an unread page to her. Gradually, the one sad memory assumed a new shape in her mind, till at last it became as it will be, I believe, ever more, a kind of sacred, solemn presence, too sacred and too solemn to

be mixed up with the common daily existence, but shedding its influence continually around her purer, inner life.

And I was scarcely surprised, for I had long watched the progress of this change in the girl's soul, and been happy at it, when Mrs. Lester told me, but a few weeks since, that she thought, she hoped, Mary being worthily wooed, might again be won.

And it was so. It seemed strange at first—as she herself must have felt, so much she blushed and trembled when she next saw me.

But I am of a humbler spirit than I was. I do not dare to judge a nature made by God. I have learned too bitterly my own weakness—my own wickedness—to feel otherwise than indulgent to the imperfections of others, though they take a different shape to mine.

So I struggled against the rebellious feeling that for a little while

made me turn from Mary—thinking of the love for her which had shone out of Geoffrey's dying eyes. I reassured the timid, clinging little creature, whose whole life was wound up in the grand necessity of loving and being loved—and I folded her to my breast, saying—

'Be happy, my innocent child!' while to myself I said in a solemn contentment—'My duty is fulfilled; there is no further need of me, and I may go.'

And I pray forgiveness for the selfish thought that sometimes stirs unbidden in my mind, as I lie quietly apart, while Mary and her lover are talking low together—the thought that, in the home to which I draw nigh, when we shall all meet, we who have loved one another upon earth, Mary will be surrounded by her husband and her children, but I—I, with outstretched arms may greet my Geoffrey, crying—

'I alone have loved thee always!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF RAVENNA.

'GR-R-R! Sh-h-h! H-p-p-p!
St-t-t!'

couth sounds which, intermingled with not a few sufficiently articulate imprecations, awoke the slumbering echoes of Bologna at the early dawn of a summer's morning last year. The utterer was an omnibus driver, and the object of his eloquent harangue was to persuade his ill-assorted team to make a pull all together at the lumbering, heavy-laden vehicle which was to convey us to Ravenna. The omnibus was as full as a carpet-bag. I suppose in Italy there is no 'licence,' fixing the maximum of passengers. There were a round dozen of full-grown people, and three or four supernumerary children, whose room I should have infinitely preferred to their company. The prospect of nine hours of heat, dust, perpetual jolting, and partial suffocation was not cheering.

In desperate conjunctures the mind is disposed to relieve itself by idle speculations; so I began to scan my companions, and guess at their history. One of these was a woman, still young, and evidently once beautiful, but now pale, worn, and old

before her time. An old woman, mother perhaps, or aunt, sat by her, and pressed her with all manner of little attentions—caressing and consoling—which she pettishly rejected or indifferently permitted. Every now and then I could see a tear gather in her dark-circled eye and fall down her worn cheek. I had no need to guess her history (though I might have done so), because it was told me *sotto voce* by my next neighbour, a loquacious Bolognese. The girl had once been *prima ballerina* at the theatre of Bologna, followed, admired, and applauded—had lived as *ballerine* usually do; and now, having survived her beauty and her reputation—a plaything broken and flung away—was returning to her native obscurity at Massa Lombarda, to pass her remaining days in that meritorious virtue which arises from the absence of temptation, and that unfeigned repentance which deepens with each successive wrinkle.

So we jolted on, over a road deep in dust, bordered with orchards and maize fields. Every three miles, or thereabouts, we came upon a picket of Austrian soldiers or Italian *cara-*

binieri, whose duty was to clear the road of the brigands. The exploits of these gentry had formed the staple of conversation all the way from Bologna. At a point in the road which enjoyed the worst repute we saw five or six fellows in heterogeneous clothing, and armed with long guns, come running across a field toward us. The women, whose nerves were shaken by the tales of blood they had been hearing and telling, at once made up their minds that these were brigands; they clasped their hands, shrieked, and invoked the Madonna, and refused to be re-assured at any price. I myself confess to an uncomfortable sensation about the left side, where my gold *doppie* were stored in a secret pocket. However, the supposed brigands proved to be only a patrol of *carabinieri*. The mistake was excusable; for the appearance of the 'true men' quite corresponded with my ideal of a thief.

At Massa Lombarda and Lugo—both dull and dismal little towns, which not even the sunshine could furbish up into the semblance of cheerfulness—most of our companions descended; and, as we approached Ravenna, the loquacious Bolognese and I were left alone. He was indefatigable in pointing out all the objects of interest on the road; and few were the places which he had not a story to tell. About three miles from Ravenna he asked me—

'Do you see that cottage, almost hidden in the tall reeds by the river side, and that boat stranded in the mud? Well, that's the house and that's the boat of *Il Passatore*.'

This was a famous brigand—the Dick Turpin of Romagna—whose fame had reached us even in England, and who was the hero of many of the exploits which had been related to me that day. As his name imports, he was originally a ferryman; but forsaking the river for the road, became by his address and courage the terror of a whole province. The *contadini*, however, and the lower orders generally, had a certain liking for him, inasmuch as 'though unscrupulous in getting, yet in bestowing riches he was most princely.' Perhaps if the same could be said of the cardinals of the

present time, they would be popular too. To this popularity he owed his long impunity: the wily rustics always helped to baffle the search of the soldiers; and the latter were nothing loath to be spared a death-struggle with *Il Passatore*. He used, by way of bravado, even to show himself publicly in towns and churches, and no man dared or cared to stop his way. A man in humble life whom I afterwards met, told me, that being once at Faenza at a great fair, he and some others were joined at a public house by a short, thickset, good-humoured looking stranger, who insisted upon treating the whole party to wine, and did so right royally. When he rose to go, they begged to know to whom they were indebted for the feast. 'Signori,' said the stranger, with a courteous bow, 'I am *Il Passatore*, at your service.'

Some two years ago this man was betrayed by a treacherous publican, and killed after a desperate and bloody strife. His body was exposed for two days in the marketplace of Bologna, to assure the citizens that their bug-bear was dead at last. If it was also meant to terrify the other bandits, it failed; for they soon found new leaders, and recommended their depredations. I was told that a priest at Castel San Pietro, Don Gaetano by name, actually harboured a band in his house—a safe 'earth,' where no one would think of looking for them—and received his share of the spoil. At last, suspecting that his complicity was getting wind, he went to the Commandant at Bologna, offering, if a *carta di sicurezza* were given to himself, to denounce the band. His terms were accepted; he introduced the soldiers by a back door, and they pounced upon the unsuspecting robbers while at supper, and took or killed them all! And what was done to the priest? Oh, he got his *carta di sicurezza*, and says mass as usual.

Let this suffice for a sample of a thousand similar stories, which I heard in Romagna, generally from people of character and cultivation. Many of them were doubtless exaggerated in detail, some apocryphal altogether; but I doubt not that, if we could evaporate all the fiction,

there would still be a terrible residuum of fact.

The local journals observe a compulsory silence as to everything which could reflect on the efficiency of the government; and I scarcely ever saw a hint of any domestic crime, while they were profuse in detailing election rows in Great-Britain. To this unhappy press no whisper of opposition is permitted by the censors. It is bound in tongue and soul just as much as the press of Lombardy and Venice, from which indeed, for lack apparently of native contributors, it borrows half its articles.

These papers are inconceivably abject and servile, audacious only in lying. For example, an article published in the *Bilancia* of Milan, in August last, contained a paragraph to the following effect: 'Austria has arisen with new strength and splendour; France passes on from *fête* to *fête*; the Roman States are peaceful, prosperous, and happy; for in those States there exists a perfect accord between the governors and the governed; Piedmont and England are a prey to discord and anarchy,' &c. &c. And the moral lesson to be deduced was the impossibility of constitutional government, and the barbarism of free peoples.

These fictions are too gross; they overshoot the mark, and deceive nobody. In this, as in many other things, the despotisms of Rome and Austria show themselves exceedingly maladroit. By leaving to the press some semblance of freedom it might be made a powerful instrument in the hands of Government. As it is, the measures of repression are concerted as if on purpose to irritate and annoy. (I am speaking particularly of Romagna, where I had the best opportunities of knowing.) The consequence is, that the middle classes, without whose support no government can be in stable equilibrium, are utterly alienated. The contadini, too, are touched in their tenderest point by the increase of taxation; while the mobs in the towns are always ripe for revolution. So the Pope is supported on his throne, and defended against his own subjects by foreign bayonets.

To a thoughtful man who has the

misfortune to be a native of the Papal States the prospect must be indeed dark. The presence of foreign troops wounds his pride; yet the excesses of the mob at Bologna, Ancona, and elsewhere, prove the necessity of coercion: he is deprived of arms himself, and has to pay additional taxes to hire strangers to maintain a government too corrupt and too weak to perform the first duty of protecting the lives and property of its honest subjects.

All men of education seem to agree in detesting equally the Austrians, the Government, and the Mazzini party; the last named, because by their violence they frustrated the constitutional experiment of Pio Nono, and by their selfishness paralyzed the warlike efforts of Charles Albert.

It must not be supposed that these things are talked of in public. I never once in a café or mixed company heard a single political allusion. Hence the evident eagerness with which they unbosom themselves in a *tête-à-tête* with a stranger whom they know not to be a spy, and on whose sympathy they can calculate. Nothing struck me more than the unanimity of sentiment which prevailed. All minor differences sunk into nothing before the magnitude of the common misfortune.

During this political digression, 'gentle reader,' the omnibus team, 'thirsty and deliquescent,' has brought us to the gates of Ravenna.

How seldom does the first sight of a famous place fail to produce disappointment! Who does not remember the blank disenchantment which the real London wrought upon his childish imagination?

I listened and I looked about,
And questioned, and behold!
The walls were not of silver,
The pavement was not gold.

And so, in after life, the great names of Rome, and Florence, and Venice conjure up in our fancy cloud pictures, whose vague grandeur no material structure of brick, stone, or even marble, can equal. This is emphatically the case at Ravenna. There are no streets of palaces, as at Genoa; no far-seen domes and spires, as at Florence; no vast piazza, as at Venice; but narrow lanes,

low houses, petty shops, the mean things of to-day, are all that meet one's eye. The churches, which generally stand back from the streets, are of small elevation, and mere naked brick, the round campanile, with steep tiled roof, reminding one of a Brobdignag pepperbox or a dovecot in a mirage. But when you begin to reflect that the said pepperbox was built by Honorius, or Theodoric, or Justinian, when you enter the lowly portal, look up the avenue of alabaster columns to the apex glowing with mosaics whose colours are still fresh as they were fourteen hundred years ago; when you turn to the side altars, and find them encrusted with porphyry, and agate, and onyx—treasures which have been consecrated afresh by the reverent forbearance of barbarian hordes seldom wont to forbear; then you begin to find that you have lost nothing by exchanging the Ravenna of imagination for the Ravenna of reality.

But I must not anticipate. My first thought on being set down in the city of the Imperial Honorius was to provide myself with comfortable quarters; so I bribed one of the loungers collected to witness the unharnessing of the horses to shoulder my portmanteau, and conduct me to the *Spada d'Oro* (not the Spada commended in 'Murray,' but a new inn under the old landlord). Boniface himself, fat and scant of breath, was sitting under the shade of the doorway, in pleasant colloquy with the rest of the establishment—cook, chambermaid, waiter, and boots. Not that the said establishment mustered five distinct individuals, for the portfolios of the three last departments were confided to a single gaunt youth, with a head of hair like a shoe-brush, upon whom the cares of multiplied office seemed to sit easily. He used to call one in a morning, and wait at dinner, with a cigar in his mouth.

On the whole I was well content with the *Spada d'Oro*. My bedroom had a blank, forlorn look, uncurtained and uncarpeted; but then one gladly dispenses with such appurtenances to be spared the insects which make their dwelling there. So during my sojourn my entomo-

logical raids were limited to mosquitos, of which tribe I killed many fine specimens. As for dinner, a little experience of beef sodden to rags, and chickens of declining years, led me to confine myself to the excellent fish from the Adriatic, and vegetables and fruit—amply sufficient for the satisfaction of an Italian appetite. My bill was eight pauls a day—no large sum; a paul is something over 5*d.* English; but I fancy an exorbitant charge in that country. But doubtless Boniface thinks he has the right to make the most of visitors who come so few and far between; and the good old patriarchal times are gone when angels were entertained gratis.

To judge from the stranger's book, scarcely a score per annum of stray sheep come to be fleeced by the Golden Sword. Of these the majority are English. Few, however, of our countrymen, who are always anxious to get on, and impatient of repose, prove as good customers to mine host as I did, for I remained the best part of a month, and so full is the city of interest, that although I left 'no day without its *sight* to crown it,' I will by no means affirm, in tourists' phrase, that 'I have done my Ravenna.' The beauties of the place are eminently beauties of interior detail; there are, as I have said, no vast piles with wide facades and towering domes which a single glance impresses on the mind's retina for ever; one must enter, and explore, and investigate, visit and revisit many times, before one can get an adequate conception of the prodigality with which wealth and labour were lavished in those distant times upon church, baptistery, and tomb. The most remarkable of these monuments date from the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. After reading—which few have patience to do—the history of those days, a sickening record of selfishness and crime, we are surprised to find that any work, even material, of beauty or utility has its date then. The written history would lead us to conclude that if ever there was 'an age of shams' in this world, it was the age in question, when Christianity had ceased to be a religion, and had become a *cult*—when imperial titles

were a mere mask for helpless impotence, when patriotism; the life-blood of a people, had stagnated into selfishness; when the genius of Rome, kneeling in abject terror to the barbarian, shrieked out, 'Slay me not, for I am immortal!' That history has not told the whole truth, these buildings suffice to show. Princes must have had some confidence in the destinies of their race when they built them such sepulchres, the people must have had some love to God when they bestowed such wealth and pains on the decoration of his temples. Even now the little children of Ravenna are baptised in the baptistery built fourteen hundred years ago. We see that, even in the darkest period of the world's and the church's history, there were some men and Christians who did not despair of either. These temples and their rites may survive to witness other transferences of the empire of the world.

If I were to describe them in detail, I should have to write a book, and not an article, which book would be useless unless its author possessed a more technical knowledge of architecture and art than I do. Nor, dear reader, would you thank me for a dry catalogue. I shall therefore briefly touch upon some of the most remarkable objects which present themselves in the mirror of my memory, happy if I shall be able to induce you, when you next cross the Alps, to forsake the *grande route* and the track of ten thousand travellers, and take this most interesting of the 'byways of Italy.' I cannot say—

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes,
Angulus ridet,*

for no corner of earth can well be more sombre and lonely; but I think that in after years the grass-grown streets of Ravenna, and the silent aisles of its pine-wood, as they dwell in your recollection, will be thronged with associations as charming as the noisy via Toledo or the gay piazza of St. Mark.

Of all their 'lions'—excepting perhaps their new theatre—the people of Ravenna are proudest of 'San Vitale,' built by an exarch in the days of Justinian. It is a copy of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and was so much ad-

mired by Charlemagne, that in its turn he made it the model for his great church at Aix-la-Chapelle. If that imperial virtuoso had contented himself with taking copies only from Ravenna, we should have had less reason to regret his visit to that city. As it was, he despoiled the palace which had been the abode of Exarchs, of Theodoric, of Honorius, and perhaps even of Augustus himself. The robbery, it is true, was committed with the sanction of the Pope, but Popes in those days would sanction anything. What Charlemagne did with his spoils doth not appear. To return to San Vitale, where time has destroyed much of what Charlemagne, Turpin, and Co. had the grace to spare. The central cupola was once covered with mosaics, but within the last century they have all crumbled away and been replaced by daubery, such as would disgrace a respectable artist of 'the house, sign, and ornamental' school. The pilasters, however, below are still clothed with their rich coloured marbles, and the mosaics in the choir are as perfect as when the great Frank looked at them and regretted they were not portable. On the one side is Justinian—think of that, a contemporary portrait of Justinian!—and on the other, Theodora, the lady whom he raised from the stage to the throne, doubtless justifying the step by a proclamation, and assigning excellent political reasons for preferring a marriage of affection to an alliance with a royal house of secondary rank. She is represented as carrying, like her husband, a vase of sacred gifts; she wears an elaborate head-dress, apparently composed of lace and pearls; for the rest she is hardly distinguished from her attendants, either by feature or expression. Certainly in the lifeless, stiff, and angular figure before us, it must be a vivid imagination, like that of Monsieur Valéry, which can detect the coquetry of the *cidevant* danseuse, or in any way recognise the prototype of the historian's description. 'Her features' (says Gibbon, vol. iii. p. 488) 'were delicate and regular; her complexion, though somewhat pale, was tinged with a natural colour; every sensation was instantly expressed by the vivacity

of her eyes; her easy motions displayed the graces of a small but elegant figure; and either love or adulation might proclaim that painting and poetry were incapable of delineating the matchless excellence of her form.'

What the poet and the painter could not do with their comparatively tractable materials, ought not to be expected from a poor *maitre mosaiste*, who had to work with bits of smalt, and glass, and stone, nearly the size of one's thumb. The truth is, I believe, that no attempt was made to give individual expression, and that one conventional type, one lay figure—and a strange Guy it must have been—served for the empress and her attendants, another for the emperor and his. At all events, the faces being full, and the bodies in profile, they resemble no living creatures who can boast of spinal vertebrae. It must not be supposed, because I treat the matter lightly, that the effect upon the spectator is ludicrous; quite the reverse: the absence of all effort on the artist's part after reality and variety seems to deepen the solemn effect, and make you half forget that they are man's handiwork at all. When I think how, of an evening, as the shadows grew and gathered over the silent and deserted church, and the pale, ghostly faces upon the wall, looking out through the gloom, seemed to take substance and distinctness, one could not but feel a chill, creeping sensation of awe, a sense, as it were, of the presence of beings not of this earth, mingled with a strange yearning after the impossible past; when I remember the inexplicable medley of feelings, which the very confusion of my description best describes, and contrast it with my present inclination to laugh, I cannot but acknowledge that in my futile attempts at word-painting I am endeavouring vainly to communicate secrets which can only be revealed by the lips of the *genus Loci*.

Close to the basilica of San Vitale, and indeed within the sacred precinct, is one of the most interesting relics of old days to be found in the world. Conceive a small, low brick edifice, not unlike the lock-up house which stands on many a village-

green in England, and which you would pass a hundred times without notice. Yet there repose undisturbed the remains of Galla Placidia, wife of Theodosius, and of her stepson Honorius, and her second husband Constantius. The interior is in the shape of a Latin cross, and you enter by a door at the end of the longer arm. In the centre is an altar of alabaster, behind which is the sarcophagus of the empress, of rough marble, without emblem or ornament, but doubtless covered originally with carved slabs, perhaps the very alabaster which composes the said altar, evidently, I think, of a more recent date than the tomb. In niches to the right and left are the sarcophagi of Honorius and Constantius, of white marble, and covered with the symbols of Christianity—the bleeding lamb with the cross, two sheep eating the fruit of the palm, and so forth. Near the entrance, let into the wall, are two plain stone coffins, said—on what authority I know not—to contain the remains of Honorius's tutors. The walls are covered with mosaics in excellent preservation; one, in particular, representing the good shepherd with his flock, struck me as being the most artistic design I saw in Ravenna. There is a certain grace in the attitude of the shepherd as he sits on a rock caressing a sheep with his right hand, and holding a cross with his left.

Another shows us two harts panting for the cooling stream. A third represents, if I mistake not, Christ's descent into hell, and a fourth displays an open book-case with four volumes lying one upon another, meaning of course the Evangelists. These are not rolls, but quartos, and prove that by the time of Honorius the old classical *volumen* had gone out of use. All the figures in these mosaics have on them a symbol in shape like a double T, the meaning of which no one could explain to me. In the church of Saint Apollinare Nuovo, where the walls of the nave are covered from end to end with a procession of saints, and martyrs, and angels bringing gifts to the Saviour and the Virgin, I remarked the same peculiarity. In this latter case, however, the symbols were very various; the angels, for in-

stance, were marked with a Greek *Gamma* in gold, the other figures with different letters of the Latin alphabet, single or double.

I am not going to weary my readers with a catalogue of all the churches in Ravenna; but before I take leave of the subject I must mention the ancient baptistery, where for fourteen hundred years the people of the city, from father to son, have been admitted into the Christian church. When I was there, a child was brought to be baptised, and I watched the ceremony with some interest. The Roman Catholics, it seems, have, like ourselves, discontinued the practice of immersion, and a sort of box, placed within the huge porphyry font, serves to contain the scanty supply of water and the cruet of oil necessary for the modern rite. The water is poured on the child's head with a ladle, and then the oil rubbed in with cotton wool. On the whole, prejudice apart, the ceremony did not seem so impressive as it is in our church, although we, too, have narrowed the significance of the rite by waiving the immersion.

If there be no city in Europe where man has done less ravage on the works of man within its walls than in Ravenna, there is also none in whose vicinity natural features have suffered more change from natural causes. In the time of Augustus I suppose that the town of Ravenna occupied the extreme verge of terra firma, and between it and the sea intervened two or three miles of marsh. Over this marsh Augustus built a causeway connecting the city with his newly constructed harbour. Along the causeway in process of time grew a suburb called Casarca, in honour of him who laid its first foundation; and by the side of the quays grew another suburb, called Portus Classis, the harbour of the navy. Subsequently, we may conjecture, the name was divided, and to the northern portion of the seaboard town was appropriated the name Portus, to the southern portion, Classis. Two churches, three miles apart, standing in the marshy waste, are the sole memorials of a place which, in size and population, may have rivalled any English seaport except Liver-

pool. They bear the names of Santa Maria in Portofuori, and Sant' Apollinare in Classe, and date respectively from the eleventh and sixth centuries. Of all the imperial works, the quays of marble and granite, not a trace remains. The rivers Ronco and Montone, drawing down Æonian hills, have buried them out of the sight and beyond the conjecture of men in alluvial deposit, and thrust out the sea so that the traveller who sets out in the direction of Classis to find the coast would have ten weary miles to go over marsh, and pine forest, and sand dunes before reaching the marge of the Adriatic. One of these rivers, the Montone, passed to the north of the town and contributed much to its military strength, till the last century, when, in order to check the ravages of its inundations, it was diverted from its course and made to join the Ronco on the south side. This fact ought to be remembered by one who reads on the spot the account of Gaston de Foix's siege and battle. These river among others, are alluded to, *I ta' il, in the famous lines put into the mouth of Francesca (Inferno, Canto v.)* :—

Siede la terra dove nata fui,
Sulla marina dove il Po discende,
Per aver pace coi seguaci su

The commentators usually interpret the last words as 'tributaries of the Po;' but surely the Po's tributaries have nothing to do with Ravenna, and *i seguaci* mean the streams which follow the Po's *lea* i. e., flow in the same direction to the same sea. Otherwise, the words *coi seguaci suoi*, would be an otiose addition to fill up the line, a weakness utterly alien to Dante, whose every word is weighed and measured and fitted to its place. In any case, Lord Byron, in his imitation of this misinterpreted passage, was not justified in apostrophising the Po as
River that rollest by those ancient walls,
the walls of Ravenna, to wit, when that river is at least thirty miles away.

From this digression—if indeed it be a digression when on Italian ground to speak of Dante—I return to Sant' Apollinare in Classe. One day, as soon as the

fierce sun of August was drawing towards the west, I set out alone to visit the lonely church. The road for some distance is garnished with a double row of acacias on either side. It was once the high street of Cæsarea, and serves now for a *passaggio* for the scanty remnant of Ravennese nobility. A mile on you come to the Ponte Nuovo, built over the deep artificial bed of the united rivers, and from the summit of the arch you look over a wide expanse of marsh traversed by a long straight road, and bordered to the left by the dark pine wood. Right in front, two miles off, stands out the church, with its lofty campanile. As I pursued my way I met now and then a group of peasants returning from their work of cutting the reeds and rank grasses of the marsh land.

For coarse white dresses set off their dark and sallow, or even swarthy, complexions. Whether this contrast which deceives the eye I cannot tell, but certainly I never saw skins of such deep burnt umber tint. An art-loving friend has since told me that he never believed in Titian's flesh tones till he had seen the contadini of Romagna. Arrived at last at the door of the church I found it locked, and for some time looked in vain for a *custode* or sacristan. At last I found a rough, unshorn peasant at work in a neighbouring out-house, and discovered that he united in his own person those august functions. He lived, he said, in the half-ruined grange hard by, and during the summer months quite alone, as his family removed then to the city to avoid the malaria of the marshes. We need not recur to Attila or Barbarossa to explain how the populous city has become a desert place; the very air is pregnant with death. You enter the church; there are no traces of frequent worshippers, no faint incense-odours, lingering memories of the sacrifice duly and daily offered; the pavement is dank and mouldy, and the chill air is like that of a vault. And it is better so! A church in a desert is a tomb and not a temple. How solemn in the failing light looked the lines of white columns, how unearthly the grim faces wrought in mosaic on the walls of the apse! An emperor, with his courtiers, all dead and gone these

thirteen hundred years! The emperor in question, says the hand-book, is Justinian; but in the teeth of that explanation is an inscription underneath which runs thus:—*Constantinus major Imperator—Constantii et Tiberii Imperator*. I am at a loss, I confess, to explain, or even construe, the inscription. Does it mean *Constantinus . . . pater Constantii et Tiberii Imperatorum*? I have looked in vain in Gibbon for an Emperor Constantinus with two sons, Tiberius and Constantius. The walls of the church, now bare, were once covered with precious marbles, which were stripped off by a Malatesta to adorn the monster church at Rimini, which is unfinished to this day.

But the gathering darkness warns me to turn homeward. Not a soul is to be seen all along the white gleaming road, not a sound is heard except the dismal chorus of frogs, thousands of which are croaking far and near, *Βρεκεκεκέξ, κοῦξ, κοῦξ*. On either side the way runs a deep ditch rank with dull weeds and seething with reptile life. I saw a single white lily, like a star in the dark water, no inapt emblem of some fair legendary saint, sole in her purity in times of rapine and wrong.

The situation of the other church, Santa Maria in Portofuori, which I visited on a subsequent day, is by no means so impressive, being within the verge of cultivation and surrounded by trees and hedge-rows. Though five hundred years junior to St. Apollinare it is more dilapidated. Close by is a huge square tower, with a ruinous top, which is said to have been the Pharos, or lighthouse, to the harbour. A tradition adopted by the guide-books, which assigns it to the time of Augustus, is certainly wrong. It must be more recent by several centuries, a fact I vainly endeavour to prove to my Ravennese friend as we plod our way back to the city through miry roads bordered by poplars and redolent of soaking hemp. We re-enter the city by the southern gate, and find ourselves in the main street, traversing the whole town, which is Byron's only justification for applying the epithet 'wide' to the streets of Ravenna. We pass on the right the

church of Santa Maria in Città, a modern edifice, and out of place here; then we come to the church of St. Apollinare in Città, which disputes with its namesake in the marsh the honour of possessing the saint's bones. The one shows his sacrophagus, the other maintains its claim by a series of elaborate inscriptions. A few steps further and we stand before a fragment of wall, with two or three pillars and a semi-circular recess above. Let in to the wall below is a porphyry bath. Behold the remains of the palace of the Cæsars and Theodoric! In the neighbouring church is a rude representation in mosaic of the palace as it was in the days of the Exarchs. The palace of Theodoric reminds us of his tomb, and as there is still an hour of daylight we beg the reader to accompany us so far in our walk. Following still the main street, we come to the church of St. John the Evangelist, in which there is a chapel whose roof is adorned with frescoes of Giotto, still fresh in colour, full of beauty and repose. It was Dante who suggested to the Polentani, then lords of Ravenna, to send for his friend Giotto and employ him in the decoration of the city. Several other frescoes in various convents and churches are attributed to him, but they are for the most part ruined beyond redemption, and of the others none show the master hand so eminently as the figures in the church of St. John. A few hundred yards more bring us to the northern gate, the Porta Serrata, so called because it was once blocked up by the Venetians, though it has been wide open these three centuries past. This side of the city presents a striking contrast to the other. There all is barren, here all is fertile. Fields of Indian corn and hemp, little homesteads nestling among acacias and fruit trees, thick hedge-rows set with poplars, and green shady lanes meet us in our walk. Scarce a mile from the gate we dip down into a green hollow between acacias which brings us in front of the tomb of the great Goth.

We have to thank Eugène Beauharnais for clearing out the soil which had accumulated round the building, and for erecting a flight of steps

by which the upper story is made accessible. The lower story is some feet below the surface still, and, when I saw it, was filled with water. The domed top is composed of one single stone, the lifting of which even now would tax our mechanical skill to the utmost. There can be no doubt that the ashes of Theodoric were placed here, and were scattered to the winds by the triumphant Catholics after they had finally put down the Arians, and dared to be insolent. What place they occupied in the building, and why the said building is of two stories, are questions fiercely debated among the *genus irritabile* of antiquaries. The porphyry bath before mentioned was found near the tomb, and the wiseacres immediately conjectured that it had contained the king's remains, and had been placed on the centre of the roof outside! Others with more probability have supposed that it was placed in a kind of recess in the upper story, where a little altar now stands. However, on examining closely the structure I found that this recess was of a different stone from the rest. I, therefore, suppose that when the Catholics ejected the king's remains, originally placed in the centre of the upper apartment, they turned it into a church, and built the recess in question for an altar. The lower story was perhaps destined for a baptistery, and the porphyry bath may have served for a font, as, if I mistake not, it does in St. John Lateran at Rome.

This is a dry discussion, my friends, so if you please we will stop at the next cocomeria and quench our thirst. What is a cocomeria, say you? Do you not see by the roadside that rude hut made of matting and thatched with reeds, in the little plot of ground where the water-melons grow? 'A lodge in a garden of cucumbers,' as the Bible says. Our friend the cocomeraio, who was preparing to retire for the night, jumps out at our call, and draws up from the well where it had been put to cool a water-melon of gigantic size, for which we pay a sum infinitesimally small.

If I had mentioned the lions of Ravenna in due order, I ought to have given precedence to the pine

forest, that immemorial wood which Dante and Boccaccio, and Dryden and Byron, have made so famous through the world. The pine is the weed of the country, and wherever there is a bit of dry ground there a pine is sure to grow. The forest is a narrow belt, varying from one to three miles in breadth, extending along the shore from the mouths of the Po to where the Apennines approach the Adriatic, intersected here and there by lagunes and marshes and sand-hills. Many an evening I walked there with Dante or Boccaccio in hand, and sat on the dry grass, in spite of the warnings I received from my Ravenna friends to beware of the vipers, whose bite was death to any man unprovided with the balsam of Orvieto—an infallible remedy which I was told men always took with them when out shooting, to apply to themselves or their dogs. I never saw a viper, only once or twice a large harmless snake; but I confess to an uncomfortable sensation when close by me *virides rubum dimovere lacertæ*. I was somewhat disappointed in the size of the pines; they are, it seems, cut down periodically, and none spared for the sake of their picturesque beauty, so that you might seek 'the forest through' and find not a single tree to match those in the gardens about Rome. In the most ancient forest of Italy there are no old trees. However, a pine is not like beech or plane; it never looks young, and I found many a single tree and many a group which would be fine subjects for an artist. The ground is plentifully covered with an undergrowth of pyracanthus, and clematis, and juniper, and wild vine, not to mention the familiar and ubiquitous blackberry. There were many flowers with strong aromatic odours, which I had never seen before, and also many which we constantly see in our own fields and lanes at home, looking up in our faces, quite old friends, though we never think of asking their names.

The Campo Santo, where many generations of Ravenna's citizens sleep, is on the borders of the forest, amid fitting solitude and silence. One Sunday I extended my walk as far as the modern Porto, eight miles away. The road, after crossing the

forest, traverses an unlovely swamp. On each side tamarisks have been planted to prevent the sand of which it consists being blown away by the wind. The Porto is a miserable place, consisting of a dogana, a wretched public-house, and two or three cottages for the custom collectors and their families. Add to this it is very malarious, as the complexions of the inhabitants sufficiently testified. During the siege of Venice, in 1849, the port was crowded with craft of all shapes and sizes, which were employed in victualling the city from the rich granaries of Romagna, but since that exceptional period its trade has become as stagnant as its waters. On the day in question, however, the place was the scene of unwonted festivity, being some saint's day or other. There was a crowd of thirty or forty assembled by the canal side, and the landlord of the public-house was playing cards with his elder guests. The scene which attracted the crowd was *il giuoco dell' oca*—'the game of the goose'—which I will briefly describe. A rope running over a pulley at either side is stretched across the canal; to the centre a goose is hung dangling by the legs, with its head downwards. The feathers have been previously plucked from the poor bird's neck. One after another the boys who are competitors for the prize jump into the water, and get hold of the goose's neck and hold on as tight as they can. The men on the bank who have charge of the rope pull it up and down, so that the goose and boy are now swinging high in air, and now dipped below the surface of the water. This is continued till the goose's head is fairly pulled off, and the boy who has held on longest is declared victor. A truly humane and Christian way of celebrating the feast of Saint What's-his-name. There was also a sack-race, which I before supposed to be a peculiarly British sport. I forewent the pleasure of witnessing it for the sake of a bath in the Adriatic. As I was preparing for a walk back, I met two gentlemen with whom I had formed an acquaintance at the Café in Ravenna, and they politely offered me a seat in their carrozza. It was,

they told me, of the *forma Inglese*. This 'carriage of the English form,' resembled a dog-cart, inasmuch as it would accommodate four persons sitting back to back, but it had no springs or cushions, and you had to set your feet upon something like the cording of a bed. The harness, too, was of ropes. Nevertheless the horse stepped out well, and brought us in an hour's time to the city gates. By ingeniously dovetailing our elbows we contrived to escape being jolted out.

The Café degli Specchi in the principal piazza, kept by a Neapolitan, is the place of resort for all the better sort of Ravennese. The term 'better sort' has in Italy a wider signification than in our free and exclusive land. It comprised at Ravenna the *Capitano dei Finanziere*, or principal exciseman of the place, who used to sip his coffee and smoke his cigar with the longest-descended noble quite familiarly. The last evening of my stay this poor fellow had been sitting with the rest of us, and had not gone twenty yards from the door, when, as he crossed the end of a dark lampless street, an unknown assassin rushed out and stabbed him in the side. The weapon, which was left in the wound, was a peasant's knife lashed to a bit of heavy wood, that the blow might reach home. I learnt afterwards that he had died from the effects of the wound, the murderer remaining undiscovered and unguessed at. I had brought letters of introduction to a few of the residents, and they, compassionating my loneliness, introduced me of an evening at the café to almost every body. A stranger who pays more than a flying visit is sufficiently rare to be an object of some curiosity. So I got to know nearly all I cared to know in Ravenna. There are a few of the old provincial noblesse still left, their vast palaces, as I fancy, a world too wide for their shrunk fortunes; of these the Rasponi family is chief. One of them married a daughter of Murat; his two sons were among the habitués of the Café degli Specchi.

There are also the Gambas, whose name Byron has familiarized us with. My chief friends were the

Count Alessandro C—, whose kindness in lionizing me over his native town, which he had rarely quitted, and of which he knew every stone, was unbounded; the artist, Signor M—, whose sketch of the *pineta* is before me as I write; the Dr. F—, who bore the troubles of the time with such philosophic calm; Don Paolo, the librarian, a kind and courteous priest. But I am forgetting my readers; what to me are pleasant memories are but names to you.

There was one acquaintance of a humbler class, assistant in the library, who was very useful and obliging. He took great pride in his connexion with Lord Byron; he had been an apprentice to his lordship's tailor. Whether it was the indirect services thus rendered to literature which obtained him his post in the library, I know not. He insisted upon introducing me to the tailor himself, now an octogenarian, who has many anecdotes of the poet. Among others he said that the first order his lordship gave him was for *forty* pairs of trousers, all of which, I was glad to hear, he paid for. While Byron stayed at Ravenna he used nine hundred *braccia* of gold lace for his *hosiery*. I met many other persons who were eager to tell me anecdotes of my great countryman. He seems by his eccentricities and bounties to have made an indelible impression upon both rich and poor, and will henceforth divide with Dante the hero-worship of the city. When he first went to Ravenna he took up his abode in a house, then an inn, close to Dante's tomb and the church of San Francesco; afterwards he removed to the Palazzo Guiccioli, now Rasponi, not far from the Church of San Vitale. The house of Dante, let the handbooks say what they please, exists no longer, nor is there any memory of it. The house of the Polentani may very likely have been in the site assigned, but no one can read attentively the account of Dante's funeral by Boccaccio without seeing that he had a separate house of his own. The narrow house he has now is, as Byron describes it, 'more neat than solemn,' but what architect could build a monument commensurate with the

magnificence of his fame? I passed it every day in my way to the library (which is in the Collegio, once a convent). There I had a little quiet recess appropriated to me, the window of which looked south-west over the plain, dark green with trees and maize, to the blue Apennines rising ridge upon ridge. On the lowest and nearest the white villages and dark woods could be clearly seen;

the highest and farthest was scarcely to be distinguished from a faint vapour on the horizon. I looked to them with longing eye, hoping when my task was done to escape from the monotony of the plain to their breezy heights.

At last my task is done. With a light heart, yet not without a touch of regret, I bid farewell to Ravenna.

MR. BEETLETON BROWN AND HIS AMERICAN TOUR.

BEETLETON BROWN has left his home,
 For a venture across the seas;
 Some there are who cheerfully roam,
 Some who repose at their ease.
 Beetleton Brown is bound for New York
 In the *Sons of Liberty* packet;
 His pantaloons are padded with cork,
 He is cased in a floating jacket.
 Safe from the sea he reaches his goal—
 One Hiram Doolittle's store:
 Tremor and wrath perplex his soul:
 He votes his journey a bore;
 For he has miles and miles to go
 On a perilous migration,
 To a prairie town, which lies below
 The westernmost location.
 Where Hiram Doolittle's eldest son
 Is vending grocer's wares;
 Powder and shot for the trapper's gun,
 Haunches and skins of bears.
 Doolittle's son is a very cool hand—
 'Tis but two years ago,
 (Much to the elder Doolittle's woe,)
 While apprentic'd to 'Lawyer Dixon,'
 He had taken a Midsummer holiday,
 And with modest ease, had lengthen'd his stay,
 Hunting the prairie bison.
 He at a venture stak'd out the land,
 He, with a small and resolute band,
 Had this very location settled and plann'd—
 This very location, 'Smoky Hill'—
 'Mid a solitude dreary, vast, and still,
 Some hundreds of miles from the settler's quarters,
 'An eminence rising out of the plains,
 Verdant and fed by the mountain rains;
 Fring'd with the alder and stunted thorn,
 Swept by a stream which was headlong borne
 To the mighty Arkansas' waters.'
 'Twas a thriving place, was 'Smoky Hill';
 They'd built a forge and established a mill—
 They'd a parson and lawyer of grace and skill—
 Two democrats fierce from Tomkinsville—
 A printer, who thought himself lucky
 To be own correspondent by weekly mail

(Of all that was gossipp'd fresh or stale,
 The price of honey, cheese, or ale,
 To the *Freedom's Flag* of Kentucky.
 But though 'twas a colony well to do,
 Some of the housewives look'd very blue,
 When they thought of a want—
 An unsatisfied want—
 Of the Hygiene font,
 Whence they could draw Esculapian aid ;
 In case the grim shade
 Should this far region but chance to invade ;
 When they found they were hundreds of miles from a doctor.
 Pillule or potion,
 Unguent or lotion,
 A chemist, herbal, or drug concoctor.
 So Doolittle's son acquainted his sire
 That the price of a medical man was higher
 Than liquors, or guns, or clothing attire.

* * * * *

Hitherwards journeyed Beetleton Brown ;
 He had reach'd the uttermost western town,
 Lately located below Swamp Vale,
 (The farthest branch of the Illinois rail,)
 Quite out of any society's pale,
 Either those who prefer or reject Adam's ale ;
 Whence a troop of settlers with well-fill'd wains,
 Sheep and swine,
 Horses and kine,
 Were happily bound for the wide-spread plains
 Beneath the oasis, 'Smoky Hill ;'
 They form the party he ought to have caught,
 Ere he left New York on his lonely walk ;
 Lank and thin,
 There are three merry lads of the Doolittle skin—
 There is Colonel Spike,
 And his son, Long Mike,
 And a malcontent loafer, 'croaking Will.'

Sometimes afoot, or jolting along
 In the low-cover'd, broad-wheel'd waggon,
 He can hear the colonel's cheerful song ;
 Long Mike empties the flagon—
 Croaking Will tells truculent tales :
 Snakes in the grass, and venomous snails—
 The cougar, the wolf, and the grizzly bear—
 The drought from the sun—the damp of the air—
 The Blackfoot Indians never spare,
 They eat their captives, dark or fair,
 They roast them with a *gourmand's* care—
 Gastritis, bronchitis, and peritonitis—
 I've had them all—you'll have your share.'
 You may fancy a Cockney, cognominis'd Brown,
 Didn't quietly gulp such a history down ;
 With a piteous yawn and a desperate frown,
 He mus'd of St. Paul's and the famous old town—
 The crowds and the streets—the bustle and din—
 Each intimate haunt—each cosy old inn—
 Joe's—Simpson's—the Shades—Dr. Johnson's—the Cellars—
 Casinos—the Musical Unions—(not Ella's)—
 And fifty delights which a London apprentice,
 Night and day will pursue, when for pleasure his bent is.
 He wish'd himself back in the crowd of Cheapside,

Or on Finsbury pavement, cleanly and wide,
He wish'd he was taking his afternoon ride
On the omnibus bound from the bells of St. Bride
To Kennington-gate, where the Browns still reside.

Seven days more, and their goal will be won ;
They've ample store, they've a pleasant run ,
By the course of a stream transparent and sweet,
Cool for the cattle's wayworn feet,
With the caves on the banks as a still retreat,
From the dewy night, and the noonday heat.
* * * * *

Glance, if you will, at their evening meal—
Oatcakes and steaks—
Steaks from a buffalo shot by the colonel,
(Keenest of shots, says the *Smoky Hill Journal*),
Which Beetleton turns with a couple of sticks,
On the cotton-log embers heating the bricks
Where the dough is baked and the hominy dried
Potatoes—roasted, and boiled, and fried—
There's an Irish stew in the *pot au feu*,
Which one of the Doolittles swears will do
Whilst the colonel's wife and Croaking Will,
(Whose eyes are solemnly fixed on the grill)
Are handing round to th' expectant souls,
Platters and trenchers, spoons and bowls.

How they relish their food ! how the appetite keen
Of a nomadic tramp licks the platter clean :
Round goes the grog, the arrack, and brandy,
Beetleton's flask is notably handy :
To the colonel's song they troll out a chorus—
'The soul and its clay are moist and porous,
All nature drinks, and the grog's before us.'
* * * * *

'Tis the dead of night—not a sound is heard,
The clouds are dark, for the moon is blurr'd
With flakes of a rainy mist :
The wind sweeps sadly along the grass,
And moans like the priest at midnight mass,
For one who has ceased to exist :

Beetleton snores like the deep bassoon,
(A drony, fitful, lachrymose tune)
Or a pig on his back in balmy June :
He dreams of the land of his birth,
He dreams he is dressing to go to a ball,
His tie and collar are much too small,
And he struggles to loosen their girth :
He shakes like a rat in the grip of a stoat—
He wakes ! for a hand is clenching his throat
With a giant's grasp,—he essays to gasp,
And scream himself free from the horrible dream.
No dream i'faith, for he's dragged into view
Of a midnight maraud and a wild halloo,
Shots and shotts, and the savage's yell,
The colonel is roaring epithets fell,
Loafer Will is raging 'like mad,'
Some 'Indian crittur's out on the pad.
Arrant, resistless sons of plunder,
Are down on the camp as sudden as thunder.
Such a swarm : like the bees on a chestnut cone !
Such thews and sinew ! such muscle and bone !

So, maugre the stoutness, valour, and skill
 Of the Colonel, the Doolittles, Mike and Will,
 The whites are o'ermastered, strapped and tied,
 With inflexible thongs of a buffalo hide,
 Each transferred to a mounted chief:
 'Tis Will's belief they're a Blackfoot tribe,
 Who'll keep 'em alive in hopes of a bribe.
 There's ample spoil, with the corn and rifles,
 Blue ruin, tobacco, and emigrants' trifles,
 And a pack or portmanteau, with buck-leather flaps,
 Part of the venturesome Beetleton's traps.
 A motley cortege they advance o'er the plain,
 With a silent tramp till morning wane,
 When the vanguard enters a village of huts,
 Reeds and mud on pinewood struts,
 Whence ugly children and uglier squaws
 Burst into sight like a flight of daws,
 Screaming like old Lady Green's macaws.
 Dishevelled and bare,
 Their arms in the air,
 With yells and grimaces, and passionate cries,
 They shriek out a welcome of wild surprise.

Swiftly the spoil, the clothes and the guns,
 Are tossed in a heap by the thieving Huns—
 The cattle are led to the village leas—
 The captives unbound are hurled to the ground.
 Beetleton stares with a grim despair,
 Tremors and qualms unbend his knees;
 The Colonel and Will ferociously swear,
 And freed from their gyves,
 Are freshning their fives:—
 'Tis in vain—for the ring don't relish the sport;
 They're howled at, hunted, hustled and caught;
 While rough-ready hands examine the wares,
 Just as a custom-house officer tears
 Out your traps,
 When, in spite of your prayers,
 He scents either Eau de Cologne or Schnaps.

* * * * *
 The delight of all eyes is the leather portmanteau,
 A relic as strange as the helm at Otranto;
 They loosen its clasps with inquisitive haste—
 A score of blue packets! three pots of paste!
 Black and red placards, full six feet high,
 An advice to the world! Try! every one try!!
 Aldborough's ointment and Aldborough's pills,
 By royal appointment—a cure for all ills!!!
 Loss of appetite, honour, or money, or name,
 LIFE ITSELF AND ITS AIM.
 Attested by thousands and thousands of cases,
 In thousands and thousands and thousands of places.

* * * * *
 Still as stocks and stones they stand,
 Staring with a wild surprise:
 Such as smote the Ethiop band,
 Meeting the Medusa's eyes.

* * * * *
 None of them move, till a brave, in disdain,
 Eagerly snatches a crimson bill,
 Envelops his loins, and stalks with a train:
 Beetleton groans to malcontent Will:

‘That a proclamation prepared to hum
 Polite society pale and mum,
 Should cover a half-naked savage’s back.’
 But a transfer is presently made of the pack,
 For three of the *procures* nobles or nobb,
 Distinguish’d in all the most murd’rous jobs.
 Determined, with greedy cadaverous eyes,
 Each his own choice and particular prize;
 And amid a noisy, apocryphal jargon,
 A puzzle to Rawlinson, Madden, or Waägen,
 Retreat to their huts to examine their bargain.

The warrior to whom Mr. Brown is assign’d
 (He’s throng’d again with his pack behind),
 Is aged and lame, decrepid and blind;
Minus one eye, like the great Polypheme,
 Very deaf, very grave, but can hallo and scream
 Like a Bacchanal tinker or hungry hyæna;
 No vulture or wolf can be meaner or leaner.
 Nicknamed the ‘Grey Rat,’ for his fierceness and cunning,
 As astute for his ‘fee’ as Scarlett or Dunning.
 He’s a widower, left with a fair nubile girl,
 (So fortune oft favours a pig with a pearl.)
 I picture Janita a rich coppered belle,
 Her voice had a tremulous musical spell;
 Full beaming eyes, like a Persian gazelle,
 And glossy jet curls, which wavingly fell
 O’er cheeks full as plump as a ripe jargonelle;
 Her dress, Western fashion would fancy too simple—
 No corset or hood, no mantle or whimple,
 ’Twas a costume of ease,
 It cover’d her hips, and fell down to her knees—
 • An embroidered chemise,
 Whilst behind from her shoulders depended a quilt,
 Friz’d with feathers and shells, and beads double gilt.

Arriv’d at his hut, the greedy old screw,
 With an eye and a hand like a Whitechapel Jew,
 Passes his prizes in eager review
 (The malecontent loafer is one of the two);
 Scans with eager precision,
 Their cheer and condition,
 From the crown of the hat to the sole of the shoe.

How he peers o’er the pack, ev’ry corner and chink,
 Takes a taste of the paste,
 Tries the pills and the ointment, his oxide of zinc!
 Bestows on each mouthful a lunatic wink,
 And roars with delight, like a dustman in drink.
 ‘Eat,’ said the Loafer, ‘take and eat,
 Such is the aged Eagle’s meat;
 By its art the White Man’s sage,
 Offers an eternal age,
 Free from ache, disease, or pain—
 Let my father take again.’
 Sicken’d and surfeited tumbles the loon,
 Declining at length in a stupified swoon,
 Like a mariner struck by a tropical noon,—
 Gaping and listless, bewild’r’d, jejune,
 He coils himself up like an aged racoon.

The Loafer will laugh,
 ’Twas his crafty and hypocritical chaff

That had piqu'd such gluttony.
 Beetleton, spite of his comrade's jeers,
 Is trying to calm Janita's fears.
 Pale in amazement, she,
 Anon as her sire in slumber is drown'd,
 The Loafer and Beetleton forage around,
 Sensibly moved by a hunger profound,
 Near a whole day in captivity bound,
 Near a whole day since they sat at the mound
 Enjoying a meal with festivity crown'd.
 Little, I ween, did they gain by their quest,
 Till the timid Janita discloses the best
 Of the household store.
 There's the ham of a bear stow'd over the door;
 A pot of honey and cakes of maize,
 And a bottle of rum, their senses to daze.
 Simple the meal, hungry the men,
 Night is shrouding mountain and glen.
 With sticks and leaves they kindle a fire,
 And sit and smoke to their heart's desire.
 Beetleton paints their probable fate,
 The Loafer is cool, and content to wait—
 He has ample time to deliberate.
 He measures the chief with a knowing glance,
 'It's sartinly something more than a trance,
 If aught should happen,
 I'm never caught napping!
 We're newly got, and a welcome prize,
 I dessay the envy of neighbouring eyes.'

Hark! what howls and yells of despair,
 Catamount, leopard, or wolf in his lair,
 Could not a wilder frenzy declare!
 'Tis the chief in the spasms, cramps, and throes,
 Such as a too daring epicure knows,
 After a surfeit of turtle and punch,
 Stew'd oysters at supper, a lobster at lunch,
 Pine-apple, pear, or muscatel bunch,
 A tarragon salad, or perigord pie,
 A dish of baked lampreys, or delicate fry,
 Of *entrailles de veau* or child of the sty.
 'Tis the chief, he *will* presently finish his woes;
 Who such a drop-scene cares to expose?
 Wonder and fear check the savages' breath,
 As the news is declared of the chieftain's death;
 Earnest and solemn debate ensues,
 Who shall stand in the dead man's shoes?
 Who shall retain his plunder and gain?
 What shall they do with his captives twain?
 Shall they be beaten, or eaten, or slain?
 The question is solved by the captives' flight;
 They are gone and away in the dead of the night.
 The Loafer, whose readiness nothing can dim,
 Has shaped their course for a fork or limb
 Of the river, where fleets may safely swim.
 Mississippi the great, the father of waters,
 If streams are maids and damsels fountains,
 Well'd from the hearts of the giant mountains,
 'Tis the father of I don't know how many daughters.
 They've reach'd Arkansas, wayworn and sore,
 Where the Loafer's relatives keep a store.

Here they recruit and replenish their means,
Till Beetleton starts for New Orleans.
His sorrows are ended. He's homeward bound,
In the barque *Mary Anne*, 'well timber'd and sound.'

* * * * *
'Tis a year since their flight—Janita, forlorn,
Is ceaselessly weeping, daylight and dawn.
Ceaselessly weeping, like Niobe, she
Can never relinquish Beetleton B.
His image is fixedly stamp'd in her heart
Since the start
Which the detenus made. Till Fortune, the jade,
Despatch'd to her aid, a showman renown'd in the novelty
trade,

Who is prowling about for a vast exhibition,
To illustrate clearly the race and condition
Of the few aborigines left in the world,
Straight hair'd or curl'd.
Perhaps to discover the proximate link
For the savans who think,
To their shame, that the man and the monkey's the same.
'Twas a showman in zeal
Eclipsing the efforts of Barnum or Beale,
Whose invincible ardour had reach'd the far tribe ;
And by drams and a bribe
Of scarlet dyed cloth and mirrors of glass
Had tempted two crones, two credulous crones,
And a half-witted chief, nicknam'd the 'Sad Ass,'
Along with Janita, who snatch'd this relief
From her grief,
To roam from the home of their ancestors' bones.
So the bargain is struck—they are off to the States,
• Where the showman dilates,
Conjectures and lectures,
With scenes of their prairies, their swamps, and savannahs,
And fully illustrates their own and his manners.
His adventure proves lucky,
Success at his heels from New York to Kentucky,
So he straight is possess'd
With a longing that finally leaves him no rest,
A longing romantic,
To visit 'his cousins' across the Atlantic ;
The nation of shopkeepers—wealthy and proud,
Credulous, lavish, bragging, and loud,
Who, 'tis certain, to none other people knock under,
In rushing to gape at the last arriv'd wonder.
Paying and praising—hooraying and dazing
The dancers—romancers—
The singers—news-bringers—
The fiddlers, and ev'ry description of Jeremy Diddlers.

* * * * *
'Tis a Midsummer day—
All London is gay—
For June is the season of active display :
Fêtes, concerts, and flower-shows all in full sway.
Mr. Beetleton Brown and his friend Mr. Gray,
Arm-in-arm down the Strand are wending their way,
From Beetleton's shop, close beside Temple-bar,
When Beetleton's eye is caught from afar
By the bills of a street-stopping van crawling by—
Posters at least five-and-twenty feet high !

'At the Lowther Arcade this day are displayed
Four of the wildest implacable race,
Which none of the Whites ever dared to invade :
Four of the Blackfoot American Race.'

* * * * *

Conceive the event. Mr. Brown and his friend,
Their minds to unbend,
Have determined to go in the very front row,
And examine the show.

Mr. Brown, who must know *
The worth and the truth of an Indian tableau.

Conceive the event when the curtain is drawn,
And bounding along like a forest-bred fawn,
Janita appears in the front of the stage :

Conceive the event, and the manager's rage,
When down on the benches she leaps without check,
And throwing her arms around Beetleton's neck,
Hugs him, and whimpers with lachrymose glee,
That ' 'Tis he—oh, 'tis he !'

In her fond ecstasy,
Regardless of all the alarm and confusion
Of those sitting near, who think this a queer
And comical phase of the drama or illusion.
Mr. Brown hasn't words to express his surprise ;
His heart's in his mouth ! transfix'd are his eyes !

Janita wont leave him ; so during the fume and grumbling

which all the spectators assume,
They retreat off the stage to the manager's room,
Where the manager hears Mr. Brown's explanation.

(The story will vastly improve the narration
Which had previously seasoned the guide's illustration
Of 'Glimpses and Glances *
Of Life in the Prairies and Wilds of Arkansas.')

The *denouement* is 'pleasant ; I think 'twould be worse
than a sin to essay it in verse —

•
'On the 13th inst., Mr. Beetleton Brown, of the respected firm of
Aldborough and Co., patent medicine vendors, near Temple-bar, led to
the altar Janita, or the Wild Cherry, one of the Red American Aborigines
exhibiting at the Lowther Arcade.' *

THE NAVY OF FRANCE.

SECOND PAPER.

IT is now just twenty years since the clear blue waters off Cape Sigæum, and the funereal mounds that rise on the surrounding shores, witnessed a sight scarcely equalled since the old day when the hollow ships of the Achæans approached those shores in swarming numbers, not indeed to cast anchor there, but to be hauled up on the beach, safe from every blast that might sweep either from woody Ida, or from the rugged Imbros—*Ἰμβρου παπυλοίσσης*.

On a sunny morning, in the month of July, 1833, an English squadron of six sail of the line and a few frigates, led by the old *Britannia*, approached the island of Tenedos and Besika Bay. This squadron, however, was but the weather division of a fleet. To leeward six other ships, with frigates and sloops, formed another column: but these were ships of France, and the small tri-coloured flag at the foremast of the leading one, told the observer that she bore a French vice-admiral, a gallant and good officer, old Admiral Roussin. All was harmony in this allied fleet; Sir Pulteney Malcolm's movements were as carefully followed by the French Admiral as though the red flag at the *Britannia's* mast head had been the flag of a full admiral of France.

Tenedos was weathered, and, as a fresh breeze from the north-west made the ships breast on their way speedily towards the mouth of the Dardanelles, a casual observer, watching the movements in and between the decks of each ship, would have noticed indications that something of no ordinary interest occupied the minds of the officers, old and young. All was ready for anchoring—yet no one expected that the fleet would anchor. No drum had beaten to quarters,—yet was there a more than usual readiness. Every lashing was examined, and seen to be unencumbered, as though the word 'clear for action' was expected to be heard; and gunners and captains of guns, lieutenants and midshipmen, might have been seen inspecting minutely the state of their

respective batteries. And why was all this? Not a syllable had been formally uttered by superior officers; but something had oozed out, and, right or wrong, the belief obtained that the fleet was about to force the Dardanelles.

We may briefly remind our readers what was the then condition of affairs in the East, a state of things widely different, indeed, from that of the present time, but which yet brought the fleets of England and France in unwonted amity to the Trojan waters, even as now they are riding, with the same old *Britannia* as their leader, in those same waters of Besika Bay.

The Pasha of Egypt was in open rebellion against his suzerain. The hardly stunted troops of the Nilotic plains, led on by Ibrahim, had defeated a superior army of 60,000 Turks, at Koniah, and captured their General, Redshid Pasha. Nothing seemed to intervene between the Sublime Porte and the victorious rebel, who advanced in apparent expectation of a triumphant entry. England and France had been appealed to, but in vain. They were willing to protest and to remonstrate: but protests and remonstrances hindered not the advance of the Pasha's host. Fleets and armies were the aid which Turkey needed from her allies, and these she did not obtain. In utter desperation she appealed to Russia, and had not to repeat her appeal. A fleet from Sebastopol anchored, in the month of February, at the mouth of the Bosphorus, and, in April, 15,000 Russian soldiers landed at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the dividing strait. And now Turkey trembled before the protectors she had invoked. Constantinople was in actual, though not nominal, possession of that steadily advancing foe, who long and warily had looked for such a day of adversity, to pounce upon her prey. Concession was speedily made to the demands of Egypt: the Pashalik of Aleppo was ceded, everything was done, every argument used, to induce Ibrahim to retreat, in order that there might remain no reason

for the delay of the feared, though invited Russians. But they did not stir.

England and France now became sensible of the error they had committed, in not sooner assisting the Sultan, and ordered their fleets and ambassadors to take prompt action. We speak of England and France, as though their wishes and interests had been the same, but we would especially remind our readers, that, at that very time, France was secretly upholding the Pasha of Egypt, anxious that the Porte should be humbled, and that Egypt should be advanced at her expense, never anticipating the Sultan's appeal to Russia. French influence was paramount at Alexandria, and France had already fully entered upon that line of policy which led to the events of 1840, when the *entente cordiale* was broken, and our statesmen took a decided part in supporting the Ottoman throne against the *protégé* of France.

France, then, as we have said, sided with Egypt, against the Porte, and against the steadily pursued policy of England, but was glad to join us, when she found that Russian troops were actually at Constantinople; and while nominally one with us, and while our fleets were riding side by side, she was secretly continuing that very course of action which had brought about the crisis she was uniting with us to avert.

There is thus a remarkable parallel between the events of 1833 and 1853, which we leave our readers to follow out at their leisure. Now, as then, the policy of France afforded an excuse for the aggression of Russia; Louis Napoleon's pretensions touching the Holy Places have led to Nicholas's claims for headship of the Greek subjects of Abdul Medjid.

But, to return to the fleets as we saw them in July, 1833. As they neared the Trojan shore, both fleets slackened sail, and every eye was turned to where the narrow line of sea parts the two continents, marked out by the rugged rising of Chersonesus on the European side. By this time it was generally known that the ambassadors of England and France had intimated to Russia and to the Porte, that unless the

Russian army quitted Scutari before a given day, the allied fleet would force its way up the Dardanelles, and cast anchor off the Golden Horn. We pretend to no secret or intimate knowledge of the diplomacy of that time: we relate what we saw. On the appointed day, the fleet was steering for the Castle of Asia, and Sir Pulteney Malcolm only waited for the return of his tender, the *Hind* cutter—the little *Hind*, so distinguished at Navarino. At length her gaff-top-sail was seen over the flat alluvial plain of the Scamander, rapidly advancing, with wind and current in her favour, just as a sail is often seen amongst the meadows of England, revealing the existence of an unsuspected canal. Three flags were soon hoisted, and hauled down—and again and again was this repeated, and then all eyes were directed to the flag ship, as she, in her turn, hoisted a general signal to the fleet to stand off from the shore. The Russians had retreated.

In our former paper we showed, that in the minds of French admirals and French statesmen, there existed a deeply-seated feeling of—what must we call it? hatred, or envy, or jealousy? at all events, a feeling that bodes not well for the maintenance of peace between England and France. Surely, it will be said, the present state of things must change the aspect of matters. The fleets are now working together; officers and men must feel that their present mission is a just and a righteous one; they must see the value to Europe of such a union as that which now exists. Moreover, kindly feelings will be engendered between the two nations; indeed we hear that it is so. The flag of England will no longer be thought of as that of a deadly foe; and, while a noble emulation will arise of excelling our seamen in skill and dexterity, and of equalling our navy in all its points of excellence, the grosser and baser desire which kindles the passions of the Prince de Joinville, the desire of revenge for past reverses, will wear itself out and become effaced. Would that this may be the happy result! and were this the first occasion of a junction of our fleets we might hope for this result. But experience tells us another tale. It is no new thing,

this junction of our forces. At Navarino we fought side by side. For years our ships and those of France were in close alliance, watching over the interests of infant Greece, and in 1833 we advanced together, as we have already described, to the Turkish waters.

Our readers may imagine, however, that the mere fact of ships thus serving together can do nothing in itself. The ships may be together, while the brave hearts that man them may be far asunder. What is the present state of things in the fleets we learn from public report; what it was in former days we know; and an incident or two that came under the writer's own notice may serve to illustrate this point.

During the troublous times that befel the Greek nation before the arrival of King Otho, when they were rent asunder by intestine divisions, and were looking for the advent of their king as the panacea for all their woes, it happened that an English frigate and a French 18 gun brig were stationed off Patras, which town was in the possession of Kitsos Tzavellas, a brave old Suliot, who had, however, taken upon himself to rebel against the temporary government established at Nauplia and supported by the allied powers. For six months these two ships remained together at anchor. The French captain formally placed himself under the orders of the Englishman, who being a *capitaine de vaisseau*, was, he said, his superior officer. In all such small matters as loosing sails, crossing topgallant yards, and the routine of harbour work, the French brig followed most respectfully her English commodore. Not a day passed but the officers of one nation were on board the ship of the other. At last the King of England's birthday came round, and a very unusual sight presented itself, when the marines fired off their eight o'clock muskets, and the ensigns and flags with which the ship was, in technical language, 'to be dressed,' were hoisted to the several mastheads of the frigate. Preparations for dressing ship had been evident on board the French brig, and to the astonishment of all, she was seen, in addition to the numerous signal flags em-

ployed for mere ornament, to hoist an English Royal Standard at her main, and at her peak—where the national colour alone, according to all naval etiquette, should fly—she actually hoisted an English red ensign side by side with her own tricolour! But this was insufficient to testify the kindly feeling towards England. At one o'clock, at the moment of firing the first gun of her royal salute, the French colours at the peak were actually hauled down, and there we saw a French brig of war with English colours flying, and a Royal Standard at her masthead. What made this piece of courtesy even more amusing was the circumstance that the name of the brig was not *L'Alacrité* but *L'Alacrité*; being called after a prize taken from us during the last war; and often did her captain jump up on the signal lockers of the English ship, when he wanted his gig to be sent for him, and hail with sonorous voice '*Alacritée, O de l'Alacritée!*' emphasizing most carefully the closing syllable.

God grant that peace may be maintained, but as the day may come when this can no longer be, we feel that in affording information touching the navy of France, information that can be depended upon, we are doing good service to the cause of England, the cause of peace, the cause of good order, and all that man respects and reveres. Without further preface we turn again to the *Enquête Parlementaire*, and having ascertained what was considered by the Commission the fitting strength for the navy of France, we next find them consulting how this fleet should be employed. A squadron of evolution is of course necessary for the training of both officers and men, but where shall this fleet be stationed? Shall it be in the Mediterranean, or in the Northern or Ocean Station, as they call it?

M. Daru proposed that the fleet of eight or ten line of battle-ships be divided into two squadrons, one in the Mediterranean, and one in the ocean or North Seas, and that on certain occasions these squadrons shall unite and manœuvre in concert; but M. Dupin objected to this that it was necessary to have a large force together 'in order to establish a fine naval spirit, and to keep up

the habitude of those manœuvres on a grand scale which are necessary to make good flag officers—*indispensables pour les officiers généraux.* M. Daru replied again that many naval officers had confessed to him that they were so ignorant of the navigation of the Channel and North Seas, that if called to service there they might be exposed to serious misfortunes, arising from their inexperience, as often happened with the navy of former times.

Two naval members of the Commission, MM. Lainé and Charnier, agreed with M. Daru as to the necessity of the two squadrons, and other members spoke for and against M. Daru's proposition. At last a new line of argument was entered upon, and to this we shall call our readers' attention more particularly.

M. Daru, in reply to some remarks of M. Collas, said that the North Sea was not the only scene to be selected for the evolutions of the ocean fleet, and that the shores of England, of France, and of Portugal as far as the Antilles, offer a wider field than the Mediterranean. He then proceeded to express his astonishment that there had always existed a sort of scruple about letting their fleets appear in the British Channel, and added,—

This sea belongs to us as well as to our neighbours, and we must not, through an exaggerated fear of wounding the jealous feelings of England, (*de froisser les sentiments jaloux de l'Angleterre,*) deprive our ships of the navigation of this sea, to which they will be especially called, as soon as a maritime war shall be declared. (*Le jour où la guerre maritime sera déclarée.*)

M. Charnier insisted upon having a fleet in the Channel :—

This sea (he said), in spite of what may have been said, is of much more difficult navigation than the Mediterranean. Our sailors are but little acquainted with it, and if proof of this statement be wanted, one need only refer to what happened to the fleet (*l'escadre des dunes**) in 1831. At that period our crews, little accustomed to the navigation of that station, met with almost insurmountable difficulties in accomplishing their mission.

M. de Montebello said that it was not from any fear of offending England, but from political exigencies

that the fleet was kept in the Mediterranean, and M. Hernoux, another naval member, asserted that, during nine months of the year the navigation of the Mediterranean was as difficult and perilous as that of the ocean.

Finally, M. Dahirel, one of the secretaries of the Commission, supported the opinion of M. Daru, that there should be two fleets for manœuvres :—

The Commission, he remarked, had heard two sailors, MM. Lainé and Charnier, whose opinion ought to have much weight, and who assert that, for the sake of the instruction of the officers and seamen, one fleet or squadron should navigate the ocean. And if the opinion, that ocean navigation is more difficult than that of the Mediterranean be only a prejudice, even this prejudice ought to be respected. And if the English have the impression that our sailors are most at home in the Mediterranean, we must show them that they can behave equally well in the Channel. (*Et, si les Anglais sont convaincus que nos matelots sont plus à leur aise dans la Méditerranée, il faut leur faire voir qu'ils feraient également bonne contenance dans la Manche.*)

As to the fear of wounding the susceptibilities of England by causing our ships to navigate that sea, we need not trouble ourselves about it (*il ne faut pas s'en préoccuper*). Indeed it is much to be regretted that, in 1840, we in some sort gave way to England (*nous avions en quelque sorte lâché pied devant l'Angleterre*), and caused our fleet to return to Toulon, when its presence would have been so necessary on the theatre of events.

The Commission then voted that ten ships form the squadron of evolutions, and that its employment, whether together or divided, depend upon political events.

Without any comment upon the above we will remind our readers of a slight incident which occurred late in 1850. To many the matter seemed worthy of no notice whatever, and was forgotten as soon as it occurred. It was not so with thinking men, and the deliberations of the Commission of Enquiry now fully justify the suspicions that were entertained at the time.

On Monday afternoon, late in the month of October, 1850, the French

fleet under the command of Vice-Admiral Deschenes, consisting of six sail of the line and a steam-frigate, made their most unexpected appearance in Torbay, having sailed from Cherbourg, where they had recently been inspected by the President, on the preceding day, the wind being northerly and fine. None of the officers landed.

A contemporary newspaper thus remarks:—

It was rather a novelty to see a French fleet at anchor on the English coast, and Commander Storey, the inspecting commander of the coast guard at Torquay, it would appear, deemed it his duty to visit the admiral's ship to discover the reason of their visit. He was informed that stress of weather obliged them to seek shelter under Barry Head, but the wind being at the time north, and the weather moderate, the gallant commander was determined to watch their movements, and to report them.

No doubt the gallant commander's doings were sneered at, at the time; but little could he himself have imagined that one of the objects of the visit of that fleet was to blunt the 'susceptibilities,' the 'jealous feelings,' of England! But it went further than this—it was thought well by the French authorities of the day, to let their men see these same shores of England,—perhaps that when they come again they may not be wholly strange to them.

An incident occurred in the year previous, in 1849, not unworthy of notice. A French man-of-war, engaged in superintending the fisheries in the Channel, had occasion to visit Sheerness. When off the Foreland, she was visited, as a matter of course, by a pilot; but the French commander politely declined the pilot's services, saying that he was quite able to take his ship up the Thames.

Having settled the number of ships of which the French fleet is to consist, the commissioners next took into consideration the quality of the ships. They decided that no more 100-gun ships should be built, as they cost much more than a 90-gun ship, without affording corresponding advantages.

Next came the truly important question of the application of steam to ships of war; and we shall endeavour most briefly to sum up the various opinions offered. At once

and unanimously they resolved upon applying steam power to all their ships, as M. Maissiat happily expressed it, 'in order to render them much more *vulnérant*, and but a little more *vulnérable*'—*beaucoup plus vulnérant et seulement un peu plus vulnérable*. All new ships, then, are to be built for steam power, and steam power is to be added to all old ships, excepting only such as are so far advanced in their decay as to require a renovation to the extent of one half of their material or value; or, to use their own mode of expression, *qui auraient besoin d'un radoub excédant les 1/2*.

Some opinions, however, were tendered in evidence before the commissioners contrary to the conclusion to which they unanimously came on this subject. Several hints were given of the great expense of placing even a screw steam engine of small speed in an old ship; even the change in a ship on the stocks was objected to, and some French officers were strongly in favour of attaching a towing steamer to each line-of-battle ship, rather than giving her a small motive power within her own bowels.

We will give an extract from the deposition of M. Laurencin, Capitaine de Vaisseau, commanding *Le Mogador*, a frigate of 650 horse power:

Question (by M. Dufaure.)—Have you had any opportunity of comparing your frigate with English steam frigates?

Answer.—Never, as to speed. I have seen many of them, and I have found all their engines very inferior to ours. We must be on our guard as to what the English say about their *matériel naval*. Their newspapers are full of statements which must not be trusted—(*qu'il ne faut pas prendre au sérieux*.) When I went to London with the *Gomer*, I had heard speak of extraordinary speeds attained, such as twelve, fifteen, and sixteen knots; I was much surprised at finding that the *Gomer*, which never ran more than ten knots by the log, at the most, went almost as fast as these vessels of whose speed so much had been said.

Captain Laurencin, we may just state, has a high opinion of the engine of the *Mogador*. He calls it a complete and perfect engine—so perfect, that it weighs 200 tons less than an engine of 458 horse power.

Question.—Have you heard of the trials made by the English at Lisbon?

Answer.—I have heard a great deal about their screw-ships, but I am much inclined to suspect that they are not themselves over well satisfied with the results, as they talk no more about them. For my part, I should much regret to see screws put into our ships already built and not yet launched. Our line-of-battle ships—even without screws—are a very considerable, very respectable force, if, as in the fleet at Naples, they are accompanied by steam satellites.

The next question put to Captain Laurencin touches upon the retention of paddle-wheel ships for action, and his answer, devotedly attached as he is to the *Mogador*, is of importance. In the minds of most people it seems a settled point that the screw, and nothing but the screw, will serve the ends of a man-of-war; but our readers should be aware that a very able and experienced officer in our own service, who has made steam and its applicability to purposes of war his study, Captain Hoscason, has, to the astonishment of men, recently published and lectured in favour of paddle-wheels against screws.

Question (still by the President Du-faure).—What think you of the inconveniences which the form of the *Mogador* offers in time of war, and what means can you suggest for giving her greater aggressive power?

Answer.—We have done everything that could be done for the protection of the engine; we have surrounded it with coal-holes; but she will always be a very vulnerable ship. Her armament is the fore-and-aft armament (*l'armement en pointe*), adapted for war steamers. There are four bow ports, and four in the stern, in which 80 pounders, or long 30 pounders, may be mounted—these guns firing in a line with the keel. But I must repeat, that with her engine above her water line, she will always be vulnerable.

Question (by M. le Commandant Charnier).—What think you of the transformation of our old line-of-battle ships into screw steamers?

Answer.—I think it well to try the experiment on one of them; but as the expense of altering an old ship will always be considerable—the stern-frame must be destroyed and built again, with the addition of a double stern-post—it is possible that the advantages may be found not equivalent to the outlay.

Question.—Would it not at least be a means of making use of those line-of-battle ships which are yet on the stocks unfinished?

Answer.—The best way to make use of these ships is to place a steam-frigate alongside of each of them. Here you will have two forces united, whereas a sailing-vessel, with a small engine of 200 or 300 horse-power, will always be a feeble concern (*une chose très faible*), and in certain eventualities dependence would be placed on a force which is not possessed. I put the case of a ship driven on a lee-shore, her little engine would not get her off, whereas a steam-frigate would always accomplish it, and even should she be a-ground, she would be got off, unless, indeed, she was deeply bedded in mud.

Question.—But if every ship has her tow-ship, what becomes of the tow-ship in action?

Answer.—The tow-ship would take no part in the action, but would get out of range of fire, and if the line-of-battle ship requires to advance or retire, the steamer approaches and does what is required.

Question (by Admiral Lalne).—Then you will need a steamer for every ship, and that will be very expensive.

Answer.—You cannot have a navy without spending money.

Question (by M. Dahirel, one of the secretaries).—You wish, then, to retain our sailing vessels?

Answer.—We should retain all that we possess; and as to steam, line-of-battle ships, we must wait for the result of the experiments now being made, before we pronounce decidedly what we should do. I do not believe that all our line-of-battle ships will become useless, but I fear that in giving them small auxiliary engines, we shall spend much money and get but poor results. I conclude by saying that our ships, such as they now are, are equal to carrying a large supply of provisions and ammunition, and consequently are able to carry on war at a distant point, if the interests of France require it. Give them this small auxiliary engine, and without giving them the real advantages of veritable steam-vessels, you unfit them for distant cruising.

In spite of all this, as we have already stated, the commission decided upon giving steam power to all their ships. But what amount of power, that is, of speed, is to be given? Captain Charnier, and a few others, seemed to think speed the great thing. The French ships must outrun the English, or they will be beaten. The English are building steam line-of-battle ships of great speed: France must follow her example.

On the other hand, other honourable members contended that a small motive power added to the power which a line-of-battle ship now possesses is sufficient for all practical purposes. To give her a large and weighty engine, something must be sacrificed—either guns or stowage of provisions and stores; and this they objected to. England was only trying experiments, and it was better to await their results. One member thought that there was great danger in placing in any vessel an engine of 900 horse power, such as that of the *Napoléon*.

When this inquiry was proceeding, the *Napoléon* was on the stocks at Toulon, and opinions were greatly divided as to the results.

M. Mimerel, *membre du conseil des travaux*, gives us the history of the *Napoléon* in terms which we shall quote. He had just presented at length his opinion on the *navires mixtes*, or ships with auxiliary power, and described the *Pomone*, the first French ship of war of this kind. The *Pomone*, upon which this experiment was tried, was a third-class frigate. She was lengthened one-twelfth, to give her greater displacement without increasing her draught of water. She was to carry only half the regulation quantity of water, the rest to be supplied by a distilling apparatus,* and in this manner they contrived to place a screw steam engine on board of her, of 220 horse power. The *Pomone* eventually carried all her guns, five months' provisions, and ran seven and seven-and-a-half knots by steam alone. The success of this trial led to attempts at giving steam power to old line-of-battle ships, and M. Mimerel then proceeds to say—

The success of the screw thus applied gave rise to the idea of a line-of-battle ship propelled by steam at great speed, and having her sails as an auxiliary, instead of the steam being auxiliary to

the sails. Such ships could in all weathers convey with great rapidity an imposing force to distant places. In case of maritime expeditions, they would escort the steam transports, which would carry the troops and their muniments of war, and would efficaciously protect the debarkation against attack of every kind, whether by sea or land. This project has been laboriously studied by an able engineer, who is now superintending its execution at Toulon, on board the *Vingt-quatre Février* (name since changed to *Le Napoléon*.) The *Vingt-quatre Février* has been so lengthened as to have sufficient displacement without impairing her qualities for speed. She will carry guns, and will be fitted with a screw steam-engine of 960 horse-power, and will carry coal enough for ten days run at full speed. Theoretical calculations allow us to reckon upon a speed of ten or eleven knots. The ship is nearly ready, and will be launched without loss of time. Her engines, made at the factory at Indret, will soon be sent round to Toulon, and probably the first trials of the ship will be made in the beginning of 1850. These trials will assuredly be of great interest to the navy.†

M. le Commandant Charnier was of opinion that ships like the *Napoléon* might easily go even to India: all that they would have to do would be to take in two days' supply less of coal, and to take, in its stead, four months' provisions.

M. Hérnoux held that the day for sailing ships was past and gone,—that a man-of-war propelled by sails alone is now incomplete, but he was far from thinking that the *Napoléon* would give entire satisfaction, and he protested against building more ships of the kind until this one had been well tried. 'Experience alone can resolve many doubtful points. The stern frame of the *Napoléon* has been thought wanting in strength. The length of the ship may render her slow in obeying her helm (*ralentir ses mouvements giratoires*), although this

* Great results were expected by the French authorities in the way of saving of stowage by these distilling apparatus. Admiral Deschênes, now at the Dardanelles, said in his deposition:—The *cuisine distillatoire* has lost much of its prestige. This machine being attached to the cooking-stoves, was not much attended to so long as water was not wanted; the consequence was, that it got burnt up, and was useless at the time of need. It is a most important auxiliary to all ships, but it should be detached from the cooking-place, and kept in the hold.

† On the 16th May, 1850, the *Napoléon* was launched at Mourillon, under the superintendence of M. Dupuy de Lôme, and was blessed by the Bishop of Frejus, who preached on the occasion.

may in some degree be compensated for by the position of her screw before the rudder. An engine of 1000 horse power on board a ship of war is something unknown—*c'est l'inconnu!* The employment of firemen in a place so low down in the ship, and of a length of only 2·6 metres (8 feet 6 inches), is also a thing unknown—*c'est encore l'inconnu!* The rapid rotation of the shaft on its bearings may be too much for the resistance of the metals. There may likewise be doubts as to the stability of the ship, when much of her coal is consumed and replaced by sea-water.

We may here mention that when the deputation of the commissioners visited Indret, a small island in the river Loire, upon which is established the chief Government steam factory, they saw the engines of the *Napoléon*, then nearly completed, and inspected the drawings of them. They describe these engines as being 4·1 metres (13·45 feet) in height, 9 metres (29·5 feet) in breadth, and 30 metres (nearly 33 yards) in total length. Between the engine and the two groups of boilers placed before and behind, there is a space of about 2·5 metres or 2·6 metres (alluded to above by M. Hernoux) reserved for the firemen and for the working of the fire-irons. This increases the total space occupied by the engine, and yet it is probable that great efforts will have to be made to obtain a proper ventilation.

They further ascertained, that there will be 2160 tubes in the boilers. The coal holes will be placed laterally, along the whole length of the engines. The water line will be 1·40 metre (4·6 feet) above the highest point of the engine. The length of stroke is 1·6 metre (5·25 feet); diameter of cylinder 2·5 metres (8·2 feet). The diameter of steam pipes is 0·8 metres (2·6 feet.) The total weight of the engine, water in the boilers included, will be 750,000 kilogrammes, or about 1090 tons. All particulars respecting the *Napoléon*, the ship on which France prides herself, are interesting; and as these details cannot be had elsewhere, we have not hesitated to extract them. She has since been launched. Her trials

of speed exceeded, we believe, the expectations of her constructors; and she is now with the fleet at Besika Bay. We shall soon know the truth respecting her. We have heard rumours that the weakness in her stern frame, which was feared, has proved to be true, and that her engines are too much for the strength, or rather the weakness, of her frame, and that she is shaking to pieces.

Indeed, the French shipbuilders are woefully deficient in the art of putting a ship together. The Prince de Joinville, in one of his recent publications, complains of the weakness of their *charpente*, or frame work; and on this subject we must record an anecdote of the late worthy master shipwright of Woolwich Dockyard, Mr. Oliver Lang. Two days before his untimely death, he was in animated conversation with the writer on the subject of a life boat, which he had invented, and the models of which were not yet completed. From this subject he reverted to his patent safety keel, and other improvements he had effected in shipbuilding—all of which he had made known to the principal nations of Europe; and for which he had received from many of their sovereigns diamond rings, and other tokens of gratitude. He related, that on one occasion the late Sir Thomas Hardy remonstrated with him, saying, that he should keep his improvements to himself, and not give the benefit of them to nations which might at some future time become our enemies. Mr. Lang's characteristic reply was, 'Sir Thomas, if I can teach the French to build ships properly, so much the better for us if ever we go to war with them; for you well know, during the last war, what sums of money we had to spend in putting the ships we captured in sea-going order.'

The *Commission d'Enquête* wisely ended their discussion by resolving not to fix definitely what amount of steam power shall be given to every vessel.⁶ Two experiments are now being made—one of a high power, in the *Napoléon*, another of a lesser power, in the *Charlemagne* and *Austerlitz*; and they recommend that another trial be made with engines of 200 or 300 horse power.

In a short discussion that followed

on the various sizes and kinds of frigates to be constructed, and the speed to be given to them, the Commission felt it necessary to record their opinion that in future maritime wars cruising after merchantmen should be continued, or, as they expressed it, the law of nations is not to be departed from on this subject. Now, we are not aware that any intention or idea has ever been entertained by statesmen to change this necessary evil accompanying the worst of evils—war. Why, then, was this resolution recorded? M. Hernoux mourns over the evil so poetically that we do not well understand him, and therefore give his words as they stand:—‘Let our cruisers make prizes; let them burn them, or bring them to harbour to sell for their own profit. France will have much to gain by it, *et la philanthropie devra s’incliner aussi longtemps qu’elle restera étrangère à la politique de toutes les nations.*’

The President, M. Dufaure, however, says that this state of things must be maintained, because otherwise England, freed from all concern for her distant possessions, would have a freedom of action at home which would be very prejudicial.

The discussion ended in resolutions that steam power be given to all the frigates and corvettes, and all new frigates are to be built for high steam power.

The discussion next turned upon the various stations of the French navy. Some were condemned as useless and unnecessary, and the number of ships at others reduced or increased according to circumstances. On one point, however, through some error of the printers, we are really unable to inform our readers whether or not Ireland is one of the stations of the French navy. In the classified index at the beginning of the book we find it stated that two vessels, *à vapeur mixtes*, are to be attached to the station of Scotland and Ireland, and we are referred to page 200. We turn to the alphabetical index at the end, and we read, *Station des côtes d’Ecosse et d’Irlande*, p. 200. We turn to page 200, and there we find a paragraph headed—*Station des côtes d’Ecosse et d’Islande*, although the marginal note even here has it

Irlande. So that while we know that a French steamer is to be stationed on the coasts of Scotland, we are left in doubt whether the other is to go to Ireland or to Iceland.

A final sentence was given to the employment of paddle-wheel steamers as vessels of war. The paddle-wheel steamers actually in the service are no longer to be dignified with the name of frigate or corvette, but are henceforth to be called and to be used as transports.

Having thus decided all points connected with the material, the commissioners took up the question of the personal condition of the French navy, and first of all arose the question as to whether the marine infantry should be maintained. Let not our readers for a moment suppose that the *regimens d’infanterie marine* of the French service at all resemble our Royal Marines. No one can be more conscious of the difference that exists between these two bodies than the French officers and authorities themselves.

M. de Fitte de Souey, Inspector General of this same Marine Infantry, was examined, and he of course deposes strongly in favour of this body. From him and other witnesses we learn that the marine infantry is a body which up to the year 1848 numbered 15,918 men, but was then reduced to 12,351. They do not serve, and never have served on board of men-of-war, although in time of war they are to be embarked, and to do duty as a garrison in line-of-battle ships and frigates. Their ordinary duty is to garrison the arsenals and the colonies of France, which colonies—Martinique, Guadeloupe, Senegal, and Cayenne—have, justly or unjustly, a bad name in France as fatal to the garrisons stationed there. On one occasion in 1825 it was attempted to garrison these colonies with troops of the line; but the regiments ordered for the service mutinied and refused to go. We must further add that this marine infantry is in no good odour in France. The men are said to be imbued with communistic ideas, imbibed from their constant contact with the *forçats* or convicts in the dockyards, and also with the lofty spirits amongst the dockyard la-

bourers. Indeed, when the commissioners were at Toulon, where the 3rd regiment of marine infantry was stationed, they found that the colonel of the 10th regiment of the line was obliged to take severe measures, as the sub-officers, from constant intercourse with those of the marine infantry, had been seduced from their duty, and had become absolutely dangerous to the peace of the city. Gladly, then, as they would have dispensed with this body altogether, and incorporated it with the rest of the army, they dared not do so. The colonies must be garrisoned, and the army has hitherto refused this duty.

Many of the admirals examined were strongly in favour of the retention of this corps; nevertheless the commission decided on its suppression. We must quote a few words from Admiral Hugon's evidence in consequence of the compliment he pays our own admirable and gallant corps of royal marines. The admiral expressed a fear that the Government intended to embark the marine infantry as part of the complement of men, which, from their being men of feeble constitution, would greatly diminish the total strength of the crews, upon which M. Hernoux asked him whether it would not be possible to make the marine infantry *égaler les marines*! The word marines is printed in italics to show that it is an English word, and means our Royal Marines.

Admiral Hugon replies:—

There will always be a great inferiority. The Marines (of England) enlist for sixteen years, they become sailors; they are forbidden to go aloft, not because they are unfit for this work, but in order that they may not interfere with the career of the regular seamen. They are not allowed to enlist a second time for more than eight years; and they become such complete sailors, besides being picked men (*hommes d'élite*) strong and hardy, that after their twenty-four years service, they enter the commercial navy as seamen, a thing which we could never expect from our marine infantry.

The Marines are the principal strength of an English ship, and it is they who keep in order the crew, which is composed for the most part of men not so sober as ours.

Being asked whether he did not think that the marine infantry might

be reorganized and made a corps *d'élite*, he replied—

In that case the law of conscription must be altered. In the levy of 80,000 men raised every year, we are only allowed to choose after the special corps have been helped. We come, however, before the Infantry of the line. Now you have the Infantry constantly before your eyes, and you see that they are not very robust men. On board ship we want strong men. Weakly men are mouths to be fed, and we want arms to work.

The question of manning the navy, which has happily at last fully and fairly attracted the attention of our own authorities, has long been settled and placed on a satisfactory footing in France. By two methods is their navy manned—1st, by that of maritime inscription, and 2ndly, by a system of recruiting, or rather conscription.

The pages of the *Enquête* give us very copious information on both these methods. M. Lanjuinais was commissioned to draw up a report on maritime inscription, which he laid before his colleagues, and of which, on account of its interest and importance, we purpose to make a full analysis.

Abstract of M. Lanjuinais' Rapport sur l'Inscription Maritime.

The defence of his country is a duty incumbent upon every citizen. All may lawfully be called upon to serve, whether in the forces afloat or on shore. But whilst all stout able-bodied men are gifted with nearly an equal fitness for service in the army, it is not so as regards the naval service. A young man, if he be strong and robust, will make equally well a horseman, a foot soldier, or an artilleryman; but at the same time he would be wholly unfit for a topman's duty on board a ship of war, for which none are adapted but those who have from their infancy followed the seaman's trade.

This difference, in the very nature of things, must make a great difference between the laws for manning the navy and those for recruiting for the army.

For the army the law provides voluntary enrolment and forced service, laying hold of all young men capable of enduring the hardships

of war as soon as they reach their twentieth year. The number of young men who each year attain to the age of twenty is greater than the number required to fill the vacancies in the army. Every one, therefore, need not serve, but only those to whose lot it falls, and they are only required to remain with their colours for seven years. The navy, on the contrary, can only be supplied from that very limited portion of the population who, being seamen by profession, are fit for the service of the fleet. The existing proportion between the number of men required for the navy and the small number of men who are sailors by trade, has rendered it necessary to impose the obligation of serving upon them all, and for nearly the whole of their lives.

Before the days of Louis XIV., whenever a maritime war called for armaments, it was not to the town or country populations that attention was turned. Every harbour was closed, and with or against their will, as many sailors as were needed were taken and sent on board the ships of the fleet. It was impressment, as practised by the English up to our own times. This violent mode of recruiting came on a sudden, and upset all the arrangements of trade, and weighed in a most unequal manner upon the sailors, who were taken without distinction of age or previous service.

An ordonnance of 17th December, 1665, made a first attempt at classification in some of the departments, which was afterwards applied to all the ports of the kingdom by ordinances in 1668, 1673, and 1689. The system rested upon the preparation for every town or village on the coasts of a general roll of the sailors established there. They were divided into three classes, each of which were to serve one year on board the king's ships, and two years in the merchant service. In Brittany, Guyenne, Normandy, and Picardy, the service was only one year in four. Maritime districts were formed with inspectors to each. Those who disobeyed the summons to serve were treated as deserters, and captains were forbidden to employ men thus refusing to serve, or

whose names were not duly inscribed in the rolls.

(Every year the rolls were examined; dead men and invalids struck off, and names added of those who had embraced the sea as their profession; M. Lanjuinais enters at length into these points and other details, which complete the subject.)

The maritime inscription thus established was, at the period of the first revolution, the subject of serious discussion in the Constituent Assembly and the National Convention; but even in those days of universal revision of laws and institutions it was seen advisable to maintain that system which had for more than a century ensured the supply of men for the navy. The laws of the 15th May and 31st December, 1790, 13th May, 1791, and above all, that of the 3 Brumaire, year IV., did, in fact, keep up, with some modifications, the system which, since the time of Louis XIV., placed at the disposition of the state, in time of peace as well as of war, from the age of 18 to that of 50, an entire class of citizens. And this is the legislation which, in all its fundamental dispositions, is in force at the present time.

The rigours of the Inscription have been compensated for by certain exemptions, and by financial advantages acceded to them.

- 1. The enrolled seamen alone have the right of navigating, of fishing, and of plying with boats on the waters of the sea, and of the roadsteads, streams, rivers, and pools which the law assimilates to the sea.

- 2. They are entitled, when in the service of the state, to pensions after twenty-five years' service, and to pensions for wounds and infirmities, like those of the officers and soldiers of the army. (Law of the 18th April, 1831.)

- 3. After reaching fifty years of age, and after twenty-five years' service, whether in the navy or merchant service, or even in the merchant service alone, the seamen to whom the law last mentioned does not apply, have a claim upon the chest of the Marine Invalides (into which a reserve of three per cent. of their wages has been paid) for half-pay, according to the provisions of

the law of the 13th May, 1791. This half-pay is either a third or a quarter of the pay of their respective ranks, and may, with certain additions authorised by law, reach the amount of 600 francs.

4. The widows and children of sailors have a right, by the same law, to pensions or half-pay, and to assistance.

5. The sailors have the right to receive and to transmit gratuitously to their families, allotments of their pay and prize money, &c.

6. Every citizen comprised in the Naval Inscription is exempt from all other public service except that of the navy, the arsenals, and the sedentary national guard of his *arrondissement*.

7. They have the right at any age to free themselves from the duties attached to the Naval Inscription by a simple declaration that they renounce the profession of the sea.

The Maritime Inscription has its admirers and its opponents. Two centuries of experience do not allow us to doubt its efficacy, but we must, nevertheless, examine the objection raised, and also compare it with the modes practised by other nations for recruiting their navies.

The general objection is that the duty of military service falls much more heavily upon seamen than upon soldiers, and in effect, after seven years' service a soldier is free, whilst a sailor is placed at the disposal of Government from 18 years of age to 50, is held to serve whenever required, and is obliged to reside within his own *quartier*, unless furnished with a ticket of leave from the Commissioners of Inscription. No doubt there is here a great inequality, but there is nothing contrary to the principles of the Constitution, since the defence of the coasts and of the commercial and maritime interests can only be confided to men devoted to maritime pursuits, and their small number renders it necessary that all should be called in order to render the defence effective. But, at the same time, the sailor has a liberty which the soldier has not, as a sailor can at any time renounce his profession. This state of things is well defined in 1st article of the law of

the 15th May, 1790, and the 25th article of the law of 3rd Brumaire, year IV.

The first of these articles says—'Every French citizen may embrace the maritime professions; all those who do embrace them will be liable to public service at sea or in the arsenals.'

The second says—'Every seaman, whatever be his age, who wishes to renounce either going to sea or fishing, will be erased from the Maritime Inscription, by his simple declaration to that effect, one year after it has been made.'

The right of the State is thus established on solid grounds. The service is also less rigorous than it appears, when we take into account the advantages granted; and by the reports made on the subject, it is shown that the exacted service does not exceed six years for each man, that is to say, one year less than that of a soldier. The condition of the soldier, moreover, is not always the most favourable. He cannot marry. He leaves a profession, and becomes less able to exercise it after his term of service is over. The sailor, on the other hand, continues in civil life and can marry. He remains in his own profession and acquires more skill in it, so that he is more sought after by captains of vessels when he has served his time in a ship of war. He receives also a much higher pay than does the soldier.

Moreover, what other means could be substituted for this? There are three. Impressment, military recruiting, and voluntary engagement.

Impressment is a barbarous means, the time for which is passed. It would not be endured, even in time of war.

Military recruiting is employed by no maritime power of first rank. It is practised in Russia, and the results do not invite imitation. Some experience of it is gained in France by the loans which the fleet receive every year from the contingents of the army. Naval officers highly prize the robust and disciplined men thus obtained, but they are only fit, except with rare exceptions, for gunnery and work on deck, and the proportion of one third of these men

to the whole crew could not be exceeded without great inconvenience. No doubt the use of steam propulsion becoming more general, this proportion may be increased. But however much such recruiting may enable the State to husband the resources afforded by the Inscription, it never can supply its place.

Voluntary enrolment remains to be considered. This is the method adopted for manning the powerful navies of England and the United States. In France, a sailor receives from 24 to 36 francs a month, whilst the United States gives them on an average 75 francs, and England 45 francs. It would, therefore, be necessary greatly to increase the pay of the sailor. In fact, sailors will not enter the service of the State unless the advantages are equal to or greater than those of the commercial navy; that is to say, unless their pay is 40 to 50 francs a month, and the price demanded would rise very much whenever the State required a thousand seamen at once, and on a fixed day, for some perilous expedition. Nevertheless, although from the restricted numbers of the seafaring profession, voluntary enrolment cannot be the principal means of recruiting the navy, it would be useful to recur to it more than has been done hitherto, and to encourage it by sufficient bounties.

It is, therefore, prudent to maintain the law of Maritime Inscription so long as the amount of our maritime population remains so low as to prevent our having recourse to other means. As the Maritime Inscription is the general and permanent enrolment of the sailors scattered over the French territory, it becomes useful to study what are the real efficacious resources offered to the fleet by its lists, and what modifications it is susceptible of.

On the 1st of January, 1850, the maritime population presented an effective total of 139,310 men; of this number 67,805 are, from various causes, exempt from service, leaving 71,505 as the number of men available for the service of the State.

M. Lanjuinais enters next into minute calculations on the growth

and progress—or the diminution and decay of the naval service of France; and then remarks:—

To sum up, we believe that, taking into account all eventualities, we may reckon on 40,000 seamen thoroughly qualified for war, and on 20,000 men borrowed from the inscription and from the recruits, capable of doing good service if properly embodied with the former.

It would be easy to go beyond these limits, but our ships would lose in their aptitude for navigation and combat more than they would gain by the mere increase of numbers. We should thereby be only falling back again into the errors which brought about the ruin of our fleets under the Empire, and which taught us, most cruelly, that at sea as on shore, victory belongs to the army which is best organized and first on the field of battle!

Not that we are to count as nothing the novices, the *officiers mariniers*, and the seamen above age, who are not included in the 60,000 men of whom you are certain, but you must reserve them for services on shore, for transports, and the defence of the coasts.

After having ascertained what are the resources furnished by the inscription for a great war, it will be easily seen that such a mode of recruiting can, without pressing too heavily on the maritime population, suffice for the wants of the fleet, such as you will require it in ordinary times.

The permanent levy has, since the year 1835, given 5000 seamen a-year to the fleet. If to those we add 1000 volunteers of all ranks, all alike being for three years of service, we have 18,000 seamen. In addition to these we may reckon on 1000 young soldiers entered for seven years' service, making a total of 25,000 men, which may easily be raised to 30,000 men by an increase of the voluntary enrolment and of the military contingent.

Without having recourse then to extraordinary levies, which must be reserved for great events, there is a sufficient effective force to enable France always to keep a powerful fleet afloat.

After hearing this report, the *Commission d'Enquête* decide that the system of maritime inscription should be maintained, as well as all the rights and privileges attached to the seaman's profession.

They then entered into a full and lengthy consideration of the position of the engineers and firemen. We cannot but regret that on our

side of the water, just at the moment when everything should have been attempted to render the anomalous position of the engineers more comfortable, an order has been issued to enforce their wearing the humiliating uniform, with a steam engine on the button, which the dress regulations provide. Hitherto this regulation has been wisely allowed to fall into desuetude, and the engineers dressed themselves respectably in a round blue jacket, and looked like seamen, if they did not look like dashing officers. This unhappy steam-engine button, if the order be but foolishly enforced, will disgust many of these valuable men, and drive them out of a service which offers, at the best, but few attractions.

Passing over, most unwillingly, nearly 100 pages, which relate to naval schools, and the education and training both of men and officers, we come to the important subject of the allotment of men to ships—or rather, to the discussion of what a ship's company ought to be. Shall it be divided into special companies of top-men, gunners, boarders, small-arms men, &c. &c.—or shall every man, more or less, be called upon, as circumstances may require, to discharge any or all of these varied duties?

Admiral Mackau, in his evidence, states clearly enough how the matter now stands in the French navy. He says:—

We have only arrived at this system of organization by companies in our *equipages de ligne* after trying many systems. First we had *equipages de haut bord*, or line-of-battle ship's crews. This answered well enough for a 74-gun ship, but when we wanted to fit out a ship heavier than a 74, or one smaller than a line-of-battle ship, it was necessary to add to the liner's complement, or to take fractions of it, both of which processes were inconvenient. Next we came to battalions, one of which was to form a frigate's crew, and two that of a line-of-battle ship; but this was no improvement. At last we came to the company as the unit best adapted to so varied requirements. . . . The company as a unit gives great facilities in forming the crews of ships of all ranks. Four companies for a 74; five or six for heavier ships; two or three for frigates of second and third rank; a company or a com-

pany and a half for corvettes and brigs, and half companies for vessels of the flotilla. These companies being under the permanent and direct command of lieutenants and ensigns (*de vaisseau*) and of midshipmen, attached to them for a whole campaign, and subject to the authority of the captains of the ships, have constantly offered good examples of discipline and interior administration.

The commission eventually decided upon a gradual introduction of the system of companies of artillerymen and of marksmen.

Much attention seems to be directed in France to the plan of having a number of practised marksmen on board, armed with what they call *armes de précision*, or precise arms—the last improvement that can be made on Minié. On this subject we must quote a few words from Admiral Verninac:—

Question.—Do you think that the men on board our ships are sufficiently well prepared for the duties of musquetry?

Answer.—That depends very much upon the commanding officers of fleets, or of divisions. I will cite, as a good example, the conduct of the Prince de Joinville, that prince in whom are united all the virtues of a great citizen, and all the qualities of a great captain. Every ship's company in his squadron was able to handle a musket sufficiently well to ensure the success of a landing, or of a fight of sharpshooters. In contrast with this example, I have seen crews who barely knew how to load a firelock. Was this their own fault? No! they had not been taught. In short, there is no reason why a good sailor should not be an excellent marksman. In addition to the example offered by the Prince de Joinville's fleet, if another be wanted, I will cite that of the crew of the *Redoutable*, at the battle of Trafalgar. This ship of 74 guns, boarded, at the very commencement of the action by the *Victory*, of 120 guns, with Nelson on board, was about to come out of the strife triumphant, thanks to the superiority of her musquetry; already a portion of her crew were masters of the deck of the *Victory*, when a second three-decker, and a two-decker, came and riddled her with the fire of their artillery, and obliged her, in self-defence, to recall her men, who were already preparing to make good prize of the ship of the English admiral (!!) This example of the crew of a small ship, subduing in fifteen minutes the crew of a larger vessel, by the superiority of her musquetry practice, is sufficient to prove that there is no

incompatibility between the trade of the soldier and of the sailor : and when the sailor is unable to load a musquet and to use it, it is because he has not been properly taught.

We shall not say a word touching this apocryphal proximate capture of the *Victory* ; the point has been thoroughly set at rest by Admiral Hoste, whose letter on the subject has been printed far and wide.

It is enough to say, that not a man from the *Redoubtable* ever even set foot upon the *Victory's* decks.

We must now conclude, hoping at some future period to resume the subject, and to lay before our readers some particulars respecting the artillery and fire-arms adopted by the French navy, and against which, in the event of a war, we shall have to contend.

NERO.

A PICTURE. BY R. H. HORNE.

UNNATURAL light awakes the midnight sky !
 The faces of the marble Gods of Rome
 Flush and turn red around each lofty dome,
 And Tiber's current glimmers hideously !
 And now the portals of the night
 Start asunder with flashes bright !—
 Frantic figures, to and fro,
 Rush through the golden hell below !
 Flames wrap the city, like a new-born sea,—
 The Mistress of the World shrieks in her agony !

What mortal fiend holds orgie at this hour ?—
 Hark to yon harp, whose chords no cry can drown,
 Swayed by a naked maniac in a crown,
 Who sits, midst rolling clouds, upon a tower !
 Forward he bends with flying hair,
 And tiger clasp of limbs all bare ;
 Splendours, terrors, clamours, screams,
 Make real his devouring dreams ;
 The while, with voice that pierces through the roar,
 He sings of burning Troy and Death's insatiate shore !

EMILY ORFORD.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN DENT removed Emily from the office of the superintendent of police in a state of insensibility. In those days there were no vehicles for hire in the colony, and the captain had to walk with, or rather to carry, his unfortunate charge through the streets. When they were on their way from the shore to the ship, Emily, having recovered from her swoon, stared wildly at Captain Dent, and then attempted to leap overboard; but the old man kept his arm tightly around her waist, and in spite of her struggles detained her in his grasp. The shock had been too much for her, and she was now insane. It was with great difficulty that she was removed from the boat, and secured in the stern cabin.

In a few days Emily's insanity became less violent in character, and gradually it assumed that melancholy form from which it is so difficult to arouse the patient. The *Lady Jane Grey* had suffered some injury on the voyage out, and it was necessary to leave her down to repair it. This rendered it impossible for Emily to remain any longer on board, and Captain Dent, therefore, hired for her a small furnished cottage at the end of a street called Castlereagh Street.

* * * * *

The *Lady Jane Grey* had been repaired, filled with oil, wool, &c., and Captain Dent was now ready to sail *viâ* Cape Horn. Again the old man implored Emily to return with him to England. Her obstinacy, such he termed it, had severely tried his patience, and one evening he spoke of the convict Roberts as an incorrigible black-guard, who had married her under false pretences and a false name, and who, therefore, had no claim upon her affections. But Emily thought differently.

'Knowing as I do,' said she, 'that what you have just expressed, Captain Dent, was dictated by the kindest feelings, and remembering, as I do, how much gratitude I owe you, I cannot be angry; but I im-

plore you not to speak again unfavourably of a man whom I have loved, whom I still love, and whom I shall continue to love, yea, even if he be all that you have described him. So long as he may remain in this uncouth and cruel land, here also will I remain, and whatever may be his sufferings he shall have that consolation which a wife's sympathy ought ever to afford. I would rather work beside that man upon the roads, with fetters on my feet—share with him the coarsest food, and a bed of straw, than return to the home of my father or my friends, and partake of all the comforts, luxuries, and gaiety that once fell to my lot.'

With tears in his eyes the old ship captain raised Emily's thin hand to his lips, and kissing it affectionately, he bade her 'farewell.'

* * * * *

Nelson, Mrs. White's assigned servant, was out one evening on an errand. Walking down 'Brickfield Hill,' he met Roberts, who was disguised in person as well as in dress; but Nelson instantly recognised his shipmate.

'Hulloa! is that you?' said Nelson.

Roberts started, and, giving Nelson a look which was meant to say, 'you have made a mistake,' moved on. Nelson followed him, and walking by his side said, 'Its of no use your attempting to deceive me. I know you well; but I am not going to split. Just come and treat me, and I will tell you something which you'll be glad to hear, perhaps.'

After looking round to see that there was no one near, Roberts, feeling that he was in Nelson's power, replied, 'Be leary, Sam; I'll make it all right with you.'

The two convicts proceeded to a public-house, called 'The Wheat Sheaf,' where Roberts ordered half a pint of rum, and pipes and tobacco for two. When they had seated themselves in the corner of the tap, and had drunk 'luck' to each other, Roberts commenced the dialogue.

'What's this you have to tell me,' he inquired.

'Perhaps you know,' said Nelson.

'Perhaps I do,' said Roberts: 'but what is it?'

'It wont do beating about the bush,' said Nelson, blowing a dense cloud of smoke, and watching the festoons vanish as they neared the ceiling.

'No,' said Roberts, knocking the ashes out of his pipe upon the table; 'No, don't beat about the bush, Sam.'

'I say, Charley,' said Nelson, resting his elbows on the table, and placing his chin between the palms of his hands, 'where's your wife?'

Roberts, with a caution which did credit to the profession to which he once had the honour to belong, replied, 'I forget now where her last letter was dated from.'

'Where is she, I say?' returned Nelson.

'At home in England with her friends,' said Roberts, 'unless she has taken the office of Maid of Honour to the Queen, as perhaps she will do, just to exert her influence, and procure my free pardon.'

'That's all you know about it,' said Nelson. 'I've seen your wife, talked to her, received coin from her hand. Believe me, or believe me not, but it's true, so——.'

'None of your nonsense,' said Roberts.

'There you go, again!' cried Nelson.

'Don't talk so loud,' said Roberts; 'I am not deaf.'

'Then hear this,' said Nelson, in a whisper; 'she is in Sydney; and if you can make it worth my while, and will meet me at the market-place at ten o'clock to-night, you shall see her at a quarter to eleven.'

'You are chaffing me,' said Roberts; 'you want time to give the office, and have me taken. You think it would make you good for a ticket-of-leave. I see your dodge, Sam.'

'No, Charley, believe me, on my honour, you are mistaken,' said Nelson. 'I know I'm a thorough paced convicted villain, but I have still a lingering regard for friendship, and all that sort of thing; and what I

have spoken is the truth. Your wife is in Sydney. If you doubt it, I'll describe her.'

'Do,' said Roberts, eagerly, holding up his ear to catch Nelson's every word.

'I'll do it as if she was like you, Charley, a bolter, with a ten-pounder offered for her apprehension by her missis, in the newspapers,' said Nelson.

'Go on,' said Roberts, impatiently.

'Name, Harcourt,' said Nelson; 'ship, *Lady Jane Grey*; trade or calling, emigrant; age, twenty-two or twenty-three; height, five feet seven; hair, dark brown; eyes, hazel; nose, slightly curved; mouth small, with white teeth; complexion fair, but pale; long thin neck, and very small ears. Walks remarkably erect; wears on little finger of left hand a white cornelian set in gold, and on third finger of ditto a pearl ring as a guard to wedding-ring. Has a habit of saying, 'You are very kind,' to anybody who does anything for her.'

'Hold!' cried Roberts, his bosom swelling with the hope that Emily's presence in Australia might be of service to him.—'Where is she to be found?'

'How much can you stand?' said Nelson, re-filling his pipe.

'I have only thirty shillings about me,' said Roberts, 'but if she has money, you shall not complain of my want of liberality, Sam.'

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE FLOWER was a great character in the colony of New South Wales. He had been transported, some twelve years previous, for discharging, in cold blood, the contents of a double-barrelled gun into the body of a young squire who had ruined his sister. This misfortune had overtaken Flower when he was only nineteen years of age. He was the son of a gamekeeper; and a handsomer lad had rarely breathed. Flower had received a conditional pardon from the Colonial Government for capturing single-handed three desperate bush-rangers, for whose apprehension a reward of one hundred pounds had been offered in the *Government*

Gazette. Flower was now a 'sworn constable,' and as a thief-taker he was without a rival in the colony. So many attempts had been made upon his life, that, like Macbeth, Flower used to boast of having a charmed existence. His sagacity was on a par with his courage and personal prowess; and in many points he strikingly resembled the blood-hound. He walked about the police office in Sydney with a swagger which spoke a consciousness of his superiority in his profession. He was a hard drinker, but liquor rarely had any effect upon him—that is to say, it never interfered with the exercise of his faculties. Although he made a great deal of money by taking runaways and claiming rewards, Flower was always (to use his own phrase) 'without enough to pay turnpike for a walking stick.' Like some other men in much loftier positions, his 'attachments' were too numerous and too transitory to admit of his living within his means. He had no fixed residence; but he was generally 'to be found,' about sunset, at a public house kept by a Jew, called Polack, immediately opposite to the police-office. Flower was just on the point of proceeding to Parramatta when Nelson approached him, and said—

'Mr. Flower, I want to speak to you.'

No great man was ever more easy of access than George Flower, and no one more popular with informers, for he invariably acted 'on the square.' His word was his bond; and he never made a promise, either to do a favour for a friend, or bring about an enemy's ruin, without completing it to the very letter. After hearing what Nelson had to say, Flower ordered his horse to be put into the stable, and invited Nelson to have a little dinner with him. It was a prominent feature in Flower's character, that he had no petty pride—none of that vulgar prejudice which most emancipated constables entertained, against men in an *actual* state of bondage. It must also be mentioned that no informer ever dared to name his price for putting Flower upon a scent. His terms were well known: half-a-crown out of every pound.

'He has only been out a short time, you see,' said Flower, confidentially, 'and at present he's hardly worth having—10*l.* from his master, and 5*l.* from the Government. Are you quite sure he would never grow into a bushranger, and be worth *fifty* from the Government, besides a ticket to anybody that wanted it—yourself, for instance?'

'Never,' said Nelson.

'What was he 'lagged' for?' said Flower.

'Forgery,' said Nelson.

'Oh!' groaned Flower. 'Then there's no hope of his taking to powder and shot. Forgery! I never knew a forger that was worth his salt. Forgery! perjury! larceny! bigamy!—all those crimes ending in 'y' ought to be made death, and no reprieve. Why they send such fellows out here, I don't know. What were you lagged for?'

'Stealing,' said Nelson.

'Stealing? Under what circumstances?' said Flower. 'Don't speak false. I can find out, you know, in five minutes.'

Nelson detailed the particulars of his offence, and Flower contemplated him with a searching look of scorn and contempt.

'I hate a thief!' exclaimed George Flower, loudly, to himself; but suddenly recollecting that Nelson had just confessed himself one, he said, in an apologetic tone, 'I beg your pardon. Have another glass of whisky.'

It was finally arranged that Nelson was to convey Roberts to Emily's cottage, and leave him there, at a quarter to eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a bleak night in July—the depth of the Australian winter. The wind blew keenly from the south, lifting a hard, gritty dust, which battered the faces of those who attempted to make headway against it. It was ten o'clock, and the convict Roberts, at the corner of the market-place, anxiously waited for Nelson, who was to conduct him to the cottage where his wretched wife had taken up her abode. Roberts heard footsteps, and trembled lest they should be those of some constable who might

take him into custody. He walked stealthily to the other side of the street to wait for the subdued whistle, which it was understood Nelson was to give as the signal of the coast being clear. Presently Roberts heard that whistle, and neared his shipmate. Nelson having taken from Roberts every farthing that he had about him, proceeded to lead the way. When they arrived at Emily's cottage, Roberts leaped over the palings and looked through the crevices of the shutters. Emily was seated at the table, reading her Bible previous to retiring for the night.

'All right, Sam, it *is* her,' said Roberts to Nelson; 'now you may go.'

'Am I your friend, or am I not?' asked Nelson.

'You *are*,' said Roberts. 'Off with you.'

Nelson obeyed him, and in another moment he was round the corner and out of sight.

Roberts tapped at the shutter, and Emily, alarmed, inquired, 'Who is there?'

'It's *me*, Fanny darling! It is your Reginald, dearest!' said Roberts, in a low voice. 'Open the door, my own dear Emmy!'

Emily recognised the voice, but could not believe her ears. 'Who is there?' she again demanded, to satisfy herself; and she placed her ear close to the window.

'Reginald, my love—your own Reginald!' said the convict. 'Don't make a noise, dearest; open the door and admit your fond but wretched husband to your arms.'

Emily's doubts were at once dispelled. She flew to the door, unlocked it, and beheld once more her husband. Under other circumstances, his altered appearance—his costume—his sunburnt face and hands—his shabby clothes—would have struck her forcibly; but just then, when she was in the arms of the man to whom she had given herself in passionate and confiding love, she was overcome with the feeling of joy that they had once more met on the face of the earth, and she clung to him as fondly as she did on the day when she became his bride.

'Tell me, dearest Reginald,' said

Emily; 'tell me the truth—do **not** be offended with me for questioning you—but do, with your own dear lips, assure me that you have not been guilty of the crime they impute to you; tell me truly, Reginald, for you know I could never love you less than I do at this moment, Reginald, dearest.'

'I am as innocent, Emily, as your own dear self,' said Roberts; and he called upon the Almighty to witness his assertion.

'And you are not Charles Roberts? You are my own Reginald Harcourt? It is false that you are an imposter?'

'False as hell!' said Roberts theatrically.

'Thank heaven!' exclaimed Emily, clinging to her husband and falling on his breast. 'Oh Reginald, I am so happy. Never mind, dearest, our present troubles. Truth in the end is sure to prevail. For some wise purpose, Reginald, it is ordained that we should bear this awful reverse of fortune, and let us bear it as cheerfully as we best can. Oh! Reginald—'

At this moment George Flower, who had contrived to secrete himself in Emily's bedroom, whence he overheard all that had passed between the convict and his wife, broke upon the scene—not abruptly, but in the quietest manner. Having gently opened the door he raised a huge pistol and brought the sight to bear on Roberts's breast. He remained in that position until he had caught Roberts's eye, when he called out—'If you move hand or foot you are a dead man! Stand as you are!'

Roberts stood—aghast; and Emily, terrified to the last degree, sank into an oak arm-chair, and, speechless, beheld what followed.

With his eyes, which were like those of an eagle, firmly fixed, and with his forefinger on the trigger of the pistol, Flower slowly approached Roberts. 'Captain,' said George Flower, 'you know the penalty of even putting your hand into your pocket.' Gradually he came within arm's length of his victim, who stood, pale and agitated. Suddenly Flower sprang upon Roberts and secured his hands, and in another instant Roberts's wrists were in a pair of brightly polished handcuffs.

'Now then, captain, by your leave I'll go through the usual form,' said Flower. 'You need not be alarmed, madam,' he added, turning to Emily, 'but I really must pick the captain's pocket—first, of his handkerchief,' he continued, spreading it on the table; 'secondly, of a—— oh! ah! you *did* happen to have a little pistol about you, did you? Is it loaded?'

'No!' said Roberts, feebly.

'Thirdly, of a pipe,' said Flower, 'and, fourthly, of a small tin box, containing—— eh? what? oh, you artful! you owdacious hfer! a certificate of freedom, eh? Who have you robbed of this, I wonder? Why, it describes you exactly. How's that? Hulloa! Why, you must have been up to your old tricks again? This is uncommon *like* old Secretary Macleay's signature, but hang me if it *is* his—no, it can't be. I say, how comes the water-mark on the paper to be of later date than the pardon itself? Well, while you were about it, you might have seen to that, I think. A small tin box' (Flower passed back to the inventory), 'containing a forged certificate of freedom. Why, this would hang you,' added Flower, 'and as I cannot afford to lose you yet, I'll put it into the fire, and say nothing about it.'

Roberts involuntarily thanked Flower for this act of grace. Emily knelt down and prayed, but the words she uttered were inaudible.

'There's no need of giving this little pistol to the government,' said Flower. 'It's a pretty little thing. It was Dawson's once, I suppose. Then it became yours. Now it's mine.' (He placed the little weapon in his waistcoat pocket, with a complacent smile.) 'Then that reduces the property found on the prisoner's person to this handkerchief and this pipe. Well, that will not hurt you, any how. Have you got any money?'

'Not a farthing,' said Roberts.

'Well, I'll put a shilling and a few coppers into the handkerchief,' said Flower, 'just to make an appearance in the court, and show that you are not a desperate character. It will look suspicious if I find no money upon you.' These preliminaries arranged, Flower was about to lead

Roberts to the nearest cells, and there lock him up, when Emily fell upon her knees and implored Flower to be kind to her husband, and if possible allow him to remain. Flower's iron heart was touched by her tears, and gladly would he have relinquished the reward, and set the convict at liberty, had he dared to do so. In Flower's presence Emily hung about the neck of the manacled felon, and kissed him fervently, and prayed for him.

'He shall be treated with the greatest kindness and consideration, for your sake, madam,' said Flower. 'It shall not go hard with him,' that I promise you.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you!' cried Emily. 'Ah, sir, if you only knew how cruelly he has been treated you would have pity on him as well as on me.'

'You may depend upon me,' said Flower, in a kind and soothing voice; 'to-morrow I will come and bring you good news. Make yourself quite easy, madam. Good night. Come along, Charley,' he turned to Roberts; 'I've a comfortable bed and a hot supper, and a bottle of port wine, all ready for you at my house.'

CHAPTER XII.

FLOWER had not walked more than twenty paces with Roberts, when he pulled up beside a lamp-post—one of the very few in that lonely street—and by the dim light he looked peeringly into the convict's hazel eyes.

'I have a precious good mind,' said Flower, 'to take your hand-cuffs off, and blow your brutal brains out. I'll swear I did it to prevent your escaping. It could be done,' he added, with a movement of the head which convinced Roberts, not only of the practicability of the measure, but of the earnestness of the man who contemplated it.

'Oh, don't, for God's sake! It would break my wife's heart! Why should you shoot me?' said Roberts.

'To rid that beautiful and amiable lady of such a villain as you—to make her free of the crime, the curse, of belonging to such a diabolical scoundrel.'

'Oh, pray, don't! You would

not murder me in cold blood, surely?' said Roberts, growing more and more alarmed, as he watched the nervous action of George Flower's mouth.

'Murder!' cried Flower. 'That would not be murder: it would be praiseworthy homicide—an act of mercy towards one of God's fairest creatures. I could forgive your forgeries, your thefts, your anything else; but what business had you to marry a lady like that—to link her to your felonies, and then deceive her by calling God to witness your innocence? I heard you, you dog, tell her those falsehoods. Had she a brother?'

'No,' said Roberts.

'Then let me take off those handcuffs,' said Flower; 'and I'll fancy myself her brother. If you attempt to run away, I'll send a bullet through you.'

'Oh, pray don't,' said Roberts. 'Pray, Mr Flower, don't strike me.'

His entreaties, however, were in vain. Flower unscrewed the handcuffs, and leisurely thrashed Roberts to the cells, where he locked him up in the coldest and most uncomfortable apartment he could find.

Emily's wrongs had filled the mind of the lion-hearted thief-taker. He could not rest. Late as it was, he saddled his horse (*Sheriff*), and galloped to the cottage to give Emily some good advice. He tapped at the window, and said, 'Throw a cloak on, Mrs. Harcourt, and let me speak to you. I am Flower—George Flower, who was here a little while ago. Don't be frightened, Mrs. Harcourt.'

Emily, who had not retired, opened the door, and allowed Flower to enter the cottage.

'You must be very careful in this country, Mrs. Harcourt,' said Flower. 'They are a queer set of people. You must not leave your shutters unbolted, or you'll be robbed, and murdered, perhaps. I got in without any sort of difficulty, while you were reading here, all alone. To-morrow night I'll send a man down to protect you, and if you lose anything he shall be answerable for it.'

'Oh you are very kind indeed, Mr. Flower,' said Emily; 'very kind.'

'Don't mention it, madam,' said George, his eyes filling with tears. 'I'd part with my heart's blood to serve you. You remind me of the days of my boyhood, when my father was Lord Waldane's game-keeper, and the young ladies used to come down to the Lodge, and talk to my mother and my sister, and sometimes to me. Ah, Mrs. Harcourt, we were as happy a family as any in all England, until a young gentleman—one that I used to go shooting with, and was like a brother to—came and talked of love to my sister Bessy, and robbed her of her honour and her virtue. I couldn't stand it, Mrs. Harcourt. I took his life, and they transported me for it!'

'Dear me!' cried Emily; 'I have often heard the story, and heard you pitted. It happened near Yewbray Bridge.'

'It did so,' said Flower, elated at the idea that the deed had become notorious. 'It did, madam; I am the man. It was not a crime, Mrs. Harcourt, or I should have repented of it before now, instead of glorying in it, as I did and do. I was not a rogue; though I was obliged to become one after I came here, or I should never have got on in the profession I have to live by. Do you know the country about Yowbray, Mrs. Harcourt?'

'Yes; my father's estate joins that of Lord Waldane, of whom you spoke,' said Emily.

'Indeed!' said Flower, looking at her reverentially.

'My father was member for the county at that time—Mr. Orford; you may have heard of him,' said Emily.

Flower rose from the chair on which Emily had politely requested him to sit down. He contemplated her with curiosity, pity, and respect. He could not speak for several minutes, but tears, and they were scalding hot, chased each other so rapidly down his cheeks, that they dropped from his chin upon the floor.

'You the daughter of Mr. Orford!' exclaimed Flower, when his voice was restored to him. 'You, the daughter of Mr. Orford, the gentleman who saved my life by going to the Home Secretary on my behalf? You know I was cast

for death. *You* here, in this accursed jail? *You* the wife of a man transported for life? *You* in Botany Bay! This is a strange world, but I never expected to witness a scene like this!’ And the thief-taker went down upon his knees, and with the fingers which had been long used to roughly handle the most desperate criminals, he gently pressed, with the spirit of an idolator, the feet of the wretched woman, who shrank at the thought of being alone with and touched by a man who had taken the life of a fellow-creature. ‘I will repay the kindness your father showed to me when he came to see me in the condemned cells, with heavy chains upon me, boy as I then was,’ said Flower. ‘I can do anything I like in this country, Mrs. Harcourt. They say I am the greatest man in this large island, and I believe I am. Every member of council, and magistrates, when they meet me, pull up and say, ‘Well, George, how are you?’ They know I’m an awful rascal, because I’m obliged to be one. There’s nothing that I can’t do. I might own thousands upon thousands of acres of land, and flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle, as big as Macarthur’s or Wentworth’s, and I might have lots of ships in the harbour, like Cooper and Wright; but what use would they all be to me, when I can’t get rid of this thought, which is always uppermost in my brain?—why had not that man that I killed five hundred thousand lives, instead of one, for me to take?—I mean the man that seduced my sister Bessy. She was a dear girl, and very good looking, and gentle, and nice spoken, and oh! so like you, that you might have been sisters.’

‘Be kind to my unfortunate husband,’ said Emily, in reply to this impassioned harangue. ‘Be kind to poor Reginald, Mr. Flower.’

‘I will,’ returned Flower. ‘But don’t say *Mister*—it feels so cold and distant. Say *George*, do this, or do that, and it shall be done. Now tell me, Mrs. Harcourt, what would make you happy?’

‘To have my husband restored to me,’ said Emily. ‘I care not how frugally and humbly we may have to live, but all I want is to be with my husband, Mr. Flower—I beg your

pardon—George. I want to be alone with my husband.’

‘It shall be done,’ said Flower. ‘I, who have the power of life and death constantly in my hands—I, George Flower, say it shall be done; but you must wait for a fortnight.’

Emily was convinced that George Flower really possessed the influence of which he boasted; she furthermore felt that she was safe under his protection. Something assured her that Flower was an honest man at heart, though he was perpetually priding himself on his own rascality.

CHAPTER XIII.

FLOWER did not over-estimate his influence, when he informed Emily of its extent. By fair means or foul, there was nothing, seemingly, that George could not do. In the police office he exercised supreme power, albeit he was in a subordinate position; and amongst ‘the gentry of New South Wales’ there was scarcely a person who was not under some obligation to him, either for recovering cattle, or horses, or other property, that had been stolen, or for apprehending bushrangers who visited the roads between Sydney and their estates. Mr. Dawson, Roberts’s master, had a particular regard for George Flower. He had on one occasion been an eye-witness of Flower’s wonderful coolness and bravery, when a gang of convicts rebelled, knocked out the brains of sundry overseers, and set a whole gang at liberty, and all authority at defiance.

When Flower left Emily, he returned to the cells where Roberts was locked up. With a very bad grace, he gave directions that Roberts should have a bed to lie upon, a plate to eat his victuals from, and some tobacco now and then, if he wanted to smoke.

‘Don’t speak to me, you hang dog villain,’ said Flower to Roberts, when the latter returned thanks for the former’s kindness. ‘Don’t look at me, even, or I’ll spoil your beauty, you white-livered, black-hearted, pettyfogging, filthy-minded double distilled essence of a cowardly, cringing, woman-deceiving criminal. You are a nice fellow to represent yourself as an officer and a gentle-

man!' Hereupon he seized Roberts by the left ear, and pinched it savagely.

'Let him be taken into court at ten o'clock this morning, Johnson, and remanded for a week,' said Flower, to a brother constable. 'Tell the magistrate I will give my deposition as soon as I come back from Campbell Town.'

'All right,' returned Johnson. 'Is he worth anything?'

'No, the beast, only 10%,' said Flower; 'and here am I with a ride of thirty miles there and thirty back before me.'

* * * * *

It would be difficult to say which of the two was superior in the endurance of fatigue, and in abstinence from sleep and food—George Flower or his little horse, Sheriff.

Sheriff was not more than thirteen hands high, and Flower was not less than twelve stone; and yet they had frequently been seen together at Sydney in the morning, and at Bong Bong at night—the distance between the two places being one hundred and four miles—the road a very bad one, and several rivers and broad streams to wade through or swim across.

Sheriff, too, had shared many of his master's dangers, and bore the marks upon his compact body. When the famous Donahough, from behind a huge iron-bark tree, upon the Liverpool-road, discharged from an old Tower musket a handful of swan shot, at the distance of eighty yards, at George Flower, Sheriff received a goodly number of them in his left shoulder, and one in his left eye, which destroyed the sight thereof. On another occasion, a bullet, which broke George Flower's arm, had struck Sheriff on the near quarter, and left a large mark; but (to use Flower's own words,) 'he never said a word, but stood like a stone, as if he enjoyed a lark of that sort.' And there was a small piece out of Sheriff's right ear. That, too, had been lost in an engagement with the enemy.

Onward jogged Flower and Sheriff, as jauntily as though there was no danger to be met with on the road, Flower looking out keenly whenever they passed a dense scrub,

or came to a bridge. The huge pockets of his fustian shooting coat contained each a large pistol, and several pairs of handcuffs; and in each waistcoat pocket there was a small weapon, besides the one which had been taken from Roberts. In his trousers' pockets were sundry rounds of ball cartridge, and a clasp knife, with which Flower had been 'compelled to hamstring two of the gang whom he caught in the bush near Prospect—the one a fifty pounder, and the other 'a twenty-fiver,' besides 'a sweat at the silver swag,' which 'they had just taken from two harmless gents, who had come out free from England to buy sheep and cattle, and turn farmers, and all that sort of thing.'

Flower considered it a part of his duty to enter every public house on the road; and in the days we write of, they were, at least, four or five miles apart. Out of compliment to the landlord, he always drank something, and frequently treated Sheriff to a pint of beer, a liquor to which the little nag was extremely partial, especially when an egg was beaten up in it.

With all the bar-maids Flower was a prodigious favourite; he was always so lively and pleasant in his conversation—so kind and gentle in his manners; but invariably so respectful and modest in his demeanour. No being in this world was ever more completely under the influence of the softer sex than George Flower. After inflicting summary punishment on a prisoner, and using the strongest language, in the verandah of a public house, he would approach a female at the bar, and talk to her in a strain which was frequently refined and sentimental. With young children he was a child himself. He would encourage them to pull his hair and whiskers, beat him with his own whip, which he would put into their tiny hands—give them a ride on Sheriff, or chase the fowls and ducks round the yard for their especial amusement.

CHAPTER XIV.

'WHAT! Flower!' exclaimed Mr. Dawson, on George riding up and touching his straw hat to him.

'Good morning, sir,' said Flower; 'I happened to have a little business in this quarter, and thought I'd just look in and say how do ye do, as I was passing.'

'I'm delighted to see you,' said Mr. Dawson. 'Get off, and send the little horse round to the stables for a feed of corn, and come in and have a glass of porter and a pipe, and tell me of your adventures.'

'Not many to tell, sir,' said Flower. 'There is not a really good placard on the walls—tens, and fifteens, and twenties; but not a single three-figure gentleman' (he meant 100*l.*) 'among 'em. By the way, Mr. Dawson, there's a little money of yours in the market, I see.'

'Yes, George, and I wish you could finger it,' said Mr. Dawson. 'He is hardly worth *your* while, but if you could lay hold of him, I'd be very much obliged to you, and besides the 10*l.* you should have any colt or filly out of the two-year-old batch. I am very anxious to have that man apprehended.'

'Why, has he been and done anything besides running away?' asked Flower.

'Done?' cried Mr. Dawson. 'He has spoilt the whole of my assigned servants. Made them discontented and bad men. Caused them to complain of me to the nearest bench of magistrates. I have been represented as a master who limes their flour, and feeds them on shins of beef instead of wholesome flesh; and as one who works them to death. Before that fellow came here, I had not occasion for three years to get a man punished; and *since* he came, almost every man has either been flogged or put upon the treadmill.'

'I know you are a good master,' said Flower. 'But tell me, Mr. Dawson, how did you employ this runaway?'

'Why, I used to set him to shell Indfan corn, skim the cream off the milk bowls, drive the parrots out of the wheat fields, feed the pigs, and, on baking days, the fire in the oven, and all such light and easy jobs I used to give him, for he had never been accustomed to hard work, and could not do it; it blistered his hands.'

'Why didn't you break him in to bullock driving?' said Flower.

'Because I am sure he would have upset the carts,' replied Mr. Dawson. 'Besides, I pitied the black-guard at first.'

'Ah! pity's a dangerous thing in this country, Mr. Dawson,' said Flower; 'a little of it ought to go a very long way. I've known many a promising young man ruined by pity. Now, sir, suppose I was to get a scent of this Roberts and arouse him from his slumbers by rattling these handcuffs in his ears, what would you do with him after he was punished?'

'Turn him into Government,' said Mr. Dawson.

'Don't do that, sir. Look here, Mr. Dawson,' said Flower. 'I applied to Gov'ment the other day for a servant, who turns out to be a tailor. He made these clothes I've got on, and very well made they are. But of tailors in Sydney there's a regular glut, and my tailor cannot earn more than nine and sixpence a week, out of which I take seven shillings. Now, your lawyer—I know he's a lawyer—would be able to earn at least a pound a week, copying papers and all that sort of thing; and by keeping a tight hand over him I could turn the fellow to good account. Why not make a swap?' 'You have got a lot of men, and you might buy duck and cloth, and let this tailor be always employed, instead of buying readymade slops in the market. To tell you the honest truth, I have got Roberts in my possession, and have come here to talk about him; never mind the filly and the 10*l.*, give me the man and take the tailor, and I'll be satisfied. The papers can be got ready in the office, and Gov'ment's sanction I'll procure by the time he's dealt with.'

Mr. Dawson accepted Flower's proposal, and the business being concluded, George saddled Sheriff and returned to Sydney. He proceeded at once to Emily's cottage, and found her in great grief. Her writing-desk had been stolen, and it contained all the money she had in the world, besides several little trinkets which were very precious in her sight.

'Don't let this distress you,' said

Flower, after a few minutes' reflection; 'you shall have it back to-night.'

'Pray sit down,' said Emily; 'you look very tired.'

'No, Mrs. Harcourt, I will not sit down in your presence,' said Flower.

'Will Reginald be restored to me?' she inquired.

'Yes,' said Flower.

'God bless you!' cried Emily; 'you are, indeed, a kind friend to me.'

Flower cantered Sheriff down to Mrs. White's house, and called out, 'Nelson!'

Nelson came.

'I want to talk to you, my boy, about Roberts,' said Flower. 'Just come into the Barrack-square with me. I'll leave my horse at these palings. He'll not let anybody steal the saddle.'

Nelson, who was flattered by this condescension, accompanied Flower into the Barrack-square.

'I say, where's that writing-desk?' said Flower, when they were alone.

'What writing-desk?' said Nelson.

'*That* writing-desk,' said Flower, striking Nelson on the bridge of the nose a blow which swelled up both his eyes and felled him to the earth. '*That* writing-desk,' repeated Flower, placing the thick sole of his boot upon Nelson's neck. 'Gurgle up the receiver, you villain, or I'll squeeze out your poisonous existence.'

'Abrahams!' gasped Nelson.

'If ever you steal *that* writing-desk again,' said Flower, leaving Nelson on the ground, writhing in pain from the kicks he had received, 'I'll give you such a thrashing as you will not forget in a hurry.'

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Flower left Nelson, he directed his steps towards the police office, where he provided himself with a 'jemmy,' an instrument used by burglars for effecting an entrance. Thus armed, Flower hastened to the residence of Mr. Isaac Abrahams, an old Jew, who had been transported to the colony so far back as Governor Bligh's administration. Mr. Isaac Abrahams

was very rich. He had become so by being engaged in various occupations—to wit, receiving stolen property, lending money at usurious rates of interest, crimping, dealing in second-hand clothes, and keeping for many years a public house in that part of the town of Sydney which is frequented by sailors—a place called 'the rocks.' Abrahams and his wife were in bed when Flower arrived at their dwelling. Without any sort of ceremony, Flower inserted the 'jemmy' into a window shutter, which he wrenched from its hinges. He then broke a pane of glass, put his hand through the aperture, drew the bolt, lifted the sash, and vaulted into Abrahams' dining parlour. The Jew heard the noise, got out of bed, and called aloud—

'Who's there?'

'It's only me, Ikey,' cried Flower. 'You need not come down. You'll catch cold. I am coming up. It's only me—George Flower, you know, Ikey.' And in another moment Flower was in the Jew's bedroom.

'By heaven! Mr. Flower, what do you mean?' cried the Jew. 'Why do you come into my bedroom? At this hour of night, too!'

'On business, Ikey,' said Flower.

'Then why do you come like a thief, breaking into the house? Couldn't you knock at the door?'

'No, Ikey,' said Flower, holding up the jemmy; 'this is my card, and I'm come to leave it on you, if you don't fish up that writing-box you fenced this afternoon!'

'Are you mad, Mr. Flower?' inquired the Jew.

'No, Ikey; but you must be,' replied Flower. 'To think that a man of your time of life, with all your money, should go putting your neck into the noose for a paltry thing like that!—to think that you shouldn't be able to leave off your old kicks after you've made your fortune! Forbes' (Flower always spoke of the Chief Justice in this familiar manner) 'would lag you to Norfolk Island for life for fencing that box.'

'What box?' again demanded the Jew.

'Now, none of your nonsense,' said Flower. 'I can't stop here all night. And if I have to search for

it, and find it, I'll take both you and the box away together.'

'Take a glass of spirits-and-water, Mr. Flower,' said the Jew.

'Well, I will,' said Flower, 'on the lid of that writing-box; fish both the box and the grog up at one dive—they are both in this room.'

The Jew opened an iron chest, in which he kept the title-deeds of estates mortgaged to him, bonds, promissory and bank notes—jewels, gold and silver, and other valuables; and from this chest the Jew reluctantly brought out the writing-desk that Nelson had stolen from Emily's bed-room. He then produced a case bottle, and a tumbler, which Flower half filled with liquor.

'Ikey,' said Flower, after he had refreshed himself with the gin, 'I am awfully hard up. Lend us a flimsy. I don't want to be hard with you, Ikey. Make it a fifty; for which I'll give you my verbal promissory note, payable, with interest.'

'Mr. Flower,' said the Jew, 'I always had a great respect for you, and I've often felt sorry that you didn't belong to our persuasion.'

'Don't flatter me, Ikey,' said Flower, 'or you'll make me vain, and vanity is a bad thing; so stump up the money, and let me go.'

The Jew again visited the iron chest, and produced a bank note for 50*l*. Having satisfied himself that it was not a bad one, Flower proceeded to Emily's cottage, which was not very far distant from where the Jew then lived.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next day Roberts was placed at the bar of the Police Office. Flower was in the court, and made a deposition to the following effect:—'I, George Flower, police constable, hereby make oath and say, that this deponent met the prisoner at the bar in a house in Castlereagh-street on the night of the 26th instant. That this deponent took the prisoner into custody, and found upon his person a pocket-handkerchief and a pipe, here produced; that this deponent, after apprehending the prisoner, who is an assigned servant of Mr. Dawson of Campbell Town, proceeded to his master, and inquired

whether he had any charge to bring forward against him, beyond that of absconding from his employ, and this deponent states that the said Mr. Dawson told this deponent that he had no charge whatever to bring forward against the prisoner in this court.'

'Did he make any resistance, Flower?' inquired the magistrate.

'None whatever, your worship,' said Flower; 'he's a poor harmless wretch, led away, I fancy.'

'I suppose fifty lashes would do for him,' said the magistrate.

'I don't think he could stand fifty,' said Flower. 'The mill and the Carter's Barracks crop would suit his circumstances better, your worship, I think. As he has never run away before, seven days, perhaps, would be a sufficient lesson.'

Roberts was accordingly sentenced to seven days' hard labour on the tread mill, and was forthwith removed to Carter's Barracks, where, preparatory to entering upon his punishment, his hair was cut as closely as possible with a pair of very sharp shears.

Flower made an excuse to Emily for her husband's absence, by saying that he had gone up to Campbell Town, to get his cloths from Mr. Dawson's; and meanwhile Flower negotiated 'the transfer.'

When Roberts came off the mill, Flower went down to Carter's Barracks to receive him. 'Holloa, Captain!' cried he, 'you are now my assigned servant, and I'm going to leave you down at that house in Castlereagh-street, just to look after the premises. Come along.'

While they were walking down the road, Flower harangued Roberts: 'Don't suppose, you miserable thief,' he thus began, 'that you are going to lead a life of idleness. Quite the contrary. I intend to make you work. I shall let you out to an attorney for three pounds a-week, and if ever you absent yourself from office—and I shall keep a sharp look out upon you—I'll dust your jacket with this cane, and you know how it makes you tingle, don't you?' And fearing that Roberts's memory might be treacherous on this head, he gave him several smart blows on the calves of his legs, which made the convict dance in the street and

cry for mercy. 'And if ever you say one word to your wife of how I serve you,' said Flower, 'you'll be missing some fine morning, and no one will ever hear anything more about you. By the bye, what plausible reason can you assign to your wife for that blacking-brush condition of your infamous poll, you pettifogging blackguard, you?'

'I'll say I had a stroke of the sun,' said Roberts, 'and was obliged to get my head shaved the other day.'

'Capital!' cried Flower; 'if I'd known you'd have been so ready as that, I'd have spared you that stroke of the cane which I gave you just now. There's another thing I wish to say to you,' continued Flower—'Never ask your wife for money, and if she offers you any, don't take it. If I find you disobeying me in this, I'll flog you within an inch of your life. And don't you allow any of your acquaintances ever to come inside the house where your wife is—do you hear? And see that the garden is weeded with your own hands, and everything kept in proper order. I shall come down pretty often, just to see how you're getting on, you know. You understand me, Captain?'

'Oh yes,' said Roberts, 'and I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Flower, and you'll find that my conduct will be most exemplary, I assure you, and in the end you will discover that I have not been, and that I am not, anything like so bad as you at present conceive.'

'I don't wish to have any of your talk,' returned Flower; 'and as for my kindness to you, I give you to understand that you're under no obligations to me whatsoever. I tell you plainly, that if I had my will, I'd hang you this very day.'

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTHING could exceed the propriety of Roberts's behaviour for two or three months. Flower hired him out, as he threatened, to an attorney, at a salary of 150*l.* a-year. Roberts, it was discovered, had a very good insight into the art of special pleading and the principles of conveying. In short, Charles Roberts was a very clever fellow, and could do an immense deal of work, when

he was so disposed, in a very short time. His salary was drawn every week by Flower, and duly handed over to Emily, who increased this income by giving lessons in music and dancing. Roberts had provided himself with becoming apparel, and his external appearance once more resembled that of a gentleman. Though Flower hated Roberts with the same intensity as ever, he had nevertheless no fault to find with him, and he rejoiced beyond measure to see Emily so happy and so comfortable in her small abode. But at the end of these three months, Roberts began to weary of leading a steady and virtuous life. He was afraid of Flower while he continued Flower's assigned servant; and he did not dare to indulge in the slightest irregularity so long as he was owned by so firm and powerful a master. He therefore begged Emily to request Flower to transfer him to herself, and thus make him his own wife's assigned servant.

* * * *

One evening, when Flower went down to visit Mrs. Harcourt (although Roberts was called by his proper name, his wife continued to be called Mrs. Harcourt), she proposed this transfer of her husband.

'My dear madam,' said Flower, 'it would end in your own misery. What hold, I should like to know, would you have upon him?'

'What hold!' cried Emily, 'what stronger hold can there be than my affection for him, and his affection for me? Ah! George Flower, you don't know dear Reginald! If you only knew what a kind, good, generous, noble-minded, single-hearted creature he really is, you would not think so harshly of him as you now seem to do.'

'My dear madam,' returned Flower, 'I know that your husband is all that you have described him; but in my opinion it would be as well if matters were allowed to stand as they now are. See how happy you are. What more can you desire?'

'Yes, it is very true, George, and I ought to be, and I am, very grateful indeed for all your goodness to me, and to my unfortunate, innocent Reginald; but, oh! if you would grant me this request,' said Emily.

'I tell you it would be the worst thing in the world, Mrs. Harcourt,' said Flower. 'Do you suppose I should refuse or make any objection if I thought it would be to your advantage?' Now, take my advice; I beg of you not to press this any further.'

But Emily had promised her husband that she *would* press it, and she therefore began to coax Flower into compliance.

'Ah, you were never so obstinate before,' she began. 'Of late you seem quite changed. You seldom visit us now, and when you do, you only stay a few minutes.'

'Obstinate!' exclaimed Flower. 'Obstinate! I'd go through fire and brimstone to do you a service; but to grant what you now ask would be downright madness.'

'Then you mean to tell me that dear Reginald is not to be trusted?' said Emily.

'No, I do not say that.'

'Then what can be your objection?'

'It would be unlucky, Mrs. Harcourt.'

'Unlucky! ah! you are trifling with me.' And Emily's eyes filled with tears.

Flower's heart was again touched by her tears; he immediately agreed to Emily's proposition, and expressed his sorrow that he had refused her in the first instance.

Roberts came home shortly after this, and Flower exchanged civilities with him, and presently asked Roberts to accompany him to look at a horse which Flower said he was about to buy.

'And so you wish to be transferred to your wife, do you? Oh, I should like to break your bones!' said Flower, when they were out of Emily's hearing.

'It is her own wish, I assure you, on my honour,' said Roberts.

'On your honour?' said Flower, and he kicked Roberts several times with great severity.

'I assure you it is her own thought, her own wish,' Roberts repeated.

In his violent anger Flower lost his presence of mind, and instead of beating Roberts, as was his wont, in such a way as to leave no visible marks, he struck him a heavy blow

in the face, which laid open Roberts' upper lip.

Roberts took out his lawn pocket-handkerchief, and applied it to his mouth, which was now bleeding profusely.

'Turn upon me, you spaniel dog, you contemptible forger, you thief!' cried Flower. 'Turn upon me—strike me in return—throw a stone at me, do—do something that will justify me in pounding the breath out of your dastardly body.'

'Strike my deliverer, my benefactor?' said Roberts. 'No, Mr. Flower, whatever may be my sins, I am not ungrateful.'

'Oh, heavens!' groaned Flower. 'And things like you are called men! Now, don't look at me in that cringing way, or I'll gouge both of your eyes out, I will. My blood is up, and I am thirsting to avenge the wrongs of that lady, by tearing you to pieces.' And with these words Flower gnashed his teeth, and seized Roberts by the hair, and shook him, with the boisterous ferocity of an excited fiend. 'I'll be in at your death yet,' gasped Flower, exhausted by passion, 'I will. I feel it. I will! I will! I will!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

Flower abstained from visiting Emily for several days. He intended to keep his promise, that he would transfer her husband; but he wished to delay doing so until the last moment. Besides, Flower was not quite satisfied that Roberts would, on this occasion, conceal from Emily the rough handling to which he had been subjected; and this formed an additional reason for staying away. At length Emily wrote to Flower, and begged him to come and see her, as she had something very particular to say to him. It was curious to observe the sudden changes in the expression of Flower's countenance when he read Emily's note. At first a very pleasing smile—a smile which was called up by affectionate regard and pity—played over his fine bold features; then came a scowl and compressed lips, while his eyes seemed to flash fire; and then, when he again looked at Emily's hand-writing, the kind smile re-

turned, speedily followed by that awful, ay, diabolical look.

It was just as Flower expected. The 'something very particular' was the 'transfer.' Emily had reasons, she said, for having it effected at once; and the delay that had already occurred, she added, had made her quite nervous and ill. Flower went down upon his knees and implored her to forego her demand, and passionately, but tenderly, uplifting his hands, assured her that she was asking him to sign the warrant for Roberts's ruin and her own eternal wretchedness. 'Mrs. Harcourt!' he exclaimed, 'must I tell you the truth? Yes, you drive me to do so. Your husband is not what you think him, not what you have described him to be. His outside is like that of a gentleman; but within he is low, and tainted with the ideas and habits that belong only to the very dregs of mankind.'

'Mr. Flower!' said Emily, indignantly, 'do you imagine that Captain Harcourt would deceive me?'

'How can you be so blind, so childishly simple, as to be imposed upon by that man, when the very proofs of his deceit are ever before your eyes?' said Flower. 'Did he not tell you that he was a captain in a dragoon regiment, and that he had never done any work in his life until he came to this country?'

'Nor had he, Mr. Flower.'

'Then how comes it that he is, suddenly, the best lawyer in Sydney? How comes it that, if you will only let him remain as he now is, he shall earn 500*l.* a year, but that if he

is freed from my authority he will not earn a shilling himself, but drain you of all your little hard-earned savings to gratify his low and inborn tastes?'

'Mr. Flower!' again cried Emily, indignantly.

'Mrs. Harcourt, hear me!' returned Flower.

'No, Mr. Flower, this is a mere pretext,' said Emily. 'You made me a promise, and now you wish to break it.' She wept and sobbed violently.

'Don't cry, Mrs. Harcourt, don't cry, I cannot stand that,' said Flower. 'I did not mean to hurt your feelings.'

'Then why did you slander poor Reginald? It is hard enough to be convicted when innocent, and sent to this horrid country, and debarred the comforts of his former life, without being vilified in such a dreadful manner.'

'Yes, but don't cry any more. What I said was meant for your own good, you know,' said Flower.

'As for being suddenly the best lawyer in Sydney,' said Emily, 'why, of course he is. Reginald is so clever that he could learn anything quickly. He would be the best doctor in a month, if he were to study medicine; or the best anything that he gave his mind to for a little time. You do not know Reginald, Mr. Flower.'

'I'm afraid I do not,' said Flower.

'You are determined that I shall transfer him to you?'

'Yes,' said Emily.

'Then the day after to-morrow the deed shall be done,' said Flower.

WHAT IS THE INDIAN QUESTION?

THERE are many things that the House of Commons and England generally can and should do for India; many which they cannot and should not. The misfortune of the Government measure is, that it deals with the impracticable and undesirable objects, to the neglect of those which are possible and urgently required. Alterations in the number and mode of election of the Court of Directors may indeed be within the power of an Act of Parliament; but was the knot worthy of such an interposition—a long delayed Government measure and a five hours' speech from a Cabinet Minister? It may be within the power of the House to change the source from which India has hitherto derived her soldiers and administrators, but there are strong reasons for doubting whether India will gain by such a change. The other articles contained in the memorandum submitted by Sir C. Wood to the Court of Directors, such as separating the Government of Bengal from that of India, amalgamating the Sudder and Supreme courts, giving leave to form a new Presidency, changing the constitution of the Legislative Council, and so on, are uninjurious, perhaps desirable, but too trifling to win much regard; while the negative sins of the Bill may be summed up in two lines; the double Government is retained, and no direct chain of responsibility from the local Government of India to the House of Commons is established.

The bill, indeed, with all its faults, and still more all its shortcomings, thick upon it, holds its triumphant course, and seems likely to pass into law with but little opposition. But if the Ministerial measure is, as we believe it ought to be, prudent and dexterously harmless, but imperfect and inefficient, then the efforts of a strong Government may indeed carry it triumphantly through Parliament; but the Indian question will remain unsettled, notwithstanding.

There never was a question more mystified than this of the renewal of the Indian Charter. Every one must see at once how differently, in

how much less business-like a manner, it is approached and treated by the House of Commons than those matters of domestic or foreign policy, which people know something and care much about. A debate on the Budget, on Maynooth, on Church-rates, or our relations with France and Russia, fills the House; the fate of India is debated by thirty members. We do not complain much of this. It is idle to talk indignantly about the contempt thus shown towards 150 millions of our fellow-subjects and so on; Englishmen will never care much about what they do not understand. Our relations to India may be a subject of interest to the philosopher, of wonder and admiration to thoughtful men; of aspiration and self-reproach to patriots; but to the majority of men of business, that is, to the great majority of Englishmen, it will never be a subject of vivid and animating interest, and this not because Englishmen are more selfishly indifferent than their neighbours, but because they are more practical, and must understand a thing, *and know the facts*, before they begin to take a violent interest in it. And do they know the facts in the present instance? We conceive not. Much abuse there has been; as Mr. Haastie complains, 'Everything that the Government of India has done for the last twenty years has been decried;' Mr. Dickinson, as we all know, has written a pamphlet eloquent in unsupported accusation; poor John Bull, honestly anxious to do right, is quite bewildered by conflicting assertions: now he is horrified by a catalogue of sins of commission and omission which he has been guilty of towards the oppressed 150 millions of Hindustan, and is only saved from despair by a counter pamphlet, founded on the same facts, handling the same figures, but establishing the delightfully different conclusion that of all perfect governments the world has ever seen, that of the English in India has been the most perfect. These contradictions spring chiefly from people's overlooking the simple fact that India is a large country. The English correspondent who desires

his friend at Madras to remember him, when next he comes in his way, to his cousin at Lahore, is not guilty of a greater absurdity than these declaimers for and against the Indian Government, who either carelessly overlook or dishonestly suppress the fact that what may be true of Bombay is false of Agra, that Madras is innocent of Calcutta's sins.

Perplexed by these counter statements, stunned more than is his wont by the loudness of the conflicting cries, John Bull begins to think that he has been for this long, while shamefully neglecting his Indian possessions; that he must now take them in hand and effect a root and branch reform of every alleged corruption; being the more incited to this course by his well-known propensity towards philanthropic intervention on behalf of those distant races, of whom he knows the least; a generous propensity, and useful, or at least innocuous, where its utmost result consists in sending out a certain number of missionaries, but terribly inconvenient if it leads to headstrong and ignorant interference with the fundamental laws and still more fundamental customs and usages by which 150 millions of people are, and for centuries have been, governed.

And yet no right-thinking Englishman will be contented to be told that he must leave Indian matters to those whose business it is to mind them; he will feel that as an Englishman it is partly *his* business; and he will be right. It will be our endeavour now to point out how far and in what manner he is capable of dealing with Indian questions, and how far not.

To take the latter first. What can he *not* do for India? Clearly he cannot meddle, without dangerous presumption, in the details of its internal government. And he may be surprised to learn how much is excluded from his interference by this prohibition. The great question of the Land Revenue, which he hears debated on all sides with so much vehemence; this, we maintain, is not a question upon which Englishmen, or the English Legislature, can with propriety enter.

Every one who is acquainted

with India knows that this is *the* problem upon which almost everything else depends: he knows, moreover, that it is a problem of which not even those who have devoted laborious lives to its study, throwing upon it the continually increasing light of abundant intelligence and unwearied experience, have yet ventured to cry Eureka. They know that it is a question not merely of theoretical, financial, or political interest, but closely interwoven with the personal happiness or misery of every individual man of those hundred and fifty millions who, in a loose aggregate way, are so much talked about; and knowing this, when they read in the *Times* that 'Sir Charles Wood proceeded to discuss the comparative merits of the zemindary, the ryotwary, and the village system of revenue settlement prevailing in the Bengal, the Madras, and the western provinces respectively,' they are only prevented from laughing at the absurdity of such presumption by their horror at the possible consequences of it. They wish that the President of the Board of Control had partaken somewhat more of the wiser modesty of Lord Granville, who declared in the House of Lords 'that his experience as Chairman of the Indian Committee had only served to convince him of one thing—namely, that it would require the study of a lifetime to become thoroughly master of even one of the heads into which the Committee had been desired to inquire.'

And should it be urged, in answer to all this, that if the revenue system be indeed so important to the individual and collective happiness and well-being of the Indian people, it is only all the more necessary that this system should be thoroughly examined and reformed by Parliament, we do not hesitate to reply that no system was ever benefited by partial inquiry and ignorant reform; that an inquiry has been and is still going on—not for one or two sessions, but for twenty or thirty years—in India itself; an inquiry conducted not indeed by leading Members of Parliament, who have never thought of India at all except on the two occasions that have occurred in this generation of the renewal of the Company's Charter, but by men

such as Lawrence and Thomason, who have devoted their lives to the investigation; that the work of reform has been more than commenced, as the settlement of the north-west provinces and the Punjab, and the results allowed by all to have proceeded therefrom, amply testify.

We are much mistaken if the English people suffer themselves in the end to be misled in this matter. It is, indeed, sometimes mortifying to spurious philanthropy to find itself anticipated; that the corruptions which it has been comfortably denouncing have in reality no existence; but we believe that English philanthropy, with all its infirmities, is for the most part genuine, and will, on the whole, be more glad than sorry to find that things are not so bad as has been alleged. It being an acknowledged fact that the land revenue system is *the* one great financial and political question in India; when they find that for more than forty years, ever since the famous mistake of Lord Cornwallis and his permanent settlement in Bengal, men have been continually testing the merits of that system more and more scientifically—that is, less by abstract theoretical principles, and more by the standard of experience; and as its defects, and, above all, its great defect, its incongruity with fact, has become more and more apparent, have been silently but surely, slowly but gradually, partially but effectually, abandoning it, and introducing whenever there has been an opportunity of doing so, a new system more in accordance with fact—that is, with the nature of native tenures, and still more of native habit and feeling; that this new system has in every case been successful, and especially in the Punjab, where, with the greatest light of experience, it has most recently been applied; finding this to be the case, Englishmen will surely think it more just to infer that their countrymen in India, having made a mistake in days when governments both in England and India were less careful for justice than they are now, have since seen and acknowledged it, and with rare patience and sincerity, we may add,

with rare wisdom and success, endeavoured to rectify it, and that the more healthy state of our possessions in the Punjab and north-west provinces is to be attributed to these efforts; than to adopt the conclusion of Mr. Dickinson and his fellows, as logical as it is charitable, 'that the Punjab is better off than the rest of British India, because it has been the shortest time in our possession.'

It may indeed be just, though it can scarcely be profitable, to taunt the Indian Government with their original mistake; but then, in the name of common sense, seeing that they are quite ready to allow that it was a mistake, and more than this, are busy setting it straight, suffer them to do so. It may be easy—though in this case neither just nor profitable—to say, 'You allow your newly discovered system to be the true one, why not, then, apply it everywhere?' But those who denounce the absolutism and tyranny of the Indian Government should at least refrain from inciting them to an act of tyranny such as no Government ever yet ventured upon. The very error of the old settlement lay in its perpetuity; its very name is its condemnation—the 'perpetual settlement.' It is possible to depart from this system in newly acquired countries, and in every case, the Government has done so; it is possible to depart from it when in the old territories titles become lost and estates lapse to the State; and in every case the Government is doing so. But it is not possible for the Government to be guilty of a breach of good faith to which the repudiation of the national debt would furnish the only English parallel; neither is it possible for those who have made the question of land revenue the study of their lives—however easy it may be for those who declaim in pamphlets—to declare by a stroke of the pen that a system, the very excellence of which consists in its extreme minuteness, in its careful and laborious adaptation to the peculiarities of particular provinces and departments of the country, is generally applicable to the whole.

If the Indian Government *was* so indifferent to good faith and honesty

as to be willing to repudiate its engagements to present holders, and so ignorant as to be ready to make such a sweeping application of a principle which it allows, there can be little doubt that it would be to its interest to do so. For it has long been felt, not only that the permanent system is the false, and that more recently adopted in north-western India the true one, but as a natural consequence of this, that the latter pays, and the former does not. Honesty and knowledge alone stand in the way of a large increase to their revenues, such as the worst enemies of the Indian Government have never accused them of regarding with indifference.

Therefore, because the question of the land revenue can only be understood, where alone it can be studied, in India itself, because men in India are not slow to study it, nor yet unwilling to act upon their discoveries; because the old and erroneous system complained of is in fact exploded and abandoned in all cases except those in which good faith makes its immediate abandonment impossible; because a new system, allowed to be the true one, has been in great measure carried out with remarkable success, and is being continually extended within all possible and reasonable limits; because the adoption of this system is consistent not only with the honour and the duty, but also with the pecuniary interest of the Indian Government;—for these reasons we would have this question, so important and so difficult, left for Indian reformers in India (a large class, though they do not write pamphlets) to deal with as they have been and are already dealing.

Another subject of frequent loud complaint is the state of the courts of justice in India. Amid the bewildering statements and counter-statements on this head, what is an honest, well-disposed Englishman—what is the English legislature, supposed to be made up of such—to think and to do? Shall they act, or shall they forbear? On the one hand they are told that the judicial proceedings in the Company's courts are overloaded by legal niceties and unmeaning forms, that justice is

smothered by technicalities, that the plain, common-sense dispensation of right between man and man, which the natives alone desire and comprehend, is abandoned in favour of a complicated procedure, more suited to English than Indian ideas; on the other, it is complained that judges are set upon the bench with no light but common sense to guide them; that there is no sheltering form of precedents, no safeguard of time-hallowed formal proceeding; that cases are decided on their own bare merits, which the judge, regardless alike of code, statute-book, or precedent, never looks beyond.

In support of these charges, the *Times* brings forward a list of iniquitous or absurd judgments, selected from Mr. Norton's pamphlet. Now, in the first place, as we observed on a former occasion,* we very much doubt whether any courts in the world would stand such an ordeal as having their worst decisions selected by their worst enemies, and then paraded in a mutilated form before the public as specimens of what the courts themselves are. But, besides this, we doubt whether any impartial reader will have thought that the cases quoted by the *Times* (which of course may fairly be supposed to be the *worst* that could be found) even as stated in that journal, justify the strong language of condemnation appended to them. In every case we have a strong suspicion that the officer who presided at the trial could give us a very different version of the matter. But even supposing this not to be the case—that the decisions had nothing more than what appears in the *Times* to justify them—still, are they really so very bad, to be the worst that could be found? One of the most flagrant perversions of justice in criminal cases that can be brought forward is the remission of sentence of death upon a clearly convicted murderer, because his conviction took place a long time—about twenty years—after the offence. The mercy shown may have been injudicious, weak, illogical; but it was not an unnatural expression of an instinctive human feeling: at any rate such a case does not appear

* *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1853, page 481.

very strong when figuring in the foremost rank of those which are intended to prove that the judges in the Company's courts 'exhibit an utter want of knowledge of those points to which judicial attention should be confined—a most lamentable ignorance of the laws of evidence—an utter helplessness in the appreciation of testimony—a frequent oversight of material issues—perpetual digressions into purely irrelevant matter—wrong applications of the law where they venture to apply it—an inability to control the proceedings before them—admissions of documents not legally proved, and of evidence the merest hearsay—decisions upon issues not raised, or upon wrong or immaterial issues—strange and inconclusive lines of argument, and reasoning foreign to the matter in hand—irregularities in proceedings—carelessness or inability in drawing up decrees—findings utterly contrary to the evidence—and so forth. Of all which copious instances' (of which the above is a specimen) 'shall be given: in short, it is one uniform dead level of incompetency.*

But, after all, what is wanted? Make which complaint you will, but not both. Men of clear common sense, unhampered by legal niceties—or counsel learned in the law? Dealing with cases on their merits, by a summary process—or formal proceedings founded on a code? And if a code, we all know what code. We know what a job Mr. Macaulay has made of that business, and what the Indian government has had to pay for it. And we know, too, where the code is. 'Rusting upon shelves in the India House!' exclaim indignant reformers. True; because no judge whatever—lawyer or no lawyer—could make head or tail of it; because, however philosophical, it was absolutely impracticable. But in this matter, as well as that of the land revenue, while declaimers have been declaiming, and pamphleteers have been pamphletizing in England, workers have been working out the true solution of the problem in India itself. It has been discovered, and is now recognised

by the highest authorities in that country, that in administration, as well as all other sciences, it is wise to proceed, not by hypothesis, but by induction from experience; not by propounding principles, to be fitted with facts afterwards; but by observing facts, to be reduced afterwards to principles. In short, we have of late years begun to do—what we should certainly have done at first—to examine the native custom, to consider the native feeling, and, in great measure, to assimilate our own to native institutions. And here, again, the result has been successful. A person who condemns the Indian courts on account of their mode of proceeding in civil causes, grounds his condemnation on what has, in the *latest practice*, and in the now acknowledged general principle of the Indian government, absolutely no existence at all. The civil courts in the Punjab have been entirely remodelled—the office of civil judge (as distinct from that of magistrate) utterly abolished. This has been done in conformity with native feeling and usage; and nobody who knows India will deny the success of the alteration.

Well, then, is it fair to condemn the error of past ignorance, while more recent enlightenment, the result of experience, is earnestly trying to remove it? It is easy to march off in a pamphlet or a review with the honour of a discovery which has been worked out by others in much toil, amidst the pain of climate, of exile, of opposition: it is easy to do this, and while robbing the real discoverers of the reward of their labours, to reproach them with the exploded errors, which they were the first to denounce and abandon. It is easy; but is it honest? It is true that the Indian police are inferior to the London detective force; but it is true, also, that they are far better than any that India ever before possessed; that they are constantly being improved, and that by their means life and property are more secure in our newly acquired provinces (and we cannot too often repeat, that these afford the only fair test of what is the present *animus* of the government) than

* Mr. Norton, as quoted by the *Times* newspaper, March 16, 1853.

they are, or ever have been, in any part of India. It is true that there are occasionally to be found foolish and incapable judges; but it is also true, that their hands are tied by a prompt and cheap facility of appeal, while the decisions of most magistrates are received with unquestioning acquiescence. It is true that disaffected and disappointed native pleaders, ejected from the courts which they have too long corrupted, are loud in their complaints of the inefficiency and unpopularity of our judicial system; and that these complaints, embodied in petitions, of which every person of Indian experience knows the precise value, have been received by the legislature with a gravity of attention which only honest ignorance can excuse; but it is also true that the courts of the English magistrates are thronged daily by hundreds of applicants; that their number has a constant tendency to increase; so that it must always be one of the magistrates' most strenuous efforts to check rather than encourage litigation: and that natives only resort to those courts in which they have confidence is fully established by the occasional exceptions which do occur, by the speedy desertion of the justice hall which inevitably follows upon the presence of an incapable or an indolent judge upon the bench.

Far are we from saying that the judicial system of India is perfect. We know that the police requires infinite improvement; that the maintenance of an inefficient or careless man upon the seat of judgment should be even more impossible than it now is; that those who are set to judge could not but be the better qualified for their office if a scientific study of those fundamental principles of law which are the same always to all men, were superadded to the still more indispensable qualification of knowledge of the native language and native manners and customs; that our system may perhaps with advantage be yet more simplified; our institutions yet more assimilated to the ancient indigenous institutions of the country; but what we say is, that these reforms are being effected, and will be effected best, most surely and speedily in India itself; that it

is unfair and impolitic to interfere with the natural course of that reforming tendency which has recently shown such undoubted symptoms of vitality; to hinder the development of those true principles which the Indian government has of late years recognised, and is now with progressive consistency carrying into practice; that in this matter, even more than that of the land revenue, an extraneous ill-informed interference in things requiring such delicacy of subtle distinguishing knowledge of native men and manners, would be fatally injurious; that it will go far to neutralize one of the greatest benefits that has been conferred on Indian litigants, viz. the exclusion from courts of justice of native attorneys, if this country now insists upon presenting them with the unwelcome services of English barristers.

We come next to the consideration of public works, intimately connected with the finances of the country. Are these proper subjects for English interference? Within certain limits they undoubtedly are, and it is strange and interesting to observe how exactly these limits are marked by the natural laws of supply and demand. So far as these operate, English intervention is powerfully effectual. The want of cotton naturally leads to that excited demand for the means of procuring it, such as railroads and other roads, which has been so strikingly felt, though as yet but partially responded to, in India during the last few years. And undoubtedly public works—roads, bridges, canals—these being the same in their nature all over the world, it requires no Indian experience to appreciate their advantages; nor yet—engineering reports being once obtained—to form an opinion as to the possibility of making them. It is not like the revenue settlement and the courts of justice, to deal with which not only must a man put off his European garb of thought to put on an Oriental, but must be acquainted more particularly with the historical antecedents and local traits of particular districts. In this case we have the same struggle against nature in country as another; the laws of friction, gravity, velocity do not alter.

Neither can it be said with regard to this as it can with regard to the two charges against the Indian government before noticed, that the desired reform has anticipated the present demand for it. No doubt something has been done, and something is still doing; the grand trunk road from Benares to Meerut has been open for several years, and the railroad from Bombay to Tannah for several weeks. It hardly needed the ability of such a man as Sir Henry Elliot to answer the foolish charge that the Mahomedan emperors, with all their splendid palaces for themselves and tombs for their dancing girls, did more for India in the way of great national works than we have done. Still it cannot be denied that the state of communication generally in India, both by land and water, is very far removed from what it might, and by this time should have been. Even in this respect a better spirit has been shown in our most recently acquired province, the Punjab, the roads in which, bad as they may be, are on the whole better than those in the older provinces, with the exception of that alluded to above from Benares to Meerut, and where the judicious liberality of Lord Dalhousie from the first set apart a large annual sum out of the revenues of the new territory, (the largest indeed that it was in his power to grant)* for the express purpose of making and maintaining public works, especially connecting the great rivers by canals for the purposes of irrigation.

Still the complaint is made that much revenue is lost to the state, and much military economy prevented; much inconvenience and loss sustained by the commercial interests both of India and England, owing to the want of efficient public works, and especially of good roads, and the Government of India is not in a condition, even prospectively, to deny the truth of the complaint. Their answer is that they have no money, whereupon the complainers change their ground and denounce a financial system which, with all the artificial assistance of opium and salt monopolies, manages to leave the people poorer than they ever were.

and yet not yield a sufficient revenue to enable the Government to carry out the most obvious and important works of public benefit.

In such complaints it is in the first place necessary to separate the wheat from the chaff. When it is said that the people are more highly taxed and consequently more miserably poor under us than they were under Mogul emperors or native princes, we are not careful to give an answer to such a charge. When the data on which it is founded are produced it will be time enough to see if it cannot be met. It is easy indeed to excite horror by painting the poverty-stricken condition of a people who live upon two anas a-day; but it should be known that the poverty so expressed, and the poverty which we should understand to be meant if told that the working classes in England were living upon threepence a head per diem, are two totally different things. The former implies an absence not only of the means of supplying wants, but of the wants themselves: the latter includes the pain and the misery of desires that cannot be gratified. It is marvellous how little difference there is between the wants of a wealthy chief and of a poor coolie with his two anas a day. The latter, it is true, has no clothes, neither does he wish for them; he eats less delicately, but he eats plentifully; for his two anas a-day will supply him with as much bhang to smoke, as much bread, almost as much ghee, to eat as he can want, and he requires nothing more, except perhaps the luxury of an occasional sweetmeat, which he often manages to obtain. The little Highland boy, whose highest notion of regal felicity was 'to eat cream-porridge and to swing upon a gate all day,' would hardly have required more than a coolie's income to realize his idea. Poverty indeed is all but universal in India, if by that term is meant an average of incomes which we should regard as intolerably small; but if poverty means hunger, thirst, cold, want, starvation—all but unknown. We doubt whether the main staple of the Indian peasantry has ever been

* *Blue Book*, pp. 161. 1667-1669.

richer or poorer than they are at present; the only difference that our rule has given rise to, has been the formation and gradual increase of a middle class, with more extended wants and comparatively larger means of gratifying them, and perhaps, we may add, a diminution of the number of those creatures of native tyrants, whose gross wants had been multiplied, not by civilization, but by a debased ingenuity of sensual appetite, and who gratified these wants by oppressing and plundering the poor.

But still the charge remains; that system of finance must surely be radically wrong which fails to furnish sufficient revenue for the accomplishment of the most ordinary of those great public works which an absolute Government is undoubtedly bound to provide for its subjects. And to this it is replied that in ordinary circumstances the revenue would be and has been sufficient; as the great progress made under the pacific reign of Lord William Bentinck sufficiently testifies; but that the circumstances of India have been for the most part extraordinary; that is to say, that it has been for the last twenty years almost continually engaged in war.

So that revenue languishes for lack of public works, whereby the resources of the country—the natural foundations of revenue—may be developed; and public works are not made for lack of revenue, and revenue again is lacking for such purposes, because it is squandered in war. Here, then—exclaim the accusers of the Company—here is a vicious circle for you! A vicious circle, truly; or, rather, a vicious pyramid, reposing upon a most vicious base. And what is this base? What but those wars in which the revenues of India have been wasted? The lingering, distressing, and inglorious war in Burmah; the questionable conquest of Scinde, the disgrace of Afghanistan, the awful catastrophe of the Khyber, these are the precious purchases which we have made with that treasure which should have gone to fertilize the fields and open up the communications of India; to fill the coffers of the Indian government,

and help to civilize the Indian people. And whom have we to thank for these? Lord Broughton has given an answer to that question which is not likely to be forgotten. Let Englishmen and the English parliament remember this. The man who, more than ten years after the event, could assert with boastful nonchalant indifference, in a committee-room of the House of Commons, 'that he was solely responsible for the Affghan war,' was, not the Chairman of the Court of Directors, not a director at all, but an ex-President of the Board of Control—that Minister of the Crown who, according to Sir Charles Wood, is as much responsible to parliament for what goes on in his department as the different Secretaries of State are for what occurs in theirs. Most earnestly do we hope that Lord Clarendon is somewhat more responsible as to our relations with foreign powers, or we may have him mentioning, as a new fact, some ten or twelve years hence, when Europe has been deluged in blood, that 'it was all his doing.'

When England, then, has forced upon her notice the deficiencies of the public works and financial resources of India, let her remember that this is mainly to be attributed to wars which the Imperial, and not the Indian, Government has initiated; and that the most efficient way in which these deficiencies can be supplied is, not by making vague comparisons which cannot be supported, between the past and present condition of the natives, nor by dealing in this matter, any more than with regard to the land settlement or the administration of justice, with details which can be best understood and most satisfactorily disposed of by the local authorities; but by *feeling* as sincerely averse to Asiatic as she does to European war; and (as we hope to show more fully, presently) by insisting on the abolition of that cumbrous and mischievous system of double government which can screen the Minister of the Crown, who has power to make or unmake Affghan wars and Cabul massacres, from parliamentary, that is to say from national, responsibility.

The matter of patronage has been

mixed up with those more vital questions which we have just been considering, and has assumed a strange prominence in the Government measure. Not, indeed, that the patronage is an unimportant matter, far from it. This unpleasing word serves to express the selection and nomination of those to whom the destinies of India are confided; those in fact upon whom, according to the gist of our whole argument, the welfare of India must—when all is done—principally depend. We do not deny that this is a matter on which this country has a right to interfere; on which—if any case of corruption or gross partiality, or the habitual or even frequent appointment of notoriously unfit persons were fairly made out—it would be bound to interfere. But if there is one question which, more than another, has been decidedly *begged*, it is this of the abuse of patronage. We hear tirades in all directions against it. Sneers as to what it is worth; indignant exclamations against the way in which it is distributed. But no one ventures to affirm that appointments are sold; yet this, if anything, must be meant when it is asked, What is the pecuniary value of patronage to a director? Mr. Bright, indeed, has made insinuations to this effect; but as he refused, notwithstanding the earnest appeal of the Court of Directors and the clearly expressed feeling of the House—justly sensible of the unfairness of vague, general accusations—to name the parties implicated in the transaction which he described, all that fell from him must be regarded as slanderous allusion rather than a fair and answerable charge; and as to the men appointed, no one has been bold enough to have recourse even to the miserable final resource of naming instances of bad appointments. Of course, such might be found, but is it not a proof that vituperation is shy of facts, when it does not venture to put forward this very last leg of logical support? Such might be found, to be met instantly by a dazzling list, in which the names of Thomason, Montgomery, Currie, Lake, Edwardes, and, last and greatest, Lawrence,

would soon silence those who dared to play at that game. But no, it is easier to prefer vague charges of nepotism and corruption.

These men who have won and kept the Indian Empire, unbacked by English help or sympathy, entirely removed from the range of English interest till within the last twenty months; these men are, it appears, all sons, nephews, or grandchildren of the different members of the Court of Directors. Shame on the Minister who, if this be so, would destroy or diminish, even by six, the breed! But is it so? Have these relations been so freely and unscrupulously appointed, to the exclusion, as it is complained, of the sons of civilians and soldiers? From the year 1835 to 1851, out of 586 civil appointments, 260 (nearly one half) were given to the sons of civil and military officers of the Company; out of 4922 cadetships, 1396 (considerably more than a quarter) were similarly disposed of;* no inconsiderable proportion, when it is admitted on all hands that these appointments are objects of continual solicitation from all classes in all parts of the country. But it is heartless work quoting for the fiftieth time figures that have been so long patent to every inquirer in the Parliamentary Report, and never yet so much as noticed by those who prefer to pour forth mere vague accusations without a single fact to warrant them.

The Company has been unfairly dealt with in this respect—more perhaps than in any other: but it certainly does not follow from this, that the proposed change is therefore undesirable; the conclusion may be true though founded upon false premises. We do not undertake to pronounce upon this matter, for it is one which experience must decide. Liberal men shrink instinctively from the plain speaking of Lord Ellenborough, when he says broadly that the son of a horse-dealer, and the son of an officer will *not* be, *ceteris paribus*, equally good members of the governing body in India; but old Indians shrug their shoulders with a shrewd suspicion that liberal or illiberal his lordship is right. For ourselves, we should

* Report of Select Committee. Appendix, No. 4, pp. 351, 352.

be sorry to say a word against the system of throwing the prizes either of this country or of India open to competition: we may perhaps wonder that the system should be reserved for India, and no mention of it made for our own public offices; may wonder whether the gorgeous East is selected as a more than ordinarily favoured region, or as a *corpus vile* for an experiment, of which those who make it get all the credit while others pay the price; we may even go so far as to doubt with Lord Ellenborough whether an examination which proves 'cramming' will at the same time gauge 'merit;' still the principle is doubtless a correct one in the abstract, and the application of it may succeed not so much by the grace, as in spite, of those who apply it.

We earnestly hope that, having said so much, we shall not be regarded as blind and partial advocates of the East India Company. We have indeed felt indignant at the injustice with which they have been treated, and have not scrupled to express an indignation which is shared by all who know anything of the real wants of India. But at the outset of this article we said that while there was much that Englishmen in England could not and should not attempt to do for India, there was much that they both could and should; we have hitherto been attempting to point out how much of the recent outcry upon Indian affairs has been, as far as practical interference is concerned, delusive or at least misleading; that upon one or two points we cannot in this country interfere at all without hampering and hindering those who by position and training are better qualified to act; that in others we may indeed interfere if we will, but that our interference will be but of questionable benefit: it remains to be shown how we may and ought to exert ourselves; Heaven forbid that we should be contented with saying how far Englishmen may and ought to be careless regarding Indian matters; we would endeavour, diffidently indeed, but earnestly, to show how and where their utmost care and most energetic action is urgently called for.

In the first place, let us not

be thought vague and unpractical when we assert that the influence of England over India is and must be chiefly a moral influence. Nor is it paradoxical to say that this influence is rather increased than diminished by that very ignorance which makes any more direct interference inadvisable. The prevailing feeling in England with regard to India is one of generosity, of compassion, in short, of philanthropy. That English philanthropy which we have before alluded to, sometimes so glorious, sometimes so foolish; now gloriously showing itself in the work of slave emancipation, now foolishly wasted in moral pocket-handkerchiefs and religious flannel-waistcoats; in its use associated with the honoured name of Wilberforce, in its abuse disgraced by all the tribe of Jellabys and Pardiggles—this feeling, so natural to the English people, is not wanting with regard to India. It is our tendency to sympathize with the mild Hindoo against his rude oppressors; nine people out of ten, when they talk of the Indian empire, shake their heads and sigh and make some self-reproachful observation, so that a foreigner might suppose that this most wonderful result and signal proof of English energy—and notwithstanding all the faults that have been committed, we will say of English virtue and wisdom,—was rather matter for shame than exultation. There is a true and a noble feeling at the bottom of this.

In England we have no temptation to lead us astray with regard to India, and it is easy as well as pleasant to think and talk virtuously. We dwell much on the duty of raising the natives—on the noble task of civilizing Asia; of preparing the people of India to govern themselves, and so on; the natural view for those who are aided by the enchantment of distance, who with no temptation to do wrong are willing and desirous to do right. In India it is otherwise. The mild Hindoo seen face to face attracts less spontaneous sympathy. In the dull routine of official business, the high idea, which alone is the true one, as to the nature of our position in India, is apt to be lost sight of: when men are engaged day and night in striving to maintain their hold upon a country, they

are not very careful to recal the objects which brought them there. And yet it is surely true that the idea of our position in India is that we should civilize its people and enable them in good time to govern themselves; we all profess to believe this; but in the meantime the local government seeing and feeling the thousand obstacles that stand in the way of the realization of this idea, are apt to lose all faith in it, and to work on in a hard utilitarian spirit. It must be so, we may be sure. Those who execute the minute details of any work are not those who best appreciate the idea of the whole. What the magistrate is to the constable, what the ruler of a province is to the magistrate, what the government of India is to the ruler of a province, that English opinion is to the government of India. English opinion, English philanthropy, these are the religion of the Indian executive. No matter in comparison that this religious element, if we may so call it, is often ill-informed, often impracticable, often very inconvenient to those who with better knowledge and the keen sagacity of practical experience, are yet obliged to submit to its influence. The two powers—English speculative philanthropy, and Anglo-Indian practical energetic experience, will go on as they have done, apparently contradictory but really harmonious; apparently weakening, but really strengthening one another; apparently inconsistent but in reality both true—and in the vitality of both of which the secret of the Anglo-Indian empire is to be found. And is this all? Is England to go on talking and thinking, as has been her wont, about India—and to do nothing? Not so. It is indeed the existence of England—the greatness of England and the public opinion of England which must have more effect upon India than anything else; but besides this there are one or two points in which the Indian question does nearly and practically concern us at home more than those in India.

For it is we who send out those who are to govern India, and it is we who have to establish a system of home government which shall be a means of communication and not of obstruction between us and India.

The appointment of Governor-General of India is one of universally allowed magnificence. The man who fills it combines the ostensible dignity of a monarch with the actual power of a minister. To him the people of India look with far more of hope or fear than we are accustomed to do either towards the Sovereign or the Government of the day. He first receives, and it is his high office to transmit to the country which he governs the influence of England. Besides this, he transmits to a wonderful degree his own personal influence. He is not merely set to administer a system with more or less ability; his own character is apparent in and marks every act of his administration. It is his high privilege, and at the same time his almost overwhelming responsibility, to be every day of his life consciously making history. The same may be said, indeed, of every English statesman, if we go into it very closely; but in India the elements of civilization are still so primitive and distinct, and epochs succeed each other with such strange rapidity, that he who governs there is more palpably seen to be engaged in moulding those main features by which the history of the times will be afterwards recognised.

The Governor-General of India should, as we have said, in a special manner stand between England and India, combining the lofty speculations which distance makes natural to the one country, with that practical knowledge which experience furnishes in the other. Sincerely do we hope, therefore, that the system will long be continued of appointing to this exalted office, not persons of high Indian official reputation, but Englishmen of rank, unconnected by any previous official tie with India. It is easy to point out the inconvenience arising from the custom of appointing an ignorant Governor, and then removing him as soon as he begins to understand his business: but this inconvenience is much more than balanced by the indispensable advantage of having continually brought to bear in the highest station in India the influence of English mind and feeling, trained in an European rather than an Eastern school.

That the Governor-Generals should be a man of rank too is an advantage in a community of Englishmen having among themselves no other than local official distinctions: he is thus at once raised above those social little-nesses which are unhappily too prevalent among Anglo-Indians.

We do not object then to the Governor-General's being an English nobleman unacquainted with India, nor is it to be wondered at that among the English nobility the least wealthy should be most disposed to seek the office. But we do object to making the most splendid dignity that any nation has in its power to bestow upon a citizen, the exclusive privilege of 'genteel poverty.' There has been before now a tendency to do this, and looking at recent appointments to the Governorships of the minor Presidencies, it seems impossible to say that the tendency is yet extinct. We would have an English nobleman as Governor-General of India, but it does not follow that we should be willing to see any poor lord, with a scanty income, who is ready to undergo five years' exile for the sake of improving it, exalted to that position.

Let it be distinctly understood that we in no way allude to or make any exception at the person who at present holds the high office in question. Lord Dalhousie's was in every way a most proper appointment. A rising statesman trained in the business-like school of Sir Robert Peel, having creditably discharged, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, his arduous duties as President of the Board of Trade, his career and position amply justified those expectations of him which in the last five years he has with so much credit to himself and benefit to India realized. But his term of office has already expired, and his almost immediate return is looked for; and it must be confessed that if there be any truth in the different rumours that have from time to time been circulated with regard to his successor, all those who are interested in India will have great reason to deplore his retirement. We do hope that England, while discussing the Indian question; while canvassing so freely the conduct of the Court of Directors at home and of

its servants abroad; while charging these so unsparingly with abuse of power and neglect of duty, will be mindful not to abuse the very important power, nor to neglect the very sacred duty which she herself will presently be called upon to exercise and discharge towards India. The legislature and the Ministers of the Crown may rest assured that no abuse of patronage in the appointment of civilians and cadets can be so injurious, no neglect of India so ruinous, no oppression of the often quoted 150 millions of natives so gross, as the appointment of a bad, that is to say an inefficient, Governor-General.

This, then, is England's first great duty to India, to appoint good governors. The Government of this country properly insists upon retaining in its own power the practical, if not absolutely the formal, nomination, not only of the Governor-General, but also of the governors of the two other presidencies. This power has often been abused. No one will deny it. It will be one unspeakably good result to India of the present agitation, if such abuse becomes for the future impossible. But how is it to be made impossible? Simply by bringing the public opinion of England to bear upon the matter, and opening up the channels through which this opinion is to flow; and this brings us at once to the other division of what we may call the *English side* of Indian reform—the abolition of the double government.

It is hard to overrate the importance of this abolition: it is not a question simply of expense and delay, though the Government system of double government does of course involve these. When Mr. Bright complains that business is hindered because every transaction has to be gone through first in Leadenhall-street, and then all over again in Cannon-row, that needless expense is incurred by maintaining two establishments to do the work of one, he is not answered, because he is unanswerable. It is as if an attorney were to insist upon having every deed copied by two different clerks, working in two different offices at some distance from each other. But great as is the evil of

the extra expense thus recklessly incurred, and still greater that of the delay thrown in the way of public business, these evils are yet the least of those which this cumbrous system gives rise to. The great and unpardonable evil of it is, that it destroys responsibility, and grievously impairs the chain of communication between England and India. When we speak of England influencing India, what is it that we mean? We mean public opinion in England. But how does public opinion operate? Properly and naturally in two ways: through the Press, and through Parliament. The first way is happily still open, and whatever benefit India has derived from this country, it has derived principally if not solely by means of the Press. But the other and more constitutional channel is stopped by the double government. If there is a strong feeling in the country about India, it is sure to find its expression in Parliament. This we may safely say, without prejudicing the question of Parliamentary Reform, that on whatever subject the country or any large party in the country entertains a strong feeling, that feeling is sure to find its way into the House of Commons. And what is the next step? To question the minister? Ay—you may do that; you may call to the President of the Board of Control; but will he come when you have called him? Or if he comes, is it to any purpose, or is it to shuffle out of the matter by referring it to the Court of Directors? Lord John Russell may refuse for awhile to answer Mr. Disraeli about our relations with Russia, and the country may have the good sense patiently to assent for a while to the refusal, knowing that when it chooses to insist upon being answered, Mr. Disraeli will ask again, and Lord John Russell *must* reply. But when Mr. Bright interrogates Sir Charles Wood about some Indian matter, he is met not by a refusal, but by an intimation that the Minister knows nothing,—that he must ask the Court of Directors! If a too credulous member, trusting to these instructions, were really to betake himself to Leadenhall-street, and put his questions there, it would be amusing to witness the contemptuous bewilderment with which

he would be met. The sole machinery by means of which that Court can be interrogated is the Court of Proprietors, to which only a limited number of stockholders have access; and these, if ever they do succeed in getting any answer at all from their somewhat imperious directors, are assured that the matter about which they inquire does not concern the Court, that they are not responsible, that the Board of Control has done it all, whatever the particular *it* may be.

And even were it otherwise, what are the East India Directors, that the country should interrogate them? The genius of the British Constitution recognises but one means apart from the public press by which the nation may obtain information and express itself upon affairs of State, and that means is the presence of a responsible Minister of the Crown in Parliament. It is by this responsibility alone that England can effectually act upon India. Is it complained that a bad and incapable Governor-General is from time to time appointed, that rash, needless, costly, and inglorious wars are sometimes entered upon, that public works in India are neglected, or the people of India defrauded of their rights? The remedy is the same in all cases. Let there be a Minister who shall really be obliged on all occasions to render true account. Is the English mind bestirring itself about India, anxious for information more precise and less cumbrous, more regularly supplied and less bewildering than that contained in the voluminous reports of committees appointed every twenty years? The reply is still the same. Let there be in Parliament a well-informed, responsible minister, ready to furnish information session after session, or, if required, night after night. In a word, let England be put in real, regular, and constitutional connexion with India; that is to say, let the local authorities of India be responsible to the Governor-General, the Governor-General to the Minister of the Crown for Indian Affairs, the Minister of the Crown to Parliament, and Parliament to the country. It will be acknowledged by all that this is the chain that ought to exist; some venture to assert that it exists

already. Some of the links are, indeed, perfect, but two at least are faulty, if not altogether wanting. The communication between the Governor-General in India and the Minister in Downing-street is not so direct as it might be, as it would be, were it not for the diversion existing in Leadenhall-street. And is the President of the Board of Control really as responsible for the affairs of India as the different Secretaries of State are for what goes on in their respective departments? *Credat* Sir Charles Wood. Yes, let him believe it himself, and assert it too, if he will, but for India's sake, let him not, in making such an assertion, be believed.

There are strong and terrible facts to be set against the assertion. The English people, anxious by fits and starts to express themselves towards India, but finding no constitutional means by which to do so; a Burmese war dragging its slow length along, disapproved by the country, avowed by no one, and yet continuing; and, above all, the ever memorable confession of a former Indian minister, 'I was the sole author of the Affghan war.'

But, it may be said, it is all very well to condemn the system of double government, but what do you propose to substitute for it? Now, in this question lies practically the whole problem with regard to the renewal of the Company's charter; and it has been our object in this paper not to answer this question, but simply to state it clearly, and bring matters distinctly to this issue. We believe that if we could succeed in doing this, we should be rendering very essential service; for that there never was a question so confused and mystified for want of being clearly stated. People are led off into a fresh track every day. Each number of the *Times*, indeed of all the London journals, opens up some fresh issue, or furnishes a string of fresh facts unconnected with any that have gone before. With a considerable amount of what is thought to be knowledge thus acquired, but undigested, crude, contradictory, we are sure that very many are absolutely at sea as to what is the real question to be decided about India. And to state this question has been our present

endeavour; to call people off from following up vague tracks of inquiry which can only lead to confusion, because they cannot by any possibility be pursued far enough to establish any satisfactory conclusions, and to show what it is that this country may, and can, and should do for India; and (in still more practical language) what should be the great object of any measure brought before Parliament on the subject—namely, to abolish the system of double government; and by so doing to establish a real ministerial responsibility, which may make all future reforms possible; which, in fact, may not so much effect one or two particular reforms, as initiate an epoch of continual reformatory progress.

Let Parliament give to India that great boon directly and abundantly which now it derives only indirectly and in too sparing measure—that boon which the local government cannot give, which the local government itself stands most immediately in need of,—we mean English moral influence. Let the local government be left to remove or modify those hindrances to the actual present material well-being of India, which it is instinctively prompted and by its interest induced to do; to effect those reforms which, if not made by them, will certainly never be made at all; and let England be content (nor think the task a mean one) to impart to the Indian government that more exalted, dignified, historical, prospective view of our position in India and our relation to its inhabitants, which distance and ignorance of detail makes at once pleasant and natural to Englishmen; which is natural because it is pleasant, pleasant because it is noble, and noble because it is true; in a word, leave India to be administered by those best qualified to do so—viz., those best acquainted with its people, its customs, and its laws; but let it be brought into more direct communication with English mind—that is to say, let the government of India be made responsible to an English Minister of the Crown, and that Minister to the people of England.

It could hardly be difficult, indeed, to make numerous suggestions in answer to the question, 'What

would you substitute for the double government?' The idea of turning the Court of Directors into a Council, connected with, subsidiary to, and dependent upon, the Indian Minister of State, would be one of the first to present itself; but this would require a separate article for its consideration. It may sound prudent to demand that abolition should be accompanied by substitution, but practically the demand does not succeed. Men see an evil and protest against and destroy it, in full confidence that whatever is needful to be substituted will appear in good time. 'Good governors, responsible ministers—and away with the double government!' Englishmen like a cry—long may they do so; Tadpoles and Tapers may abuse it, but at bottom the feeling is one of honest desire to have a question fairly and pointedly stated—a very practical and fruitful feeling. Let the above be the cry of Indian reformers.

Let us be objected that what we have been saying supposes considerable zeal for reform on the part of the Company's servants in India. We know it does. Let it not be feared that the zeal, or the discretion either, (which is sometimes forgotten at home,) will be wanting there. We only wish that the Company's servants—that is, the actual governors of India—were more thought of and consulted in this matter. They are at this time watching, with an interest little thought of at home, the proceedings of Parliament, and, still more, the stirrings of England, about India. They see that the nation is beginning to take more interest in India than it ever did before, and they rejoice to see it. They perceive that the men of Manchester are taking a more particular and, it must be owned, a more energetic interest, because they want cotton. They hope, indeed, that the national may keep pace with the Manchester interest; but they do not regret, but rather rejoice, in the activity of the latter, knowing that it is a natural and a legitimate interest, which cannot fail in the end to benefit India. They hear much said about India that evinces great ignorance and yet great conceit of knowledge; but they know that this is

one of the penalties which must be paid for long indifference and neglect, and bear it patiently. They hear themselves abused, ridiculed, and traduced; denounced as oppressors—laughed at as bunglers—spoken of as ludicrously incompetent judges—stern and cruel exactors of revenue—over-paid, luxurious, careless, some do not hesitate to add, corrupt—but they look at the map of British India, which the Indian army has conquered, and which the Indian civil service administers, and can afford to bear patiently with all that. But one thing does rouse their indignation. When they see young men in and out of Parliament making political capital out of Indian grievances—young men who like to write slashing Radical pamphlets, or who wish to conciliate Radical constituencies, sauntering from the club or the park into the House of Commons, inflated with a two weeks' knowledge of Indian history, and a string of one-sided statistics culled at random from the Blue-book, and there declaiming with all the emphasis of ignorant impunity, against the follies and iniquities of those who have made India what it is; saying—and that, too, without being silenced by indignant ridicule—that the Indian people are worse off now than they were under their own native princes, or the Mahommedan emperors; then their patience does almost fail them, and they are tempted to wish that for a year or two the Mogul emperors were indeed back again, and that these young west-end Radicals might be transplanted for a while as ryots from the neighbourhood of Belgravia to that of Delhi, to learn the amazing difference that exists between declamation and fact.

But the impatience passes away, almost as speedily as do the words of these frothy declaimers, and there remains one general earnest feeling among the members of the Indian services, that England may deal with India honestly and wisely; minding first her own business, that is to say, appointing good governors, and trusting them when appointed; but taking ample security to herself that this trust is not abused by bringing both governed and governor nearer to herself, connected by the golden chain of responsibility.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

BY LAND AND SEA.



GOOD travel-writing requires a certain sort of egotism. It is indeed autobiography—a narrative of personal adventure. The little monosyllable must be bold, and forward, and familiar. Shyness, hauteur, and fastidiousness are no garb for the pilgrim *ego*. But *I* need not be always proclaiming myself a hero: I need not show a consciousness of my own merits; no vanity need glitter in my story. I may tell it plainly and naturally, setting down what I felt, and not what I ought to feel; the experience of the day, and not the after-thought of the morrow. Yes, sir; and so, or not at all, you will be readable and pleasant; journeying by this rule, you will give freshness to the most hackneyed ground. There is always, we have said it before, something left to see; there is always something new to be felt in what has been seen before. And the difference of manner you have been pleased to describe makes the difference between Mr. Robinson Crusoe, who is our choice companion, and this or that grand tourist who condescends to line our trunks.

Nowhere is there more of that fine and true *humour* which prevents egotism from becoming offensive, than in our own country. Nowhere is there so genuine and ready a sense of the ridiculous. We should seem, therefore, to be well qualified for narrating our personal experience. Yet English reserve has passed into a proverb. We are said either to wrap ourselves up in coldness and disdain, or to seek refuge from our shyness in bustle and rattle. De Tocqueville pretends we are afraid of making acquaintances we might afterwards regret. But there is no ground for this imputation of selfishness. Our real fear is in an opposite direction, and is in truth a part of our humour. On the one

hand, our quick sense of the ridiculous makes us ever afraid of ridicule, and on the other the tenderness which is always found with humour shrinks from meeting imperfect sympathy. Only the confidence of power can overcome this double timidity, and enable its fortunate possessor to present himself before the world with ease and grace in his natural character.

Hence perhaps it is that so few of our tourists attain any marked success in what, on a former occasion, we described as apparently the easiest of all arts—travel-writing. Another pile of vari-coloured volumes now courts our attention, and invites us into every quarter of the globe except our own. Europe alone is absent from our table. We will, then, take flight to the other hemisphere, and accompany Mr. MacCann* in his ride through the Argentine Provinces of South America. Mr. MacCann travelled for the purpose of examining the great sheep and cattle farms of the country, and seeking new openings for commerce. He finds a vast field for emigrant enterprise, but liable to the desolating influence of the civil dudgeon always running high in that luckless clime.

Many settlers, especially among the Irish, have realized an independence in a very short time. But sheep-farming is a gigantic affair on those boundless plains. A Mr. Handy, known otherwise as Irish Mike, and again as the Duke of Leinster, goes south, and buys his eight thousand sheep at eighteen pence a dozen. A hundred are lost or eaten on the journey home. About a thousand are killed as soon as they become fat; the fleeces bring five shillings and three pence a dozen; the mutton fattens a herd of swine. Mr. MacCann says nothing of the quality of the pork, but the profit

* *Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces.* With Illustrations. By William MacCann. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

speaks for itself. On the other hand the cattle-farmer now and then learns the cost of civil war. The soldiers disdain to eat bull-beef, and certain English proprietors in the Banda Oriental found on collecting their beasts after an inroad that they possessed a herd of a thousand bulls with no companions of the softer sex. To travel over those endless prairies with your horizon always flying before you, you should, like the author of *Eothen*, have learnt to find a home in your saddle. Everything is done on horseback. Only a few miles out of Buenos Ayres Mr. MacCann finds an Arcadian amazon tending her sheep. In Corrientes, during the war with Rosas, General Paz, like the king of Dahomey, had a regiment of lady lancers, nine hundred strong. They took no part in the fight, but rejoiced, it is said, both in the spoil and the carnage. Your horse, again, is no trained pacer of the manège, but you are lucky if he is tame enough to eat corn. Of a troop which Mr. MacCann purchased for his journey, three were described as tame, two neither tame nor wild, and one only fit to be a perch for a bird. There is frequent occasion to try their mettle and your own. You come up with a herd of deer and ostriches, and away you go, will you or not, in a chase to which our hedge and ditch work is nothing. You hear a muffled sound, the ground trembles beneath you, and a troop of wild horses thunders by, tossing their crests in the moonlight, their flowing manes and tails waving in the breeze. The natives tell you that at a certain hour nearly every night their dogs begin to howl and whine as if lamenting the dead, and that then some spirit rides past, mounted on a wild colt, and driving a troop of wild horses before him. A primitive hospitality, quite Arabian in its character, prevails wherever you go. There are no inns, and you put up at the farm-houses. Tender of payment would be an insult, but the lodging is often of the rudest. The floor is open for your bed, but you had best be cautious in making it. Once towards day-break Mr. MacCann's guide, Don José, seemed restless, and soon exclaimed, 'I have been

sleeping on an ants' nest;' the coverlet was black with the creatures. And at another place he himself spread his couch over a rats' burrow, the denizens of which squealed and scuffled under the clothes, and strolled freely over the person of their strange bed-fellow. The fare is often novel, and the cookery not over nice. Armadilloes are a favourite food; roasted in their own armour, their flesh resembles the sucking-pig's, but is more delicate and tender. To cook beef, the spit is driven into the ground so as to slant over the fire until the joint is sufficiently done, when it is set upright, and the company sitting round, each in turn seize the meat with their teeth, and so cut off the mouthful by an upward stroke of their knives, a mode of carving in which a stranger's nose runs considerable risk of abbreviation.

In the northern provinces, the country-folk live almost entirely in the open air; even in the towns the roofs and court-yards are favourite sleeping places; in the plains a household reposes under the shade of a tree; what we call a house is merely a pantry or wardrobe. After supper you bid each other a formal good night, and go off to find as soft a couch as you may.

Our author does not share in the common feeling against Rosas, the late dictator, and gives a pleasant account of his way of life, which was somewhat mediæval in its character, dinner being provided daily for all comers, and two or three buffoons kept to entertain the company. The presence of the general was always the signal for fun and drollery, but was seldom granted, his daughter usually presiding. Doña Manuelita was such a dashing horsewoman that Mr. MacCann says she often foiled him in his duty as a cavalier of fanning the musquitoes from her neck and arms.

But we must here leave these agreeable volumes, only adding that they contain much practical information respecting the traffic of the Argentine Provinces, and a complete history of the government, written with considerable spirit.

From the river Plate we use our privilege to ascend to the isthmus joining the two continents, whither

Mr. Gisborne has invited us with his *Darien journal*.* He travelled in the quality of civil engineer, to discover the best line for a ship canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which he thinks he has found between Caledonia Bay on the east and the Gulf of San Miguel on the west. Passing over some rather tedious speculation as to the difficulties he might expect to encounter, we are glad to disembark with him at Cartagena, the chief sea-port of New Granada, now languishing under the effects of party strife and want of enterprise. A detention of some weeks showed Mr. Gisborne more than he wished of the lazy town, where the rulers take counsel on rocking-chairs, and the ladies wear necklaces of fire-flies, and tobacco and dirt are the order of the day. Weary of delay, he at length hired a brigantine and sailed for Port Escoces, so named from those unfortunate Scotch settlers whose story has lately acquired fresh and still melancholy interest from the fate of their novelist. Here new ground was to be broken; nothing was known of the interior of the country, except from the old accounts of the buccaneers. The Indian population[†] is hostile to foreign visits. But a civil engineer is not easily daunted. Mr. Gisborne and his assistant effected a landing unperceived, cut their way through the woods for a day's march without interruption, and slept in the bush with no other disturbance than the howling of a huge baboon. On their second day they were encountered by Indians, and straight conducted back to the shore, where their fate was for awhile in some suspense. Released at length by the influence of a chief called Bill, who spoke broken English, they sailed for Chagres, satisfied that on this side of the isthmus there were no insuperable difficulties in the way of the proposed canal. Between Chagres and Panama they fell in with the stream of Californian gold seekers, among whom was a fair-

haired personage whose male habiliments could not disguise the sex of Imogen and Viola. From Panama a short voyage took them to the splendid harbour of San Miguel, whence they pushed by boat up the Savannah river as far as possible, and then continued their way on foot. But walking is no joke through those trackless woods. Every step of the way must be cut with the hatchet, or its substitute the macheto, a short kind of sword; in some places the only mode of making a path is to fall backwards on the tangled vegetation; trousers are torn to rags, and a coating of mud is found a useful guard against the mosquitoes; the swamps frequently rise to the waist; and to crown all, the explorers entirely lose their way. We need not say with what joy they at length heard the shout of their boat's crew. It was enhanced by the conviction that they had succeeded in their object, and that the proposed canal was perfectly feasible. Its course is exhibited in several maps. Mr. Gisborne is evidently a pleasant companion, and a lover of his profession; and in spite of some superfluous writing, has produced a very readable book.

We wish we could fairly say the same of Mr. Parish Robertson,† whose two bulky tomes on Mexico and Yucatan next attract our notice, somewhat ominously heralded by a list of subscribers. But while they show some of the social qualities which would naturally command such a token of friendship, they are sadly deficient in the tact of authorship. Whole pages are filled with what we can only designate as twaddle, and a dreary sort of drollery pervades the work, far more provoking than amusing. Provoking, because Mr. Robertson can, when he pleases, be an entertaining and instructive companion. The wreck of the ill-fated steamer, *Forth*, on the Alacranes reef, is even yet not so old a story as to be necessarily tiresome; but we recoil from the meetings of

* *The Isthmus of Darien in 1852. With Four Maps.* By Lionel Gisborne. Saunders and Stanford.

† *A Visit to Mexico, by the West India Islands, Yucatan, and United States, with Observations and Adventures on the Way.* By William Parish Robertson, author of *Letters on Paraguay, &c.* 2 vols. Simpkin and Marshall.

the passengers, Mr. Robertson in the chair, and the complimentary letters to the captain and the gallant Lieutenant Molesworth. Then, again, Mr. Robertson's inability to describe the celebrated Mexican valley of Jalapa in his own words, is no reason why he should quote those of Ruxton and Madame Calderon de la Barca. 'Forgive me,' he exclaims, 'dear Madame C—— de la B——, for thus culling your sweets; but how pleased must my readers be once more to sip them!' So, too, at Niagara, our author may be wise in not attempting to explain his own sensations, but he is certainly wrong in using La Bruyère's *tout est dit*, and still farther wrong in setting down the details of the falls like items of an auctioneer's catalogue.

'1. The quantity of water discharged over the falls is, &c. &c.

'2. The falls are situated on the Niagara river, &c. &c.

'3. The river forms the outlet of, &c. &c.'

And so on through twenty-two particulars. Again, we cannot smile when we find a chapter headed, 'Robbers! Robbers!! Robbers!!!' yet containing no robbery; and our risible muscles are quite unmoved, when, after climbing a mountain in Mexico, Mr. Robertson says you require 'summat on the summit of Sumate.' But, on the other hand, we delight in his account of those Yucatan Cheeribles, the brothers Camacho, of Campeachy, monks with no claustral austerity; the elder plump and rosy, good-tempered, garrulous, and facetious (something, we imagine, like our traveller); the younger thin, pale, and tall, meek, gentle, and thoughtful; who journeyed together over Europe, acquiring a high reputation for science and learning, and then planted their fig-tree in Campeachy, to sit under it for the rest of their lives. The elder brother collects a museum of natural history, and of those antiquities with which Stephens has made us familiar; the younger is devoted to mechanics.

They affect, with pleasant raillery, to laugh at each other's tastes. They tell you of their *petites misères*. 'If my

brother,' says the eldest, 'wants to boil some glue, he seizes hold of one of my ancient Indian pots, or of some beautiful large strong shell, and these he mercilessly destroys for me, and all for some foolish piece of mechanical work which nobody cares a straw for.' The younger smiles. 'Well, brother,' he answers, 'what are your bits of coarse Indian baked clay, or your big shells good for, if not as kitchen utensils? But when you take my best tools to clean out an oyster, or scrape some barbarous image, I may indeed feel some pain.'

Continuing our course towards the north, we now enter those wide and wild territories which own the sway of the Hudson's Bay Company. A 'Fur Trader'* presents us with some episodes of his adventurous life among the 'Flat-heads,' and 'Crows,' and 'Blackfeet,' and 'Carriers.' We find him exploring an unknown tract on the Columbia river; a flight of arrows whistles through his camp; he answers with his rifles; and twenty-six Indians are left upon the field. Anon, he is travelling in concord with a band of Flat-heads, under Cut-thumb, their Ulysses, and Red-feather, their Achilles. The Blackfeet steal their horses. The spoil is recovered by Red-feather, but his foes fire the prairie behind him, and horse and rider perish in the flames. Invited to an Indian burial, the Trader finds the grave is dug not only for the dead. One son had died before, and the heart-broken Eagle will not survive the loss of another. 'The string of my bow is broken, the last hope of my declining days has forsaken me. . . . I was once a hunter, but I am so no longer. I was once the proud father of two noble sons, but alas, where are they? I was once a warrior, but am so no longer. Wherefore should I cumber the earth?' He folded his blanket around him, descended composedly into the pit, and cast himself upon the corpse of his son. 'Throw in the earth,' he said; 'I am resolved to die.' The English Trader gazed upon his face, as the clouds showered down upon him, and not a muscle changed to the last. The earth was levelled, and a flag marked the resting-place of the

* *Traits of American-Indian Life and Character.* By a Fur Trader. Smith and Elder.

living and the dead. In 1835, our author was strolling along Stuart's Lake, when harrowing shrieks broke from the pine thicket, and rushing to ascertain the cause, he found himself in the midst of some hundred Indians preparing the obsequies of one of their race. In this case the body was to be burnt. The widow was supporting its head, and beside it stood the pyre of dry fir. The Trader's intrusion caused some demur, but ultimately the ceremony went on. The body was laid upon the pile, and instantly covered with a pile of blankets, clothing, and other articles sacrificed by the bystanders to propitiate the wandering spirit. Then, amidst yells and gesticulations, the mother of the deceased advanced to fire the pile. The flames soon lighted up the forest, and by their glare the relations of the dead rushed to torture his widow. The wretched woman was flung into the fire again and again, until at length she struggled forth and fell fainting on the grass. But not yet was she suffered to rest. Her mother-in-law caught an axe from the ground, struck her a violent blow on the shoulders, and would have repeated it, but that the Trader sprang forward and wrested the weapon from her hands. Fortunately for him, sufficient revenge had been taken, and his interference was not resented.

It were well if the dead were only propitiated by such offerings as those mentioned above. At the rapids of the Columbia river, in 1841, our author was present in an Indian camp when divine service was being celebrated by the resident missionary, and observed in a corner of the lodge a youth apparently dying of consumption, with his brother seated by his side. Before the service was concluded, it was announced that the spirit of the sick man had departed, when the brother sprang upon a decrepit old woman among the congregation, and before a hand could be raised in help, had severed her head from her body. And again, in the same year, Le Tranquille, a Shewappe chief, died after a protracted illness, having with his latest breath fully warranted his European name, by desiring that no vengeance should follow his decease. But not

so could his widow be content. Seizing a gun, she placed it in the hands of her eldest son. 'Go,' she said, 'go, my son, and revenge your father. . . . Go, go; and let your victim be of no common rank.' But it was not until he was taunted with a woman's cowardice that the young man could be provoked to the deed. Then, at last, he took the gun, repaired to the neighbouring fort, and seated himself beside the fire in the hall where the commandant, an intimate friend of our author, was walking to and fro. They had talked awhile on various matters, when the ill-fated officer turned to leave the room, received the charge of the Indian's gun in his back, and fell to the ground a corpse. The murderer was shot in attempting to escape. It seems the Indians believe that death by disease is never natural, but always due to witchcraft or poison, and that the spirit of the departed cannot find rest until it is appeased by such a sacrifice as is here described.

But enough of these grim stories. Let us follow our author to the house of feasting. In 1832, being then quartered at Fort Simpson, on the coast, there came to him an Indian embassy. 'Great chief of the whites,' said the messenger, 'you have seen my young men before your fort. . . . It is my intention to give a great feast. . . . I require your assistance.' Fifteen hundred Indians were assembled for the banquet; six stout fellows could scarce clear a way for the guests to their place of honour; the seats were arranged as in the pit of a theatre; a stage erected before them was concealed by a curtain; in fact, it was a dramatic representation, at which the traders were to assist. The curtain rose and discovered the chief of the tribe, wearing a grotesque masquo of wood, and having his head surmounted by an image of the sun, lighted from the inside. As all eyes were turned upon him, he sunk slowly below the stage, leaving the audience in darkness, and the poor whites in some dread of their dusky neighbours. But daylight soon re-appeared, the orb rising again amidst rapturous applause, the Indians shouting, howling, and screaming in a way to appal white

cars. Three times was the setting and rising repeated; then followed a dance of forty young Indian girls; and then a strong savour of putrid oil announced the banquet. Bear's grease, we observe, is not used only as a cosmetic by the Indians.

On another occasion, our Trader was invited to dine with Hanayah, a Carrier chief, who, among other distinctions, possessed the evil eye. Two hundred guests were present at the feast. Beavers were the principal food. In the midst of the entertainment, Hanayah filled a large dish with bear's oil, 'Drink this,' he said, placing the bowl before a Nautlay Indian near him. 'Wherefore this?' demanded the other. 'Who accused me, last winter, of eating all my store of grease?' answered Hanayah: 'I have at least enough left for you. Drink.' Poor Kusmalah, under fear of the evil eye, quailed off half the dish, but was glad to purchase exemption from finishing it by flinging his coat to Hanayah, in atonement for his slander.

We might easily quote much more from this unpretending but interesting little volume; but others demand our attention. We still set our faces to the north. 'Sadness falls upon us as we approach those icy waters, now overhung by so much painful mystery. *So different are the views entertained respecting the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, that we should regret to say a word which might damp the hopes yet lingering of their safety. The narratives of two exploring parties are now lying before us: the first, that of Captain Kennedy's second voyage* in the *Prince Albert*, equipped under the auspices of Lady Franklin; the other, Dr. Sutherland's history of Captain Penny's expedition. The *Prince Albert* sailed from Aberdeen on the 22nd of May, 1851; made Cape Farewell June 24th; and on September 4th, sighted Leopold Island, near the winter quarters of Sir James Ross in 1848-9, where

the district allotted to Captain Kennedy for investigation might be said to begin. After encountering great difficulty and danger from the ice in Prince Regent Inlet, the ship was at last secured in a good position for wintering in Batty Bay, on the east coast of North Somerset. In the beginning of January, 1852, a preliminary journey was made to Fury Beach, where the stores deposited by Sir John Ross, in the winter of 1832-3, were found still undisturbed, as they had been by Lieutenant Robinson in 1849; and having thus tested the travelling powers of his crew, on February 25th, Captain Kennedy started to accomplish the main purpose of his expedition. His party consisted of fourteen. They proceeded southwards from Fury Beach, crossed Cresswell Bay on the ice, and on the 5th of April reached Brentford Bay, a point of considerable interest. Here they divided,—Captain Kennedy taking the north side of the channel, and Lieutenant Bellet the south. The result was the discovery of a strait leading from Prince Regent Inlet, on the east, to an open sea on the west, which Captain Kennedy has since ascertained to be the northern extremity of Victoria Strait. This inlet he proposes to call Bellet Strait, in honour of the gallant French officer who volunteered his services to the expedition; and he observes that it supplies an important link in establishing the existence of the long-sought north-west passage. In fact, according to the map of the polar regions attached to Dr. Sutherland's journal, the discovery does actually complete the line of water communication. The Captain also convinced himself that North Somerset was joined to Prince of Wales Land by a continuous line of coast, or at least that there was no navigable passage from Peel Sound to Victoria Strait. It was obvious, therefore, that Franklin could not have come south from Cape Walker by these seas, and the

* *A Short Narrative of the Second Voyage of the Prince Albert in search of Sir John Franklin.* By William Kennedy, commanding the Expedition. With Illustrations, and a Map by Arrowsmith Dalton.

Journal of a Voyage to Baffin's Bay and Barrow Straits. By Peter C. Sutherland, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Surgeon to the Expedition. With Maps, Plates, and Illustrations. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

explorers pushed directly west, in order to discover whether any other channel existed. They crossed the head of Victoria Strait in two days, and found a low, level coast, scarcely distinguishable from the floe over which they had travelled. A long march westward and northward across these plains brought them to the head of Ommamney Bay; from thence they turned back to Peel Sound, searched the coast up to Cape Walker, and returned round the north coast of North Somerset to Batty Bay. They had found no traces whatsoever of the missing ships, but they had narrowed the field of search, and rendered valuable aid towards the termination of the existing suspense.

Captain Kennedy's narrative is written in a hearty and cheery spirit, which carries the reader pleasantly along. It is full of the usual incidents of arctic travel; and it is marked throughout by a generous appreciation of other efforts in the same cause, and by great modesty in the account of the author's own.

The discoveries made by Captain Penny's expedition, in 1850, have scarcely yet ceased to thrill upon the public ear.* The three graves found on Beechy Island of men belonging to the missing ships, who had died in January and April, 1846; the relics of the forges, and huts, and stores, both there and on the coast of North Devon; the traces of an encampment north of Cape Spencer—all told clearly that here Franklin and his brave companions had passed their first winter; and that from hence, therefore, his seekers should begin their researches. Unhappily, no indication could be discovered of the plans with which he broke up his camp. Probably, in the fulness of hope and the confidence of success, such indications were deemed superfluous—possibly they were left, but have escaped discovery. We need not discuss the different judgments which were formed on the spot concerning his actual course. One of the strongest was that which affirmed there was no outlet to the north-west from Wellington Channel. Not so, however, judged Captain Penny. After various attempts to explore its coasts

in the advancing autumn, he at last laid up his ships for the winter at the south of Cornwallis Land, having for a companion the veteran Sir John Ross, and for neighbours the vessels of Captain Austin's squadron, which had taken up their quarters on the opposite coast of Griffith Island. The winter passed away, and with the beginning of spring Captain Penny organized his travelling parties, and commenced his examination of Wellington Channel. The result was the discovery of an outlet to the north-west, and of the extensive water to which the name of Queen's Channel has been given. It was the 16th of May, 1851, when Dr. Sutherland gazed from Point Surprise over that expanse of sea, then quite free from ice; and while sighing for a boat to take advantage of the open water, could not refrain from the exclamation—'No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are found.' But, as our readers know, a powerful squadron, under Sir Edward Belcher, is now engaged in following up these important discoveries, and some decisive intelligence may be anticipated before any very long time has elapsed.

Polar adventure is now so familiar to our imagination, that it is not easy to invest it with any fresh interest. But Dr. Sutherland's narrative triumphs over this difficulty in a remarkable degree. To the daring of a seaman, and a naturalist's love of science, he unites a poet's feeling—we might almost say enjoyment, of the sublime dangers of those icy seas. You are beset in the 'pack,' under a dark and stormy sky, when the ice all around you suddenly takes life and motion, emits deep hollow groans; and if two or three persons are sitting below in the cabin, they hear a grazing sound against the ship's sides, which, Dr. Sutherland says, interrupts your conversation as surely as if a thunderbolt had burst right over head. And when it is resumed, some old navigator will tell you how, under such circumstances, he has seen the flocks *walking over ships*, and make you none the more talkative when the ominous sound recurs. As a naturalist the doctor finds abundant occupation;

and his description of the molluscs inhabiting those frozen waters may make the denizens of the Regent's-park vivarium fold up their arms in shame. There is another side, also, to his love of the animal kingdom. He once saw an arctic fox, adrift on a stream of ice, running from side to side, evidently alive to the danger of his situation, but never attempting to take the water. His ship was then moored to an iceberg, and as the stream came down against it, split, and swept on, he had an opportunity of throwing some whale's krang on to it, and rejoiced to see the cast-away fox making a hearty meal. It is not only foxes that are thus imprisoned. A whaler on the west coast of Greenland observed something on a piece of ice drifting rapidly away from the shore before a smart breeze, and approaching, found it to be a group of human beings, detached by some mishap or carelessness from their home, and delivered to the mercy of wind and wave, without a ray of hope they should ever see their friends again. Whole families of Esquimaux, it is said, perish in this appalling manner.

It is pleasant to perceive the kindly feeling with which Dr. Sutherland always mentions this humble race—praising the efforts of the Danes in their behalf, and regretting that our own Government has not exerted itself in the same cause on our part of the coast. On the Danish shore of Greenland, for nearly eight hundred miles, there are Esquimaux settlements more than a century old, where the neat little church, with a cross over its western door, has been weathering the northern blast for a much longer period. But the missionaries cannot persuade their flocks to abandon their habits of dirt and idleness, for, as it is amusing to learn, a taste for sloth and oil is supposed to betoken the true Innuít, the best blood of Greenland, prized among the Esquimaux like the *sangre azul* of Castile. But the wild unreclaimed tribes are savage and brutal; and Dr. Sutherland records an instance of horrible cruelty which he saw practised upon

one of their dogs. These creatures, invaluable to the arctic voyager, naturally obtain a great share of his attention. Every pack has a king; and when two come together, they fight fiercely for which of the two sovereigns shall have the ascendancy. Even the young dogs have a distinct understanding of each other's rank and prowess; and any doubt is at once settled by an encounter fully as keen as any ever fought at Eton or Harrow. They are not particular as to their food; and on one occasion, when a travelling party was short of provisions, a seal-skin dress belonging to the interpreter afforded them a hearty meal. Their thirst they satisfy by eating snow. One, attempting to lick a little fat from an iron shovel, was frozen fast to it, and only got free at the expense of some inches of the skin of his tongue.

Before leaving these interesting volumes we should observe, that in an Appendix they present the full diaries of the travelling parties, with very copious meteorological tables, and catalogues of the botany, zoology, and geology of the country explored. There are also numerous illustrations, and among them one in colours, of the flowers of Cornwallis Land, showing that even in those thrilling regions, the hues of summer lose none of their brightness.

We had written thus far when Lieutenant Hooper's *Tents of the Tuski*,* inhabitants of the Asiatic coast of Behring's Straits, came into our hands. The author was an officer of H. M. S. *Plover*, dispatched in quest of Franklin in 1848, and therefore before the expeditions we have noticed above. Circumstances forced his ship to winter upon this rarely visited coast, and thus gave him the materials for the first half of his volume, from which portion it derives its name. In most travellers there is a tendency to pet and extol any strange people among whom they may be thrown, which requires to be well watched; especially when it is quickened by the child-like mobility and jovial optimism with which sailors adapt them-

* *Ten Months among the Tents of the Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.*

By Lieut. W. H. Hooper, R.N. With

a Map and Illustrations. Murray.

selves to all chances. And so we perused Lieutenant Hooper's praises of the Tuski ladies, the buxom Mee-co, the budding Mi-yo, the full-blown Yaneenga, the funny Attah, with a scepticism fully justified by his subsequent account of their abominable—what shall we say?—toilet. Surely they are the genuine great unwashed. We may admit their good nature and obliging disposition, but we would be excused from 'rubbing noses' with the handsomest among them. Nor can the civilized sweet tooth which the Tuski exhibit in the matter of sugar in any wise lure us to share their banquets. Fish *au naturel*, except that it is the reverse of fresh, the unruminated food of slaughtered reindeer, and other similar delicacies are not compensated to our taste by cocoa-nut-flavoured cubes of whale's skin, or flavourless boiled seal. *O dura ilia!* We fear the Tuski are sad savages, even while we thank our gallant lieutenant for his pleasant account of them and their ways: their grotesque attempts to rival himself in standing on his head and throwing summersets, their wild rites of *Shamanism*, and their children's dance of 'ermine catch rabbit by the tail.' When they first came on board, all questions were answered by the word 'tam,' afterwards found to mean 'no'; and our author says the English expression of vexation at the want of understanding often sounded very like the Tuski negative. Leaving our readers to solve this riddle, we need only add that the remainder of Lieutenant Hooper's volume contains the history of a boat expedition along the North American coast and up the Mackenzie river, including some fearful tales of hardship endured by the Hudson's Bay Company's servants; and that it is illustrated by several wood-cuts and coloured plates, one of the former being a fac-simile of the author's portrait as drawn by a Tuski artist.

Having now to quit the New World, and proceed to the utmost limits of the Old, we may take the

overland route, and for a while travel in company with Captain Peel on his way to the Nubian Desert.* But this pretty little volume is one of those which derive their chief value from the author's name, and perhaps do positive harm, by occupying the market, to the exclusion of other works, more desirable, though less patrician. An attached friend seems to us scarcely a rarity requiring a solemn description; we do not much care to learn that our author is of a choleric temperament, hardly profitable, we should think, on the quarter-deck; we are little moved by his proficiency in Arabian slang. But he shall speak for himself. The Kadi of Assouan, on the Nile, attempts to defraud him of his stipulated boat's crew:—

At this I burst into a rage, and with no want of words to express it, for on these occasions I speak Arabic with great fluency and precision. 'Oh! you oppressor of the people,' I cried, 'you corruption, you swine, there's no grace of God in your face.' He stood fire very well till I said this, and then stamped and raved, and it was doubtful who would win, so I appealed to the bystanders, and said, 'Look at him, there's no grace of God in his face.' It was too much for him, so he bolted and ran down to the beach, and cried, 'Get the men, get the boat ready; this fellow is worse than the devil.'

The self-consciousness which is visible in this extract more or less pervades the whole book, and together with a certain intolerance, also too apparent, seems likely to militate against the pious purpose of Captain Peel's journey—the conversion and emancipation of the negroes of Dafour. We regret that his benevolent intention should have been defeated by an illness which compelled his precipitate retreat from Labeyed, when he was almost within sight of the scene of his projected labours.

Of very different tone and quality is Mr. Adams' *Spring at the Canterbury Settlement*.† Here, condensed into about the same space, we have much valuable information respecting the state and prospects of

* *A Ride through the Nubian Desert*. By Captain W. Peel, R.N. Longman and Co.

† *A Spring at the Canterbury Settlement*. By C. Warren Adams, Esq. With Engravings. Longman and Co.

a colony which has lately been the object of much interest. Mr. Adams having been recommended to try the effect of a long sea voyage in restoring his health, chose Canterbury for his destination, and sailed from London by the ship of the same name, in company with a large party of emigrants, in June, 1851. And here we may remark that this narrative, as well as several others we have already noticed, impresses us very strongly with the profound dullness of a long voyage. Mr. Adams, indeed, describes life on board ship as a 'lounging, dreamy, lotus-eating sort of existence;' but in spite of the beauty of tropical sunsets and all other novelties, he fails to persuade us that the life thus portrayed is not really one of prodigious dullness. The very games invented to while away the slow hours strengthen this impression, for we can hardly conceive two individuals engaging in 'Sesostris,' as here described, unless they were reduced to the very last stage of *ennui*.

After rounding the Cape it was found that the fresh provisions would prove insufficient, and the necessary infliction of 'short commons' increased the desire for the end of the voyage. The sailors attributed the delay to the presence of a monkey which the captain had purchased from a passing ship, and there was much talk of consigning master Jacko to the deep. At length, however, he got to the rum cask, and died by his own draught. The wind then became suddenly fair, and the ship made a rapid run to Port Lyttelton. A panic seized the passengers on their arrival. The *Midlothian*, which had sailed the same day with the *Canterbury*, had got in a fortnight before her, and the passengers were so dismayed with the prospect before them that they had determined on proceeding to some more hopeful locality. The most dismal tales were rife in the cabin; wind and hail whistled through the rigging; the hills round the harbour were white with snow; and the arrival of some gentlemen from the port covered to the knees with thick yellow mud, capped the apprehensions of the new colonists. The sight of Lyttelton, however, dispelled much of this consternation.

Wide streets, neat houses, shops, stores, hotels, and a general air of activity, raised the spirits of the emigrants. But Mr. Adams and his companions were immediately made aware of the failure of the settlement in one particular, for they had not been twenty-four hours in the colony before they were solicited for subscriptions towards the erection of a church independently of the Association, the Dissenters having already provided for their own accommodation.

This, however, is practically of trifling importance compared with the want of roads. The way from Lyttelton to Christchurch is by a bridle road over a lofty hill, the ascent and descent being each a mile in length, and so steep that the pack-horses can only carry small burdens. From the summit the eye looks far and wide over the celebrated 'plains,' supposed to contain a mine of agricultural wealth, but when Mr. Adams visited them swampy and desolate. At some miles' distance rises the little town of Christchurch, by no means, says Mr. Adams, so pretty a place as Lyttelton, but well situated in point of utility, and displeasing only to those who, in the words of a leading colonist, 'consider the act of emigrating merely as a protracted picnic, relieved with a little ornamental church architecture.'

The neighbourhood of Lyttelton had to Mr. Adams all the interest of a semi-explored district. He and a friend lose their way in the bush, give themselves a good fright by firing the grass, make an enforced bivouac, breakfast on a pigeon of their own shooting, using a ramrod for a spit, and only after the fall of their second night make their way to a settler's 'warri,' or hut, half dead with their long struggle against the 'bush-lawyer,' a tough and tangled bramble. Sheep-farming, he thinks, will for some time be the most profitable employment, but the farmer must be prepared to undergo not a little hardship; and Mr. Adams smiles at the expectations of some of his fellow passengers—one gentleman taking out a couple of carriages, and a lady being provided with a full stock of kid gloves and evening dresses.

About twenty miles from Christchurch there is a native village, with a population of about eight hundred Maories. Here, as elsewhere, they are an affectionate and faithful race. The daughter of an old Christchurch settler had won greatly on their regard by repeated little kindnesses, and was called by them 'the White Rose.' One severe winter she fell very ill. The Maories heard that she had wished for some fish. The season was long over, and fishing was a matter of great danger. But a boat was immediately sent out, and with much difficulty procured a small supply. In attempting to return it encountered an adverse gale, and was kept at sea for three days. On at last reaching the shore, the fish, from which the famished boatmen had religiously abstained—it was for the White Rose—was found to be tainted. Again the Maories put to sea, and this time succeeded in bringing home their affectionate offering. They are also deeply devoted to Bishop Selwyn, who seems in truth to command the love and reverence of all with whom he is brought in contact. We shall presently meet the bishop again.

From New Zealand we may naturally accompany Captain Erskine* in his cruise from Auckland among the islands of the Western Pacific, grouped together by the French under the name of Melanesia. The captain's first visit is to the Samoan islands, the head quarters of the missionaries in those seas, where they educate native preachers, print the Scriptures in the Samoan language, and publish a newspaper—the *Samoan Reporter*. A courtly and formal people are the Samoans. Their ceremonies in drinking ava, a liquor produced by chewing the root of a kind of pepper, and in taste resembling rhubarb and magnesia, may remind us of *le roi boit*. Among them we find a peace society in full vigour. A Samoan Cobden declares that his tribe 'not only would refuse to join their neighbours in their wars, but should they be attacked themselves they would bow to the

stroke.' But even then civil war prevailed in the islands, and one of the warrior chiefs had assumed the not very peaceable name of 'Raging Bull.'

Leaving these polite and stately people, we proceed to their less formal neighbours—the Tongan, or Friendly Islanders, so minutely described by Mariner. Industry and gentleness distinguish the Tongans. Their country looks like a garden, and from every village comes the sound, not altogether unmusical, of the mallet used in beating the mulberry bark into cloth—the unceasing employment of the women. Pieces of this cloth are made forty yards long by four yards wide. Captain Erskine gives a dinner on board his ship to King George and his son, receiving them with a salute of thirteen guns, a compliment by which his Tongan majesty is said to set great store. The king was much pleased by experiments with a diving dress, readily apprehending its principle, and remarking to his courtiers, 'How useless is strength unaccompanied by wisdom!' The Tongans, it seems, have quite a Cambrian love of pedigree, and are very fond of being questioned concerning their connexions and dignities. And so obliging in this respect was Captain Erskine that an old chief, named Vaca-teu-ola, which being interpreted means, 'the canoe that is lucky in catching the sharks,' declared they had never been treated so like chiefs before.

Very different from these gentle and inoffensive folk are the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands, among whom cannibalism prevailed extensively till quite recently, and is still far from unknown. Lying off the shore at night, you will hear a drum beating tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap—it is the death drum of a cannibal feast. Not only do the Feejeans eat their prisoners taken in war, but the same horrible doom awaits the wretched victims of shipwreck. Vainly may the stranded mariner present himself as a casual traveller requiring hospitality; the hungry villagers detect what they

* *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific in H. M. S. Havannah.* By John Lophinstone Erskine, Capt. R.N. With Maps and Plates. Murray.

term 'salt water in his eyes,' and spring like tigers on their prey. So habitual indeed has been the practice, that the missionaries say the Feejeean language contains no word for a simple corpse, but the term used implies the idea of food, just as we might have no other word than mutton to describe our sheep. It is even asserted that at periods of scarcity families will exchange children for this horrible purpose. But the ordinary mode of obtaining a supply in time of peace is by kidnapping, and as the flesh of women is preferred to that of men, these raids generally fall upon the softer sex. We shall quote one narrative from among the many horrors related by Captain Erskine, because the noble conduct of two English women in some degree mitigates its revolting features. Thakombau, the chieftain of Bau, having to give a return banquet, has surprised and captured fifteen women who came down to the beach to pick shell-fish for food.

On Sunday, the 29th of July (1849), the hollow sound of the awful 'lali,' or sacred drum, bore across the water to Viwa the intelligence that a cargo of human victims had arrived in Bau, and a native Christian chief (I believe Namosemalua), who had quitted the capital to bring the information to the missions, related to the shuddering ladies, whose husbands were absent at Bau, in Sandalwood Bay, in Vanua Levu, on their usual annual meeting, the whole of the circumstances of the capture. In the course of the day, different reports as to the intentions of the authorities were brought over, but in the evening came a definitive one, that all were to be slaughtered on the morrow.

And then was enacted a scene which ought to be ever memorable in the history of this mission.

On the Monday morning, Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, accompanied only by the Christian chief above mentioned, embarked in a canoe for Bau to save the lives of the doomed victims. Each carried a whale's tooth decorated with ribbons, a necessary offering on preferring a petition to a chief, for even in this exciting moment, these admirable women did not neglect the ordinary means of succeeding in their benevolent object. As they landed at the wharf, not far from the house of old Tanoa, the father of Thakombau, and in this instance the person to whom they were to

address themselves, the shrieks of two women then being slaughtered for the day's entertainment, chilled their blood, but did not daunt their resolution. They were yet in time to save a remnant of the sacrifice. Ten had been killed and eaten; one had died of her wounds; the life of one girl had been begged by Thakombau's principal wife, to whom she was delivered as a slave, and three only remained. Regardless of the sanctity of the place, it being 'tabued' to women, they forced themselves into old Tanoa's chamber, who demanded, with astonishment at their temerity, what these women did there? The Christian chief, who well maintained his lately adopted character, answered for them, that they came to solicit the lives of the surviving prisoners, at the same time presenting the two whale's teeth. Tanoa, apparently still full of wonder, took up one of these, and, turning to a messenger, desired him to carry it immediately to Navindi (the executioner), and ask, 'If it were good.' A few minutes were passed in anxious suspense. The messenger returned, and 'It is good,' was Navindi's answer. The women's cause was gained, and old Tanoa thus pronounced his judgment: 'Those who are dead, are dead; those who are alive, shall live.' With their three rescued fellow creatures these heroic women retired, and already had the satisfaction of experiencing that their daring efforts had produced a more than hoped-for effect. A year or two ago, no voice but that of derision would have been raised towards them, but now, on returning to their canoe, they were followed by numbers of their own sex, blessing them for their exertions, and urging them to persevere.

Medals of humane societies, and what not—how trumpery are such decorations compared with a memory like this!

But cannibalism is only one phase of the general blood-thirstiness of these savage islanders. When the king builds a house, a man is buried alive at the foot of each post to ensure the stability of the edifice. At the death of a chief, one or more of his wives are invariably strangled; and the chiefs themselves, when grown old or infirm, are buried alive, their wives in such cases being previously put to death, and thrown into the grave to make a bed for their doomed lord. The women, indeed, often make it a point of honour to die in this manner, and reject the efforts of the missionaries

to save them. In order that canoes may be fortunate, they are frequently launched over the bodies of living slaves as rollers. There are instances of all these atrocities in the very interesting narrative of John Jackson, an English sailor, who lived a prisoner in these islands for two years, which Captain Erskine has printed in an Appendix; and they are amply confirmed by the Captain's own personal observation. But in Jackson's homely language these horrors are too revolting for quotation; and we can make but one short extract, showing that, with all their ferocity, the Feejeans are humorists in their way. Here is their version of *Les Anglais pour rire* :—

They sometimes amuse themselves with masquerades. I remember at one of the public masquerades, an individual who took the character of a white man, and performed it so well, that he caused great mirth. He was clothed like a sailor, armed with a cutlass, and as a substitute for bad teeth (*which is a proverbial characteristic of white men amongst these people*), he had short pieces of black pipe-stems placed irregularly, which answered very well. The nose on his mask was of a disproportionate length, which they also say is another prominent feature, adding nothing to the beauty of white men. His hat was cocked on three hairs, in the sailor fashion, and made from banana leaves. In his mouth was a short black pipe, which he was puffing away as he strolled about, cutting the tops of any tender herb that happened to grow on either side. This masquerade is carried on by the slaves when they bring in the first fruits and offer them to the king; and even at such times, when allowance is made for not being over scrupulous in paying the accustomed deference to superiors, they nevertheless keep a little guard over themselves, and behave with more or less decorum. But this mimicking sailor acted his part cleverly, and paid no attention whatever to decorum, but strutted about, puffing away at his pipe as unconcerned as though he was walking the fore-castle.

The object of Captain Erskine's cruise was the encouragement and protection of commerce; and we regret to learn that the white traders of these seas are too often disgraced by treachery and cruelty worthy even of the Feejee islanders. A principal article of traffic is sandal-wood, and the foulest means are

sometimes adopted to obtain it,—natives of one island being kidnapped and carried off to cut it in another, where they are then abandoned to their fate. The mate of a Sydney vessel boasted of having shot six men, as he sailed along the coast of Eromango, one of the New Hebrides, merely in order to spoil the market for those who might come after him. In 1834, the commander of a French vessel, to obtain facilities for trading, permitted an island chief to cook and eat the body of an enemy on board his very ship. What wonder that in a subsequent dispute with his ally he was himself, together with the greater part of his crew, subjected to a like fate? The white residents, moreover, are in the habit of purchasing and maintaining female slaves—the common price being a musket; and the missionaries complain that even Christian women are sometimes thus bought, and, of course, forced into concubinage, by Englishmen. Such persons are by law amenable to the courts of New South Wales; but the distance and prolixity of the necessary proceedings render the jurisdiction almost nugatory; and Captain Erskine is anxious that one more effective should be created.

In noble contrast with these vagabonds stand the missionaries of Melanesia. We have already recorded the courageous devotion of Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Culvert. Captain Erskine has constantly to record his admiration of similar traits. But he observes, that their own published accounts do them less than justice. They are for the most part Methodists, and repel the general reader by giving too much prominence to their peculiar views; assuming an ascetic tone, and being apt to parade miraculous interferences exerted in their behalf. But this sectarianism cannot hide their real merits: their disinterestedness, their zeal, and their possession of that virtue which, to use the Captain's words, Englishmen esteem beyond all others, undaunted personal courage.

We said we should again meet with Bishop Selwyn. He had fitted out a schooner of twenty tons, and was now cruising among these

islands with the view of obtaining volunteers for education in New Zealand, who might afterwards return home and diffuse among their countrymen the advantages they had thus acquired. Captain Erskine falls in with the Bishop among the New Hebrides, and admires his boldness in sailing unarmed—no weapon of any kind having been allowed by him on board the *Undine*. But the perfect presence of mind and dignified bearing of Bishop Selwyn overawed even the savages of Eromango, whose hostility to white men is notorious. So it is wherever they go; every difficulty vanishes before this truly remarkable man, until, his number of pupils being complete, he departs for Auckland; and Captain Erskine's company wave their adieus to the *Undine*, admiring 'the commanding figure of the truly gallant Bishop of New Zealand, as steering his own little vessel, he stood, surrounded by the black heads of his disciples.'

We have said enough to show the great interest of Captain Erskine's journal. We have only to add that it abounds with information respecting the ethnology, commerce, and navigation of Melanesia, and is illustrated by portraits and landscapes.

Dr. Thomson's narrative* of his journey through the Himalaya mountains is almost too purely scientific in its character to occupy much of our space. The doctor seems to have eyes only for the flowers, and rocks, and glaciers that adorn or impede his way, and has scarcely a word to say of the inhabitants who may dwell beside it, or of his own train. Indeed, in reading his volume we were often impressed with the notion that he was absolutely alone—a sort of last man amid the awful solitude of those barren mountains. We can understand, therefore, how he was well entitled to the honour of giving his name to a rhododendron, and how valuable his labours have been to the botanist and geologist. Nor, perhaps, ought we to complain of

the absence of the human element from his journal; he knew his business, and has doubtless done it well. Yet travelling through regions almost unknown to Europeans, lodging in temples among idols of Buddha, encamping often at heights considerably greater than that of Mont Blanc, crossing mountain torrents by swinging bridges of willow twigs, halting awhile in the vale of Kashmir, and visiting the famous gardens of Shalimar, he might, we think, have made his narrative more picturesque without impairing its utilitarian qualities. And when he tells us in four lines how the inhabitants of a village where he was resting turned out with drums to scare away the demons who were eclipsing the sun; when *en passant* he mentions monasteries of Lamas; when he tells how the way-side was strewn with the skeletons of pack-horses, killed by fatigue under their burdens of merchandize; when he describes partridge hunting in the plain of Iskardo—we feel a wish to know more of the villagers, and monks, and merchants, and huntsmen. But while we thus express what are perhaps unreasonable desires, we are bound to add that Dr. Thomson fully succeeds in impressing us with a very sublime idea of the region he explored, a vast table land, where the bottoms of the valleys average some 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the mountain peaks ascend seven thousand higher. His book is adorned by two coloured plates of Iskardo, and illustrated by an elaborate map.

Continuing our sojourn in Asia, we now take up Mr. Raikes' *Notes on the North-Western Provinces of India*.† This, again, is a work hardly within the designation of travels, but as it presents us with some lively and graphic pictures of life among the Rajpoots we shall venture to include it in our review. Mr. Raikes' official character gives him ample opportunities of observation, and an evidently warm heart and genuine turn for humour enable him

* *Western Himalaya and Tibet; a Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India, during the years 1847-8.* By Thomas Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., Assistant Surgeon, Bengal Army. Reeve and Co.

† *Notes on the North-Western Provinces of India.* By Charles Raikes, Magistrate and Collector of Mynpoorie. Chapman and Hall.

to make the most of them. Without pausing on his political views, which are favourable to the *village system*, we will at once borrow two stories from his work racy with oriental flavour. Mr. Raikes will allow us to plead our narrow space in excuse for abridgments which we must confess to be detrimental.

The rajpoot has the clannish feelings and feuds, the love of a ride across the border, the readiness to appeal to sword or club, which marked our Celtic forefathers. He has also the endurance of toil, the tenacity of purpose and affection, the devotion to the household gods, the homestead and the soil, of our Saxon ancestors. Such was Holasi Singh, the elder of two brothers, proprietors of the village of Mullowlie, within Mr. Raikes's district. Thrifty and industrious, their wealth attracted a party of dacoits; Holasi was roused at dead of night, found his brother engaged with the robbers, and arrived only in time to avenge his death, and save the lives of his infant sons, of whom the elder was named Ewuz. Years passed away; Ewuz had married; old Holasi, declining in life, had made over his estates to his son, Bijayee Singh, as fine a fellow (says Mr. Raikes) as you often meet, courageous and high-spirited as became a rajpoot, yet gentle as a lamb. The harmony of the family continued uninterrupted, until Ewuz Singh was stimulated, by his wife's relations, to demand a division of the hereditary estate. To this he was entitled by law, but old Holasi, being strongly attached to the patriarchal style of life, obstinately resisted the partition. The case came before Mr. Raikes. It soon appeared that the division of the dwelling-house was the main source of difficulty. Both Ewuz and Bijayee were living in it, and neither would yield to the other. It was settled to refer the question to arbitration, and the collector was leaving the fort, when old Holasi, now so infirm that he had to be carried from place to place, eagerly called him back. 'Sir, sir,' he whispered, 'you must not go yet: you must do Holasi justice, or these lads will fight, and destroy themselves and me. *There is treasure* buried in Mullowlie fort, and you must come and dig it up. Lift me up quick, lads, and carry me to the inner house.' Scaring the women before them, his son and another stout fellow bore Holasi into the quadrangle. 'Let me down *there*,' screamed the old man, '*there*.' It was a room where Ewuz Singh's wife had just been cooking her husband's ample meal. Fires were blaz-

ing, and vessels sending forth a savoury steam. 'Away with all that,' shouted Holasi, 'out with the fire, away with the ashes; and now, my boys, dig.' Ewuz said, 'Sir, this is my house; you may dig here, but you will allow me to dig in Bijayee Singh's house; there is the treasure, and not here.' All agreed. Two sturdy fellows were soon working away, with the peculiar zeal of natives in digging down a neighbour's wall, while Ewuz flinched, as if hurt, at every stroke of the spade. The diggers were buried to the shoulders, and patience was oozing away, when a spade struck upon an earthen pot, full of rupees. 'There are more,' cried Holasi, as they paused in their labour. So deeper and deeper the digging went on, till a brass vessel was reached, and hoisted out, also filled with coin. All went to work, some washing, some counting, the village *banyan* weighing, and two tailors stitching large bags of cotton-cloth, for the money. It amounted to 8710 rupees. Now came the turn of Ewuz. But Bijayee's apartments were long and dark; Ewuz evidently did not know where to look. Growing desperate, 'I'll go,' he exclaimed, 'and bring my mother; she knows all about it.' Away he rushed, and returned presently, bearing in his arms what seemed a bundle of clothes. The old lady, emerging from the folds, looked round as if scared, and then, stretching out a withered forefinger, pointed to a distant wall. A foot below the surface, Ewuz came upon an earthen vessel of coin. 'My mother's rupees!' he exclaimed; but the collector interposed. 'When did your mother bury her treasure?' 'Twenty years ago.' 'Then this is not hers, for here, see, is the head of Queen Victoria.' It was, in fact, Bijayee's money, buried at the close of the last harvest. But the old dame still kept her shrivelled finger pointed to the ground, and again Ewuz went to work. Mr. Raikes strolled out into the court; he was recalled by a shout; Ewuz was up to his knees in rupees. Together with what had been found before, there were now 21,804 rupees. The knotty question of its division was solved by Bijayee. 'Take the money, sir,' he said, addressing the collector, 'I have plenty; take it all, give it to Ewuz: only ask him'—and a tear trickled down his face,—'ask him to love Holasi and me, and not to bring dissension into our home; other money I can get, but where shall I find another brother?' Ewuz melted, and fell at his brother's feet. The reconciliation was complete, and, we are glad to learn, has continued undisturbed.

Our second story is of a different

kind, and may remind our readers of *Picciola*.

A friend of the author was walking through the ward of his district gaol, where the prisoners under trial were confined, when he was accosted by a middle-aged man, with small, red-looking, wild eyes, grizzled hair, and a forehead running up to point. 'They killed my child,' he reiterated, 'they killed my child! I brought him up from so high,' lowering his hand near to the ground; 'I watched him, and cherished him: but they killed him without any fault or crime.' Inquiry brought out that the prisoner was on trial for murder, and the child he thus lamented was a pet tree which had been cut down by the police. A native supplied the details. Beerbul, the prisoner, was a parcher of grain by trade, an odd reserved sort of man, without children, who cared for nobody but his old wife, and for nothing but one pet tree, which he had planted when a boy, and married, after his own marriage, to a well in his court-yard. Every morning he and his wife poured water over the tree, which they looked upon as their child. By ill-luck, a branch of the tree overhung the adjoining wall, and damaged the plaster by its droppings. The neighbour, Putnee Mul, demanded that it should be cut off, but Beerbul had no notion of mutilating his beloved tree, and returned a cross answer. Putnee went to the police, complained that the tree opened a road for robbers to his house, and obtained a too hasty order for its being felled. This was done. Beerbul came home in the evening with a basket of leaves for his oven on his head, and found his wife crying and beating her breast, and his door-way

blocked up with the fallen tree. Putnee called out, 'Well, Beerbul, will you do as I bid you in future, or not?' Beerbul was silent, but murder was in his heart.

Next morning, as Putnee Mul came out in the early dawn, he saw what looked like three lights under his neighbour's wall; two were the blood-red eyes of Beerbul, the third was his match. The next instant Putnee was on the ground, with four bullets from the matchlock in his heart. Beerbul then sprang upon the corpse, hacked off the arms and the head and stuck them on the trunk and branches of his tree, and then stooping down, drank from the hollow of his hand three mouthfuls of his enemy's blood. This done he reloaded his matchlock, and with it and his sword, dagger, bow and arrows, took his post on the roof of his house. Hours passed on, but none were bold enough to seize the murderer. A dog came to smell at the body, and Beerbul pinned him to the ground with an arrow. The day and the night went by, and his wife could be heard encouraging him, 'Well done, rajah! die like a man, and never let them tie your hands.' The police surrounded the house, but none ventured within range of the matchlock. But at the close of the second day, Beerbul was induced to descend by an artifice, pounced upon, and secured. The trial ended in his being sent to the *kala pance*, or black water, as transportation is termed up the country.

• And with this anecdote we must take leave at once of Mr. Raikes' pleasant volume, and of the other travellers with whom we have been journeying. .

MADONNA PIA:

A TRAGEDY, IN ONE ACT. ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE story of Pia, a daughter of the noble house of the Tolommei, of Sienna, who fell a victim to the jealousy of her husband, Nello da Pietra, in the Tuscan Maremma, is familiar to the reader of Dante, who has suggested the whole tragedy of an event, no doubt familiar to his contemporaries, in a few pregnant lines:—

Ricordi ti di me che son la Pia,
Sienna mi fece, disiede la Maremma,
Sal' si colui che' m'ellata pria

Disposando m'avea con la sua gemma.—*Purg.* c. v.

Following the suggestion of these lines, the Marquis de Belloy has constructed, with considerable skill, a tragedy in one act, called *Mal'aria*, which was recently in the full run of popularity at the *Comédie Française*, when its further representation was forbidden by the Emperor. The reason of this prohibition has never been stated. Certainly it is not to be found in the treatment of this tragical incident, which, for a French drama, is unusually free from extravagance; while, unlike the bulk of what is presented on the French stage, it exacts no false sympathy with guilt. The passions with

which it deals are, perhaps, too alien from our own to make the piece acceptable on our stage; but as a literary work it is full of merit. The tone is thoroughly Italian, and as a remarkable effort to condense a tragedy into one act, we have thought an adaptation into English might not be uninteresting to our readers. Of course we have dealt freely in making such alterations as we conceived most likely to bring the work into harmony with English tastes.

Dramatis Personæ.

COUNT NELLO DELLA PIETRA, *a noble Sicnese.*

DON CASIMO, *Prior of a neighbouring Convent.*

FLAVIO, *a Gentleman-at-Arms, in the service of the COUNT.*

PIA DE TOLOMMET, *Wife of COUNT NELLO DELLA PIETRA.*

MILA, *a young girl, in the service of the COUNTESS.*

The scene lies in the Tuscan Maremma, towards the close of the thirteenth century.

A hall in a chateau. Door in centre. An apartment opens out on left; on the right a window, barricaded with iron stanchions. A Gothic couch R., with a table.

COUNT (*discovered seated, with a book in his hand*).

I'll read no more. Some fascination draws

Me ever back to this accursed book.

What wretch was he who gave his nights and days

To wring from nature all her secret banes,

Compound and label them, like vulgar wares,

And make a ghastly merchandise of death?

What I would have this shows me how to gain:

But oh, not thus, not thus!

[*Rises. Looks restlessly towards door R.*

What keeps this monk

So long within her chamber? Does she trust

Him with the secret she withholds from me,

And make to him confession of the love

Which bars me from the portals of her heart?

Oh, how I loved this woman! Loved? Love still!

To know her soul mine, as her hand is, were

Supremest bliss. But this can never be.

Yet, if not mine, no other man shall boast

He won the prize I wrestled for in vain.

Death only shall dispute my bride with me,

And him will I encounter by her side,

It matters not how soon!

[*The PRIOR enters from the chamber of the COUNTESS.*

At last he comes. Good even, holy father!

How fares it with my gentle lady, pray?

Men laud your cunning in the leech's craft,

Not less than they extol your piety.

I look that she may profit much by both.

What of her malady? Not grave, I trust.

How's this? You do not answer—and that look?

PRIOR. You've sought my aid, sir, somewhat tardily.

COUNT. How? Tardily? What means this freezing tone?

Speak! Tell me all! What fear is in your thoughts?

Within the last few days her eyes have gained

All their old lustre, and her cheek its bloom;

Smiles sat upon her lips, her tones were glad,

And health seem'd living in her frame anew.

What blight has come to change all in an hour?

PRIOR. Trust not, my lord, this fleeting gleam. Our art

Warns us to dread it as a fatal sign.

Even death at times puts on a masking guise.

- COUNT. Death! And no remedy?
 PRIOR. But one.
 COUNT. Say on—
 What must be done?
 PRIOR. Remove her hence at once—
 From the Maremma's pestilential air!
 To-morrow—nay, to-night, this very hour,
 If it be not even now, perchance, too late,
 COUNT. Nay, nay, you must mistake. It cannot be!
 So soon to suffer—
 PRIOR. I do not mistake.
 COUNT. Your words have struck a cold fear to my heart.
 I am to blame. Intent upon the cares
 Of patching up old flaws, adjusting feuds,
 Stopping the breaches of ungainful waste,
 Which long neglect and absence had engendered
 In my domains in the Maremma here,
 I had forgot the dangers of the climate.
 We shall depart to-morrow. Yet, now I think—
 Not that I would make question of your skill,—
 You, father, though a stranger—from the north,
 'Tis said—have sojourned here some twenty years,
 Defying death, yet daily fronting it
 How comes it, then, this malady, I pray,
 Is so capricious, working, as 'twould seem,
 In six short months, more mischief on my wife,
 Than on yourself in twenty years? Go to!
 'Tis something else—
 PRIOR. Nay, this, but this! The air
 Of the Maremma works in concert with
 An illness nurtured by the selfsame cause:
 The heart's home-sickness, sir—a wasting bane,
 That fires the eye with an unnatural light,
 Puts a wan wisdom into the smile,
 Brings old familiar haunts and faces back
 In the brief radiance of a feverish dream,
 Straight to be quenched in tears—a bane, my lord,
 That o'er a sick mind throws a deadlier gloom.
 Such is the malady, my lord, that now
 Consumes the sources of your lady's life,
 But which may be arrested by a prompt
 Removal hence to town—by gaiety—
 COUNT. Nay, sir, proceed! And by a lover—
 PRIOR. Count!
 COUNT. Oh, holy father, you mistake my thought.
 I would not on my Countess lay the charge
 Of such disloyalty as you surmise.
 But did a husband's love suffice her heart,
 Would she so droop and fade for weariness?
 Some far-off image—memory, perchance,—
 We are not always masters of our dreams.
 You are no wiser on this point than I.
 She is not like to trust her confessor
 With what she does not whisper to herself.
 In such case silence is no sacrilege.
 PRIOR (*indignantly*). My lord, my lord, you shall not snare me thus.
 COUNT. Father, they fool us for their purposes!
 As for myself, heaven knows, though bow'd with grief,
 Tortured with jealousy, I hold my wife
 Worthy of boundless honour and regard.
 But there be those about her not so pure.
 The plot—I see it all!—was ripe to-day.

[Rises.]

A most convenient weariness is this!
Who ever died of weariness?

PRIOR. And you
Think me, belike, suborn'd to aid their scheme?
COUNT. You, father? No! 'Tis Mila I accuse—
Mila, the chosen attendant of my wife;
A light-brained country girl, who day and night
Dreams of the town, and scores of suitors there;
And being bent to get away from here,
Gives out my wife is ill;—cajoles yourself
To trust her story—laughing all the while
At the good simple priest's credulity.

PRIOR (*aside*). Great heaven, forgive me my suspicious thoughts! [*Sits down.*
[*To the COUNT.*

My lord, 'tis fit that I be frank with you.
For some time past a rumour has been rife,
Which centres darkly on yourself. 'Tis said,
That, goaded on by jealousy to seek
A vengeance dark, deliberate, and sure,
You wittingly expose your innocent wife
To this miasmal atmosphere of death.

COUNT. What matters it to me what babblers say?
If there be danger, they must see I share it.
This atmosphere, that shrivels up the lips,
Has breathed on mine;—this fever of the blood,
This languor of the soul, I too partake.

PRIOR. Think you I know it not? Have I not read
In your wild eye the traces of your pangs?
Seen that a kindred fire consumes you, too,
And that, if death shall bear your lady hence,
You will go down with her into the grave?
This is your purpose—your desire, your hope.

COUNT. No more, no more! We shall depart to-night.

PRIOR. Yes; save her, oh my son! She is most pure
And loyal. Nothing have I learned from her
Of you, or your designs. Should evil thoughts
Assail you, listen to her voice alone!
Sienna, when you wedded her, foretold
A happy issue to the feuds that long
Had ranged your sires in sanguinary strife.
Blight not this golden promise. Watch yourself;
Distrust the blood that courses in your veins.
What you have thought is only known to heaven,
This angel, and myself. Adieu, my son!
Doubt her no more, and all may yet be well.

COUNT (*alone*). How cheaply may an angel's name be bought!

An air of meek contrition, folded hands,
Some penitential words—the thing is done!
Oh, this repentance may find grace above,
But not with frail humanity like mine.
I must have vengeance on this cruel girl,
Whom they call angel. She bewails, I know,
The false step of a moment, yet would die
Far rather than divulge her lover's name.
Ah, would I ne'er had known her—ne'er been born!
Fain would I die alone, no crime but one
Upon my soul; but some fiend urges me
To drag her down with me into the grave.
Still is the image present to my thoughts
Of one that dries her hypocritic tears,
Rich with my treasure, with my jewel blest—
Oh cruel Pia! How I love her still!

[*Exit.*

A word would save her. Why conceal this name?
 That mystery broke, I would forgive her all,
 Spare her, and die content, but to have seen
 My rival for one moment face to face.
 But yield her up to one, who now, perchance,—
 Even now, stalks like a phantom round these walls,
 To pounce upon my wealth! Oh hell, to die
 Ere our good swords have cross'd! Bear witness, heaven,
 'Tis *he* that tortures her—'tis *he* that kills,
 'Tis *he* that roused this hell within my soul!

[*A trumpet heard without.*

A trumpet!

[*Goes to window.*

Ha! A horse, all white with foam!

The rider wears the Tolommei's garb.

He bears a letter. Now, his errand done,

He turns his steed, and straight is gone again.

Enter FLAVIO with a letter, which he delivers to the COUNT.

'Tis even as I surmised. Her father's hand!

[*Reads the letter, then turns to FLAVIO.*

Nothing was told this messenger, I hope?

FLAVIO.
 COUNT.

Nothing, my lord.

'Tis well. Give order straight,

That no one be admitted to the castle

These next two days, and bear a wary eye.

Away!

[*Exit FLAVIO.*

Her father to be here to-morrow!

Well! Let him come! Some rumour, sure, has reach'd him.

He says to-morrow. I reply, To-day!

[*Sits down and resumes the book.*

Come, trusty counsellor, advise me now.

Let me peruse the place again. Ha! Good!

'Tis here! (*Reads.*) 'The elixir of the Magian kings.

A subtle poison, of exceeding power,

Exhales a fragrance pleasant to the sense,

And brings about a gentle, painless death.'

Good, I would have it so! 'If smelt to only,

Slowly it works, but still with certainty;

In such case 'tis but to increase the dose.'

Oh, excellent device of science, thus

To deaden pain—delighting while it kills.

Here is the poison, then, which freezes up

The blood, yet pains not,—leaves no trace behind.

Its action may be counteracted, too,

Should she relent, or I repent me. Here

I hold the antidote, in case of need.

Once more I'll see her; and this time, belike,

I may learn all, without these desperate means.

Oh, may she speak that word, and from herself

Avert the peril to my rival's head!

Grant, oh ye heavens! he fall into my hands,

That she may live! But let me forth awhile,

To cool the fever of my brain, and still

The raging pulses of my tortured heart,

Before I seek this final interview.

[*As he turns to go out, he is met by MILA, who enters with a bouquet in her hand and starts back, alarmed, on seeing him.*

Ha, Mila, still with the accustomed gift!

MILA (*with embarrassment*). My Lord!

COUNT (*taking the bouquet*).

What brilliancy, what charming tints!

They grow choice flowers in the Maremma, girl?

MILA.

Sir, my betrothed—

COUNT. Oh, Beppo? A good youth.

MILA. Oh no!

COUNT. Luigi?

MILA. No, sir.

COUNT. How, another?

His name is—Ah, well, well, I see you blush.

But, Mila, have a care. Not yet sixteen,

And with a secret! (*Aside.*) Heavens! What fire is here!

(*Aloud*) When girls are silent, 'tis because they love.

[*Aside, and crossing to left.*]

This lily never bloom'd in the Maremma,

These flowers were by no rustic's hand arranged.

Perhaps they hide some letter? No! But stay.

Have I not somewhere heard, that in the East

Flowers are disposed, by rules well understood,

To bear the secret messages of love?

I charge these flowers with mine.

[*Empties the contents of a phial on the bouquet.*]

MILA. Heavens, what a look!

Pray, let me have my flowers, my lord! They'll fade.

COUNT. I never saw more beautiful.

MILA. Indeed

I had to travel for them many a mile.

You are not angry, sir?

COUNT. Angry? Oh no.

At such sweet thoughtfulness how could I be?

Take back your flowers.

MILA. Oh thanks!

[*She is about to smell to them when the COUNT snatches them from her.*]

COUNT. On second thoughts

I will myself present them to the Countess.

Go, child, and say that I await her here.

MILA. Oh, thanks, my lord, this is so kind of you! [*Exit L.*]

COUNT (*alone*). They are all leagued against me, yet not one

Can I find open to assault, not one.

Why, even this girl, I've had her dogg'd in vain.

There is a general compact to betray me.

So near the goal, I feel my purpose fail.

[*Looking at the bouquet.*]

Poor flowers! The tears lie heavy on your leaves.

Weep on, weep on, for ye shall work her doom.

No, let her live! I will destroy them. Yet

Perchance they are a present from his hand

Perchance he cull'd them for her yesterday

And though he did, what matter? Such a death

Were much too cruel. Let me hence!

FLAVIO (*appearing at centre door*). Are you

Alone, my lord?

COUNT. Speak low!

FLAVIO (*advancing*). One of our people

Has just come in, who tells me that he saw

Near Civitella, at the break of day,

A troop of cavaliers, all arm'd, upon

The march to this chateau.

COUNT (*aside*). Ha, is it so?

Her father here already!

FLAVIO. Striking off

By a cross path, he has headed them an hour

Or more.

COUNT. 'Tis well! An hour? That will suffice.

FLAVIO. Ah, I forgot. One of the party sent

A bunch of flowers to Mila, who, no doubt,
Expected them.

COUNT. Ha, flowers? (*Aside.*) 'Tis he, 'Tis he!
Father and lover both array'd against me.

[*To FLAVIO.*

Go find this man, and bid him wait for me. [*Exit FLAVIO.*

COUNT (*alone*). And so, Count Tolommei, you would fain
Surprise us; but you'll find us on the watch.
Now to prepare to give you fitting welcome!

[*Places the bouquet on the table, and exit through door
in centre.*

Enter MILA and COUNTESS.

MILA. How! no one here? Gone! and my flowers? What shame!

COUNTESS. Mila, I've told you not to blame the Count.

He suffers at the least as much as I,

Without complaint. It makes him wayward,—moody.

MILA. And so he wrecks his humours upon us.

COUNTESS. Hush! Not a word against him! Once for all

Remember that he expiates with me

My fault, and not his own. Forget not this,

My girl, and in some future day, when we

Have left this castle, never to return,

Should some dark legend on its walls be traced,

And men speak evil of him, let your voice

Be raised in his defence. Oh, then repeat

This secret of my life, and for my sake

Protect my lord and his good name from wrong!

MILA. For *your* sake? Well, I will obey. But ne'er

Shall fraud or force make me accuse you, madam.

COUNTESS. No more. I suffer somewhat less to-day;

I do not seem to need your arm's support.

My spirits are more cheerful, and I long

To look upon the sky. [*Approaches the window.*

How beautiful!

Ye spreading pines, ye old primeval oaks,

And thou, calm lake, the mirror of the sky,

How fair ye are! What fragrance from the earth,

As from an altar heap'd with flowerets, steals!

And yonder sea, that stretches far away,

Its deep blue fading in a silver line!

I love and bless thee, thou fair Tuscan land.

And yet I own, another place it is

To which I fain had spoke my last farewell.

Hear me, kind heaven, show it these eyes once more,

That so my sunset may reflect my dawn;

Though but a moment, grant me yet to see

My own sweet native soil. My prayer is heard!

Is this the murmur of my childhood's stream,

Laving the long hair of the willows? Hush!

My garden's balmy breath salutes my cheek!

Yes, yes, it is no dream! What joy to tread

This velvet sward again! Who spoke of dying?

MILA. Oh, my poor mistress!

COUNTESS. Castle of my sires,

Grand even in ruin! War has scathed thy front,

And o'er the scars of thy proud battlements

The ivy and the jasmine thickly creep.

See, Mila, see the white swans in the fosse,

The towers reflected in the trembling waves,

And yon old man. It is my father! Hark,

He calls to me. I come. Who dares restrain me?

Know you it is my father? Let me go!

My father! Ah, these bars! Where am I then?
 What dream was this? Ah me, death comes so slowly!
 [MILA assists her to the couch.
 What have I said? Nay, child, dry up your tears!

MILA (*observing the bouquet on the table*).

No, let me weep! But look, here are my flowers!

COUNTESS (*taking the bouquet in her hand*).

See how unjust you were! 'Tis plain he left
 Your gift for me, and will no doubt return.
 You cannot think how kind he used to be,—
 With what a proud timidity he watch'd
 My every wish, and hover'd round my path!
 And yet, when yielding to my father's wish,
 And his assiduous cares, I wedded him,
 Like you, I trembled in his sight. He knew
 A childish fancy had forestall'd my heart,
 And well can I divine the bitter pangs
 This knowledge must have caused him. But at first
 He was so tender, so forbearing, kind,
 That day by day he grew into my heart,
 Displacing thence my early girlish dream.
 One day you'll learn this sweet and serious care,
 This grave imperious charm, this holy bond,
 Where love is mingled with respect and awe.
 But tell me, child, where did you find these flowers?
 How's this! You hesitate?

MILA.

I was forbid—

But what of that? What have I to conceal?
 (*Aside.*) And yet I vow'd! Tell her I must!

(*Aloud.*) Know, then,

One day, as I was walking by myself
 Down by the river, on the opposite bank
 I spied a flower so lovely, I resolved
 To have it; so I bared my feet, and stopp'd
 Into the stream, when all at once a man
 Sprung from the thicket and stood full before me.

COUNTESS. A robber?

MILA. No, a man of noble air.

COUNTESS. Proceed.

MILA. For whom these flowers? he said. I answer'd,
 Sir, for my mistress! Do you serve, said he,
 The noble lady, whom her lord, they say —?
 But for your sake I'll not repeat—

COUNTESS. He said?

MILA. What we all know; and what is more, he vow'd,
 No saint in heaven was purer than yourself;
 And though a stranger to you, so he said,
 He'd gladly die could he withdraw you hence;
 A thousand questions ask'd he, with an air
 So tender!—

COUNTESS. You replied? You stay'd to hear?

MILA. How could I else? He spoke to me of you.
 Besides, he had my slippers in his hand,
 Which I had taken off to cross the stream.
 You smile—but could I go with feet all bare?
 Well, in a word he would not let me part
 Till I had promised him to come again,
 To meet him there the Tuesday afterward.

COUNTESS. Ah, foolish girl! That is to-day.

MILA.

It is.

COUNTESS. You will not go?

MILA.

I have but just returned.

He met me as I went, arm'd head to foot,
And gave this nosegay to me. How, my lady,
Do you reject it?

COUNTRESS (aside). Woe is me! I die.

MILA. The very thing he dreaded. If their beauty
Surprise your mistress, were his very words,
And she suspects you, not a word of me,
Nor of forgotten friends, but tell her this,
That she may crush them not beneath her feet,
These flowers, the present of a stranger's hand,
Bloom'd in her father's gardens yester morn.

COUNTRESS. My father, do you say? Oh blessed gift!
I may then press them freely to my heart,
Inhale, without a blush, their sweet perfume!
My father's gardens! Oh, my soul revives!
These lovely flowers! Remember, if I die,
That I would have them near me in the tomb.
Look at this golden broom, this dazzling rose!
Heaven has sown beauty wide through every land,
But underneath no other skies, methinks.
Shall one behold such gardens, half so fair,
As those that bloom around my father's halls.
This smilax must have drunk my own dear stream;
They used to praise its dark enamell'd tints
Against my cheek, its coral tendrils twined
Among my dusky tresses. Put it on.

MILA. No, place it on a brow more fit to wear it.

COUNTRESS. (*While MILA is engaged in adjusting the flowers in her hair.*
Would you believe, my girl, that far, far hence,
Hearts have been found,—thank heaven! not often found,—
So soil'd and stain'd by the polluting air,
And weariness of cities—men so vile,
And women, too, alas! sometimes—who've mix'd
Poison with the pure perfume of a flower?

MILA (aside). Poison! Great heaven! This deadly paleness—

[*Snatches the nosegay from the hand of the COUNTRESS. The
COUNT, who has entered a short time before, advances and
takes it from her.*

Al!

COUNT. What is the matter, Mila?

(*Smells to the bouquet.*) I rejoice

To find you stirring, madam. (*To MILA.* You may go.

We would be private with your mistress here. [*Exit MILA.*

[*COUNT restores the bouquet to the COUNTRESS, who throws
it hastily down upon the table.*

COUNT. It is enough my hand has touch'd the flowers,
To make you cast them from you with disdain.
Your pardon!

COUNTRESS. Ever this sarcastic tone?

You do me wrong, my lord, most heavy wrong.

What are the flowers to me when you are by?

Your eyes with sorrow wan are all I see,

In them I read the pangs that rack your heart,

Seek in them, oh in vain! some glimpse of joy.

Ah, to rekindle that—one gleam, but one—

Chase with my words the trouble from your brow,

Calm for one day the agonies I cause,

I'd give my life—alas! I would, I would!

COUNT. Madam, I doubt it not. Death is your hope.

Even now you deck yourself to welcome him,

Daily and nightly you hold converse with him,

On him bestow the charms that make you fair;

The tomb for you is but a bed, no more,
Fragrant with flowers, and wooing, where you yearn
To sink into a long luxurious sleep.

COUNTESS. Ah no, my lord. Life, even when bitterest, is
A tyrant whom we love, although he wounds.
Oh, with what rapture would I cling to it,
Would but your anger yield to my despair,
If trusted, loved, as once, my days roll'd on
Betwixt my father and yourself in peace.

COUNT. When you condemn me, Nello, you forget,
Till this grief found me, I was but a child.
Speak but the wish, I am ready to live on.
Oh say, resign'd to bear a life you loathe!
No, Pia, no, you die without regret,
Clasping your secret to your heart—cold, calm,
Too proud to sully my name or your own,
But all too full of his for mine to find
The sorriest corner there! What is the world,
What sunshine or our weary life to you?
You look to find a better world beyond—
Oh, I am jealous of the heavens themselves!
A world where I shall never meet you, for
Within its limits I may never come!

COUNTESS (*rising*). You fright me, Nello. What wild words are these?

COUNT. So death but part us, you will smile on death. [*Sits down L.*]

COUNTESS (*going up to him*). Nello, this frenzy drives me to despair.

(Come forth from these black labyrinths of doubt,
Rend from your eyes this curtain of thick night,
And recognise your wife for what she is.
I am not what your tortured fancy paints,
Living I suffer—suffer if I die.
Death, as I see it through a mist of tears,
Is black to me as life, and as unlovely.
Yet would you pardon—oh yes, would you once
Forgive the wrong so bitterly atoned,
Oh, how you might enamour me of life,
By giving me an aim, a proud desire,
A hope, howe'er remote, to win you back.
Then, Nello, then, oh I should fear to die.
How sweet a task it were for you and me,
Bravely to tread this new path side by side,
Each cheer'd by each, and bearing each our load,
Which every day should lighten in the joy
Of the returning dawn of golden hours.
So cheer'd, the heart would falter not, nor fail,
And we might find again——

COUNT. No more, no more!

(*Aside.*) Oh, how her words confound me! Who, to hear,
To see her, but must deem her pure from guile?

(*Aloud.*) And so my cruelty—my fell designs,
Might in your pity be redeem'd at last?
Oh, could I hope for that!

COUNTESS. I see your thought;
That this should be, to you seems hopeless, wild;
I own it hard, yet not impossible.

For one who bears a noble knightly name
To hide him in a pestilential waste,
To kill a wife there, is an act abhorr'd,
And mark'd for infamy by all mankind:
Yet on this victim of a jealous rage,
His victim, with a softer eye can look.
Passion so erring, such dark frenzied thoughts

Deserve her pity, who hath caused them all ;
 And when this man, blameless till then, and brave,
 Who, if he fell, by love was hurl'd from high,
 Led back by love, regains his former self,
 Stoops for forgiveness, begs to be beloved,
 Then——

COUNT. Then ?

COUNTESS. Oh then, in some far distant spot
 For these twin hearts are blessings yet in store.

COUNT. And in this pilgrimage you'd follow me ?

COUNTESS. I would !

COUNT. You could find courage for the task !

But he, this lover—he, who, mask'd in night,
 Held parley with you at your balcony,
 He whom your silence shields from my revenge,
 Shall he, I pray thee, bear us company ?

[COUNTESS covers her face with her hands ; the COUNT continues pacing up and down the chamber as he speaks.]

This phantom who makes havoc of my sleep,
 This man, whose hand, perchance, I've clasp'd in mine,
 This mask, that vanish'd in the shapeless night,
 But left a stinging whisper in mine ear,
 Which murmurs evermore, ' She loves thee not !'

COUNTESS. Nello !

COUNT. Who at this very hour, belike,
 Boasts of his triumph 'mongst his wassail friends,
 And drowning my dishonour in his cups,
 Completes the revel with his mistress's name !

COUNTESS. Nello ! [Falls fainting at his feet.]

COUNT. Good heavens ! What have I done ?

[Rises her, and places her on the couch R.]

COUNTESS. Fear not.

I am dying, Nello ; this blow is the last.
 Yet is there something I would say before
 I die ; heaven knows it is the very truth.
 My sole crime was this fatal interview,
 Granted in pity to importunate prayers.
 It was the farewell to that childhood's love,
 Whose story I have told you——

COUNT. Then it was —— ?

COUNTESS. The object of that love of early years,
 The heart's first dream, which, for a time, despite
 Myself, disputed its command with you.
 Weaken'd by absence, it was waning out
 Before my gratitude for all your care,
 When his return, unlook'd for—fear, surprise,
 Oh, I was wrong ! Yet all he ask'd was this,
 To see me but a moment, to receive
 A sentence less relentless from my lips,
 A farewell less unkind—the heart needs such !

COUNT. Sentence ? Farewell ? What proof have I of that ?

COUNTESS. The oath I swear in this my dying hour,
 These lonely walls, these iron bars, yourself !

COUNT. What surty have I in these iron bars ?
 Can love not force them in a thousand ways ?
 Lacks he a messenger—a bird will serve,
 An arrow, or a nosegay waft his tale.

COUNTESS. I understand your meaning. Be it so !
 I'll not defend myself. Yet one word more !
 Look in my face ; then say, if you read there
 The traces of disloyalty and shame !

COUNT. No, no, guilt never spoke in tones like these

I feel your words are true, and I believe them,
Deaf to all promptings else. That look, that voice,
Suspicion cannot live within their sphere.
Oh, could you know how long this hungry heart
Has waited, Pia, for one word of thine,
How all its golden dreams came rushing back
At one sweet gleam of kindness in your eyes!
Then at your feet I was content to live,
Or die—I cared not, if 'twere pity, duty—
You loved me, Pia—loved, and I was happy.
My watchful tenderness had won your soul,
When this man came—

COUNTRESS. He could not alter me.

COUNT. Say, then, what made you countenance his suit?
Emboldened by your silence, he hopes on,
Believes you love him—

COUNTRESS. As a sister might.

COUNT. Too much for me, and not enough for him!

COUNTRESS. He looks for, hopes for nothing more, I swear.

Did I not know he holds your honour dear,
Dear as my own, I should abhor the man
I now, perforce, must pity and respect.

COUNT. By heavens, I long to see him more and more!
But this true squire, this brother, this tame slave
Of duty, has made shipwreck of my life,
To black perdition hurl'd my soul, and I
Will not believe you, madam, till your lips
Reveal the caitiff's name. Your life and mine
Depend upon that word. Do you consent?

COUNTRESS. No!

COUNT. If I vow'd I should forget this name,
That, undivulged, thus tortures me, or if
Oblivion were impossible, should swear
To crush all thoughts of vengeance in my heart?

COUNTRESS. Alas, alas!

COUNT. For mark, this mystery would
Make me suspect my very brother's self.
He came once to Sienna. Ha, you smile!

COUNTRESS. I? Oh sweet heavens!

COUNT. And why not he, as well
As any other man, or rather he?
Oh, I grow mad! Gods! whom would I not kill,
That I might fling his heart down at your feet,
And say, 'Tis his!

COUNTRESS. That name, my lord, my tongue
Shall never speak. Revenge, with all your race,
Is native in the blood, and, though you swore
By every holiest vow, a day would come,
When words, oaths, all would fail to curb your hand.

COUNT. Ah, how you love this man!

COUNTRESS. Love? I would save
Both from a crime.

COUNT. And make a double victim

COUNTRESS. Would I might fall the only sacrifice,
And by my death redeem another's life!

COUNT. And whose that other's? His alone, ay, his!
Mock me no more! I read it in your soul,
'Tis some base churl you shroud up from my wrath,
Shame, and not love, puts gyves upon your tongue,
Shame to have stoop'd to a debasing choice.
My rival's name—

COUNTRESS. Is peer, sir, to your own,

And were my life now to begin anew,
 I would desire no better, nobler name;
 For he that bears it bears a soul as high
 As his proud titles, which were worthless else.
 Brave, but the terror of his foes alone,
 Respecting my position, sir, and yours,
 Bearing his sorrow meekly, he would ne'er,
 Like a foul spider, have enmesh'd his prey
 Within his coils in loathsome nook obscure,
 To gnaw it slowly, surely, noiselessly.
 Lover or spouse, if love had warped his brain
 To murderous thoughts against his mistress, he
 Had slain her by one open blow, not slunk
 Accomplice of the vaporous pestilence!

COUNT.

My wrath shall make thee tremble!

COUNTESS.

Tremble? I,

A daughter of the Tolommei? Oft
 Our ancestors have met in battle gripe;
 When did they quail before each other's frown?
 Their sinews, sir, are yours—their heart is mine!
 Slay, but no outrage! Take such vengeance as
 Befits your lineage. My life is yours,
 To expiate my fault, if fault it be.
 Destroy the spirit's mansion, how you will,
 But save its mistress from indignity.
 Urge me no more; I bear unto my grave
 That name, nor you, nor any one shall know.

COUNT.

Defend your lover, madam, to my shame!

COUNTESS.

Count della Pietra, I defend your wife;

Against yourself defend your honour—mine.

But I am weak, ill, suffering—most unfit

Longer to urge a parley, which but serves

To quicken wounds that rankle. What, beside,

Would it avail me? The disguise is dropped,

And the conditions of the bargain clear:

Die, or denounce the object of your hate!

My choice is made. Death! 'Tis already near.

COUNT.

Else to the last! I look'd for nothing less.

Madam, but one word more, and I have done.

Your father—

COUNTESS.

My father!—

COUNT.

Hearing vague reports

Of what you suffer—sufferings charged on me,

But ignorant of the story of my wrongs—

COUNTESS.

Is coming?

COUNT.

Ay, to-day.

COUNTESS.

My father! I

Shall see him—he may—And to you, my lord,

I owe this!

COUNT.

See, I hold his letter here.

COUNTESS.

Thanks, thanks, my lord! I was unkind, ungrateful.

COUNT.

Less than you think; for these same tardy thanks,

'They are, in sooth, but little due to me.

Within an hour your father should be here.

But mark me, madam, he or I must die.

You shall not see him.

COUNTESS.

How! Not see him! Who

Shall step between the father and his child?

COUNT.

Death, that even now sits darkly in your eyes.

COUNTESS.

Who told you what my sufferings are?

COUNT.

My heart,

That shares them—my blood iced in my veins like yours,

By the same poison!

- COUNTESS. Whose hand gave it ?
 COUNT. Mine !
 COUNT. Mine, in these flowers my hate suspected.
 COUNT. How !
 These flowers ? Just Heaven ! I have deserved my fate.
 Oh yes ! 'Tis death indeed. When hope had dawn'd— ;
 My father—
 COUNT. Listen ! You may see him still—
 You still may live to nurse his failing years.
 COUNT. Ah, you deceived me, then ?
 COUNT. No, madam, no !
 But my resolve gives way before your anguish.
 The hand that dealt the wound can heal it too :
 This perfume (*holding out a phial*)—
 COUNT. Give it me !
 COUNT. Live for your father !
 'Tis his command. Hark to that warlike air,
 The Tolommei's March !
 COUNT. The air I loved.
 O yes ! I would live still ! Give me !
 [*Grasps the phial, and is about to smell to it.*
 COUNT. His name ?
 COUNT. (*pushes away the phial*).
 Never ! [*Dies.*
 COUNT (*drawing his sword*).
 Dead with her secret ! Dead ! My vengeance foil'd !
 Now, then, to sell my life dear at the least !
 My brain reels round ; my arm is powerless ! Ho,
 Flavio !
 FLAVIO (*enters hastily*).
 My lord, your people have thrown down their arms.
 Count Tolommei—
 COUNT. Admit him ! Let him come ;
 He'll find his daughter with her bridegroom here !
 [*Falls, and dies at the feet of the COUNT.*

A GERMAN FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

RAIN ! rain ! rain !—nothing but rain ! All the ditches full of water, and the partridges' eggs hopelessly immersed ! The poor draggled parent pair, scrambling half-way up the hedge bank, crouching amongst the dank rotting grass and brambles, ruefully gazing at the wreck of *their* paternal and maternal, and of *our* first of September hopes ! Poor little wee things, with bits of egg-shell sticking about them, paddling along the plashy high-roads, squashed by every fat farmer's gig and higgler's cart, their parents' natural feelings too utterly washed out by the eternal drizzle to make them take the trouble of looking for an addled ant's egg or watery fly (drowned, possibly, the week before last) for their gaping and staggering offspring : everything, in short, rendering it a dead certainty that on

the 'next first' we shall have nothing rising before us but barren pairs or puffy cheepers.

Such were the miseries reported to us by the head-keeper, in a mingled stato of grief and ale, last June ; and too truly have his expectations been fulfilled. Who has shot anything this year ! 'Seven men laying hold of the skirts of one partridge,' to escape the disgrace of a blank day !

Alack and well-a-day ! for want of sport, let us fall back on the 'pleasures of memory,' and dream of what has been. As we are not to have any sport in England this year, let us go abroad for one day.

Does any one know Herr Tröster, that 'fat knight of the castle,' broad in the shoulder, still broader in the 'bein,' radiant of visage, with every capillary of his handsome, honest

face tingling and glowing with glorious Rauenthaler wine? Has no one of all our up and down Rhine-steaming countrymen ever met him, disporting himself, like a convivial porpoise, at his iron-grey brother-in-law's in the Rhine-gau, not a hundred stunden from the entrance to the beautiful and almost unknown Wisperthal? or standing in the quaint old court-yard of his own 'hostelrie,' all mighty oaken beams, and wine tuns, and narrow windows, like the illustrations of *Der Lied von der Glocke*?

How cool, and yet how rosy he looks, under his press of white canvas jacket, clean shirt, and what brother Jonathan calls 'pauts'!—easy and cool, curling out gracefully about the bows, like an eighty-four gun ship under full sail. He needed no Brahminical straw girt round his portly person to tell him when he had enough!—a three-inch rope would not have prevented his having 'yet another bottle'!

I fell in with the worthy Herr in this wise:—Stopping at Sitz-Bad one summer, and becoming slightly bored there, I struck up an acquaintance with the government school-master, or 'sprach-lehrer'—'speech-teacher,' as he delighted to be called: a man of feeble body, and not much stronger mind, who in his mellow moments (which were not rare) was always lamenting his hard fate, as exemplified in his having married a 'Bauer mädchen' (who, by the bye, was a good woman, and kept him in most excellent order; so excellent, in fact, that his very soul was not his own) instead of waiting for some beautiful Engländerinn or rich Russian princess, for either of whom he had ready prepared an ear-splitting and tooth-fracturing German ode. This ode he read to me one evening after a light supper of cold boiled trout, à l'huile, and of course, as in duty bound, I admired it exceedingly, and compared it to every effort of the Teutonic lyre, from

Anna Mariechen wo gehest du hin?
up to

Hekrantz mit Laub!

My admiration having warmed his heart, he introduced me to Herr Tröster, his great patron, as an

Echter Engländer, in whom there was no guile whatever, and gave me such a high character to that Teutonic Falstaff, that I got leave to fish in a little stream that trickled through the meadows close by, on the condition, however, of paying for the trout I bagged: an agreement which was carried out satisfactorily to both parties, by sending the 'haus-mädchen' up to the great hotel every evening with the contents of my creel; and the 'happy return' was duly handed over to my stout friend, to his unmitigated satisfaction.

Indeed, so delighted was he with the bright silver 'gulden' I managed to extract from his stream—in which he himself was wont to popjoy in a very aboriginal manner—that one fine day he invited me to join in a great shooting expedition he had organized, over a manor on which he had the right of sporting, and (as I found out afterwards) over certain other manors on which he had *not* that same; in short, to take my pastime with others, as far as we could without being stopped. As it fell out, we were *not* stopped, which made me suspect that sundry semi-military foresters had received a quiet hint that good wine might be had literally for a song, not a hundred miles from my worthy entertainer's wirthschafft.

Hoping and expecting not so much sport as fun and novelty, I borrowed a gun—a regular popgun, good enough at twenty-five yards in a gunmaker's yard, but of very little use in the field; locks infamous, of course; laid in a mighty stock of powder and shot, the grains of one nearly as large as those of the other, and 'retired for the night,' as the novels say.

Some time before daylight I was aroused by the clatter of a *mitraille* of gravel against the windows, delivered in unsparing handsfull by Herr Tröster, who I firmly believed in my drowsy wrath to have at least two near and dear relations in the 'plumbing and glazing line,' so anxious he appeared to smash the glass: and,

Up I rose, and donn'd my clothes,
Did up the chamber door,
and went out into the morning.

How often in one's lifetime does one see a really *fine* morning? Horace Walpole declares that he should not know even o'clock in the morning if he were to see it, and I really am not surprised. No two mornings are alike. If you get a bright brassy *fine* early morning, you are bitten to death by the gnats and grey flies till eight or nine o'clock, and then drenched to the skin for the rest of the day; and if you are going to have anything like fine weather, everything is dank and steaming, chilly and clammy, with the trees and bushes looking as cheerful as a posse of Irish peelers who have been still-hunting all night in a moss.

An utterly dank steamy morning was it when I appeared before Herr Tröster, whose rosy close-shaven face gleaming through the mist would have done very good duty for a London November sun. Civilities (and yawns) exchanged, we proceeded on our way.

It was very melancholy 'all outside.' Sluggish wreaths of vapour filled up the valley below, marking the twistings and turnings of the little stream, and hanging lazily on the oak-woods. All was silent and sleeping as we passed through the village, except the 'too-who' of a dissipated owl on the hill above us, and the chirping of the crickets in the baker's shop. No! decidedly no!—

Up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early.

That is to say, not in wooded and comparatively low-lying countries, or by river sides. Neither beasts, fishes, nor birds (barring ducks), are worth looking after in the *very* early morning in such situations.

Up amongst real mountains, or by the cliff-girt sea, though even there not always, it is quite another thing. Depend upon it, that for one really beautiful 'dawn,' we have a dozen beautiful eves.

So through the mist and mire we plodded on, drearily enough, past the great grey Gast-haus at this early hour fast asleep—we might almost have heard the kellners snoring—past the plashing Brunnen, so gay and sparkling in the afternoon, surrounded by seedy-looking old ladies, supposed to be princesses,

and ancient warriors, riband-bedecked, with white hair and jet black moustachios—now so steamy and sloppy, like the waste-pipe of a common-place factory engine—past the broken-down wall of the old schloss, through the dripping wet belt of fir-trees, invariable companions of three Cockney-German residentztes out of every four—then along the hollow slaty road, gradually ascending to the high table-land.

We were neither of us very cheerful or talkative in the misty morning, in spite of the grand sport which (we hoped) was in store for us. The truth is, gentle reader, if the truth must be told, which, by the bye, I rather doubt, that the worthy Herr and myself had, in Meltonian phrase, 'Come to grief' the previous afternoon. He—the Herr Wirth—had asked me down to his mighty cellar, to try all the varieties of the renowned Rauenthaler, and had carried with him a long glass tube, a candle, and a wine-glass into that temple of Bacchus. Arrived there, he had cunningly extracted the bungs from the casks, and introducing the tube into the aperture, brought up by craftily sustaining the thirty-five miles of atmosphere on his fore-finger nail, about a glassful of golden nectar. How often he repeated this feat I know not now, though possibly I did at the time, but somehow or another the tube slipped into the deepest cask, and I broke the wine-glass, and Herr Wirth tumbled over the candle, and somebody stole the cellar-steps—at least, we could not find them in the dark; and I think that at last we both fell asleep, and slept, as far as I can remember, very peaceably, till a door opened just over our heads, and Frau Wirthin appeared in the doorway, with the level rays of the setting sun streaming in on one side of her portly person, and demanded—

'Heinrich! in Gottes Namen was der Henker machen sie so lang im Keller?'

As vulgar little boys say, 'we caught it,' and possibly we deserved to 'catch it,' but ever since that memorable afternoon I have felt perfectly convinced that the fungi developed and nourished by the alcoholic exhalations of numerous wine

casks generate miasmata, producing the most disturbing and deleterious effects on the human cerebrum. Let the sanitary reformer look to it!

So, all things considered, we were not very cheerful at first; but when the mist got higher and the day got brighter, and particularly after we left the first little dorf, we felt quite lively.

And pray in what manner did the first little dorf contribute so much to the re-establishment of your wonted joviality, gentlemen sportsmen?

Never you mind, gentle reader; but whatever it was, we felt much better after it, and trudged up the deep shaly road like giants refreshed, though our spirits were sadly damped now and then by the horrible smell of the rotting potato patches about the village. Up a little higher, and out we came on to the flat table land, spreading out before us for miles, parched and arid; dotted here and there with little groups of poverty-stricken wood and mud hovels, huddling closely together, shoulder to shoulder, half supported, and perhaps more than half warmed, by the mighty heap of manure piled round them; seemingly within ten minutes' walk, but with two or more deep ravine-like valleys intervening, merely marked by a slight furrow trending towards the Rhine, or by the tops of the lofty beeches that grew on their sides.

The harvest was all in, so there was nothing to relieve the monotony of our walk. Here and there an aged wrinkled crone, of some thirty-five or thereabouts, might be seen pottering about some pet patch of turnips or kohlrabi; but there were no men; they were all—where the deuce were they? and where are they always in that part of the world? One never sees them at work in the fields after ploughing is over, and not always then. One might as well look for a *young* woman, nothing female being ever seen between thirteen and thirty, which is decidedly an 'ancient age' in those 'agricultural districts.'

No cheerful farmhouse, with its walls covered with roses, and its 'misses's' well-kept emerald turf flower-garden before the door; no sparkling alder-shadowed brook,

with the cows standing mid-leg in the clear water, enjoying the cool green shade, with the swallows whisking and dipping about them; no farm-boys taking their sleek brown horses out to the half-ploughed stubbles; nothing—not a sound, not a sight—bird, beast, or tree—to put one in mind of an English farming country; all flat, bare, and brown. Let new-fashioned farmers grumble as they like about hedgerows and hedge timber, the want of them makes a country look terribly dreary.

It is true that the wild blue peaks of the 'Eifel' far away before us, and the warmer tinted, well wooded heights of the Taunus range behind us, gave a certain 'quantness' to the landscape; but there was a want of *incident* that made it terribly wearysome even to one well used to the Wiltshire side of Assheton Smith's country.

But hungry men are never good judges of scenery; and, convinced of this, we hurried on towards the next dorf, from which indistinct sounds, betokening great conviviality, were borne towards us on the morning breeze. Soon reaching it, and jumping over a low mud wall into an orchard of stunted apple-trees, we found ourselves in the midst of our party.

Oh my friends! my friends! what necessity was there for your 'getting yourselves up' in that insane manner? Who shall describe you? Your leather gaiters, with mighty buckles and straps, half way up your legs, stout enough to turn the tusk of the oldest boar in the Eifel. Your eccentric caps—your guns, with broad worsted belts and tassels, *always* in the way—your curiously contrived mechanisms to prevent your guns going off accidentally, and which never seemed to have any effect till the moment you tugged at the trigger! Why could you not go out partridge shooting, oh most quiet of doctors and Government officials, without dressing for Der Freischütz, and sticking long knives in your girdles?

We were received with endless hurrahs and wild 'lurie-lielie' chorusses; and without further ado, one having authority plunged into a mighty pannier, and extracted

therefrom a cold roast infant pig, that would have gladdened the heart of Ho-ti, — always the standard thing on these occasions, endless yards of bread, and an infinity of bottles, with the gleaming topaz-coloured wine peering through their sides. The breakfast was quickly spread under the flat-topped apple-tree, and enjoyed as anything in the breakfast line can only be by men who have had an eight or ten mile walk before getting it. The 'zucker,' as Devonians love to call it, was perfect; and when our wolfish and silent meal was over, I supposed, from the haste with which it was discussed, that we should be in action immediately. Not a bit of it! Every man set in to sing as hard as he could, and sang well too, thanks to his early training—quant chorusses following every verse, 'zuch-heisas tralla lallas,' and 'schnappoe schappidoes,' getting perfectly bewildering—the wine passing pretty freely meanwhile. Considering what 'time of the morning' it was, I am sure any gentleman with the slightest regard for his legs would have been perfectly justified in declining to shoot 'rabbit and cock over beagles' in close cover with us, for that day at least.

I think very few Germans are what we should call 'thorough sportsmen;' they positively revel in the idea of a day's hunting or shooting, they write the best 'sporting' songs in the world, and certainly sing them better than any other people; but (possibly to their honour) be it spoken, it is certainly not the sport itself that they care so much about. Too happy in escaping but for one day in the season from the thralldom of beaurocracy, and loving nature for its own sake, they enjoy a day's shooting as much, or perhaps more, than anyone else: but little matters it to them how many head are bagged; they plunge into the fresh, fine country as into a bath, and positively wallow in the 'cailer air.' At last, having got through every song in our 'Yagd-lied Buch,' chorusses and all, we got under weigh, each one slinging his fancy game-bag—worked in Berlin-wool by his ladie-love—over one shoulder, and his gun over the other,

and girding himself about with his tasselled powder-horn and shot-pouch, sallied forth.

The dogs (shade of Sancho! such dogs!) scampered and ran, and fought, and scratched their fleas, as if the idea of scent had never crossed their canine intellects. Possibly bored by the singing, which they had duly accompanied by dismal howls, they rejoiced in their freedom, and gambolled before us. We, their *soi-disant* masters, formed into line, and on reaching the first bit of scrubby stubble, prepared resolutely for action.

We advanced for some time without meeting with any signs of the enemy, the dogs caracoled and barked, and the men sung, and smoked, and 'yodled,' seemingly determined to give the birds a hint that they were coming. Suddenly, in the midst of an exquisitely-executed chorus,—

With noise and flutter, up did rush

a covey of birds from a patch of kohlrabi, at least a hundred and fifty yards before us. To say 'we fired at them' would be saying nothing. The entire line kept up a well-sustained fusillade from both barrels for a minute or two at least.

I have heard or read that French officers considered the 'rolling fire from the face of a British column' the most deadly thing they had ever met with in the course of their experience, which was pretty extensive. This, however, was not the case with us. I do not know whether our fire was not rolling enough, or whether the face of our column shut its eyes when it fired, or whether the enemy was too far off, but somehow, we killed nothing, not even one of the dogs, which rather surprised me. Whether that bob-tailed cur who, placing his caudal appendage between his legs, went straight home across-country, enlivening his journey with dismal howls, was 'peppered,' or merely disgusted with our style of shooting, I know not; he went his way, and we continued ours.

The enemy having fled, or 'flown,' we celebrated our bloodless victory with more 'Zuch-heisasasas Halloah Trallallas!' and before

long, came into action again. The birds were scarce and wild,—not much to be wondered at, considering the rumpus we made; but still, by steadily pursuing the rolling-fire system, one came down now and then, and great was the squabbling and rejoicing over it! though the 'spolia' generally consisted of a head, a tail, and a pair of wings, all the intervening substance being shot into 'thin air.' Still, it *had* been a bird, and that was something.

I soon got tired and, to say the truth, rather alarmed at this style of sporting, and hinted to my stout friend that the best thing we could do would be to 'lose' ourselves incontinently, and have a little sporting on our 'own hook.' We soon accomplished our object, and leaving our friends marking their way over the plain by fire and smoke, managed to pick up a few stray birds and a hare or two. But the mid-day heat soon became so intense, that we were obliged to 'shut up.' My fat friend cast himself down upon the hard-baked ground, and I nestled beside him to get a little of his shadow, both of us thirsty and baked as the ground itself.

Alas! here was no sturdy under-keeper with a York-keg filled with mighty ale slung over his shoulder, to minister to us in our distress; no bright little rivulet tinkling over the clear granite gravel, in and out amongst the long purple heather, to serve as a dilutant to our 'wee drappie'; no sturdy farmer stalked out, his heart warmed by his mighty dinner and post prandial pipe, hallooing to 'Bessie' to bring out a 'joog o' yil'; all was dry, and brown, and thirsty as the Zahara itself, the occasional faint chirp of some half-baked grass-hopper, or the electrical snapping of the dwarf furze-pods, making one feel hotter than ever. Our friends soon announced their approach like Christian

Mit Rauch und Dampf,

and in a few moments we were all re-united, in still fewer we were all discussing the remains of the breakfast, and gurgling the amber wine out of the 'long-necks' which had been brought up by a posse of ragged peasant boys.

Light German wine is not worth the drinking after it crosses the channel:—loses its flavour—can't stand the sea voyage—must be doctored! *Bah!* Just have three or four hours' shooting in England or Scotland, either if you like, under such a sun, and *over* such a dry, burnt up expanse of stubble as that over which we had been stumbling since breakfast, and then try a bottle of pure grape-blood; not your brandied, burnt sugared, and brown papered port and sherry, but pure, simple, fermented grape juice; and then abuse pure Rhine wine if you have the conscience!

Would whiskey—would sherry—would—with deep respect be it spoken—would even real 'strong beer,' brewed by the most particular of Wiltshire farmers—have produced half the fun that those poor half-dozen of green bottles did amongst us? We called it by no name, we bullied not for 'Lieb-frauenmilch, Wurtzburger-stein,' or the produce of the 'Dummheits-hausen Hofkeller;' it was a fact, a reality, and merely named from the year of its birth, honest 'Zwei und veirziger Weisse.' Thank heaven, it was light and good! The effects of a quart or two of strong beer on the joking powers of our party would have been dreadful! As it was, the jokes rolled out as thick and heavy as a ship's cable, and some of them almost as long! Time-honoured puns from the *Fliegende Blätter*—strong stories of Ober and Unter—Forsters—and slightly improper ballads about their woodland adventures, streamed out one after the other; and not until the last morsel of the small porker had been discussed, and the last 'long neck' drained to the very dregs, did we weigh anchor.

Good hearted, straightforward fellows! rejoicing in their short holiday—revelling in their momentary burst of freedom, with no one to spy and tell—everything they said and did, they chorussed manfully—

Nur wo die Genssen springen

Kann man von die Freiheit singen,

and refreshed, they bent their steps towards a part of the country which promised them a little sport more

sued to their habits and inclinations than the hardbaked stubbles over which they had been trying their tempers and boots all the morning.

Though the table-land on which we had spent the early part of the day seemed at first sight almost boundless, yet a short German mile towards the Rhine it began to dip; and though here and there great sheets of table-land kept up the general appearance, deep gullies ran through it, sometimes a quarter of a mile or more in breadth, with steep sides, and level, plashy bottoms, swarming in winter with woodcocks and snipes; their sides clothed with well-grown beech-trees, all running down towards the larger valleys that carried the used-up blood of the country into that great vein, the Rhine.

Down these we went, beating and brushing, forcing our way through the thick coppice of the sides, and trampling thousands of purple autumn crocuses in the rich moist bottoms; swishing through the rank-smelling beds of monkshood; and shooting nothing—seeing nothing to shoot.

At length, reaching a thick patch of stunted beech, lying on the slope of one of the little valleys, it was determined to beat it out *secundum artem*. The mass of men went into the little valley below, and I was left at the post of honour ‘a-top.’ After a few minutes’ shooting, yelling, and clapping in the distance, out bounced a whacking brown fox, and carrying his brush gallantly, he made a straight line across country. I gave spasmodically a view halloo, in a manner that I flattered myself would have done credit to the oldest ‘cover-lurker’ in Leicestershire; and fancying at the same time that I had given these Teutonic yokels a lesson in venerie which would open their eyes a little. To my astonishment, up they came, with haggard faces and hurried steps, asking all manner of insane questions at once: ‘Had I shot myself?—had I gone mad?—had I seen a wolf, a bear, a boar, or the devil himself?—was I much hurt?—where was he gone?—and what, in the ‘name of the hangman,’ was he?’ Naturally taken rather aback by all this, I explained, with due humility, that I had viewed a

fox, and had greeted him after the manner of my country. Like most men who are, or suppose themselves to be, in advance of their age and position, I was disbelieved and mildly sneered at. It was strongly hinted that a proletaire like myself was positively alarmed at the consequences of finding himself face to face with an animal which (as was well known) was reserved by the haughty nobles of Britain for their exclusive hunting and eating; and at last, utterly abashed by the torrent of words, I entreated them to return to their stations, and give me another chance of retrieving my character, devoutly hoping, and indeed expecting, that if there were another fox in the cover, he would have the good sense to take a hint from the noise we had been making, and quietly double back on the beaters. However, fortune was against me, and scarcely had the ‘treibers’ recommenced their yellings, when out bounced another ‘Reineke,’ not twenty yards from me, and for the first, and I hope for the last time in my life, I felt my ‘brow burning with the brand’ of ‘Vulpicide.’ However, when in Turkey, do as the Turks do (they would have done so under the circumstances, doubtless); and raising a feeble whoo-hoop, I soon had the whole line round me again, wondering at my good luck, and condoling with me over the supposed nervousness which had deprived me of the glory of shooting two foxes in one day.

They were certainly right. Foxes must be killed somehow, and hunting in that country is perfectly out of the question; but still one did not like the idea of the thing.

Our next ‘noble game,’ as we went down the wooded side of the ravine, were two or three wretched squirrels, which were knocked off the branches and bagged in triumph; not by me, I am happy to say; but at last, seeing the way the game was going, I got resigned, and made up my mind to shoot everything I came across, from a tom-tit to a tinker’s donkey.

I really had had no idea of the existence of such beautiful forest scenery in Germany as that in which we soon found ourselves, so different

from the wearisome pine forests, with the ground covered with the dead brown needle leaves, and the trees standing so closely together, and so like each other, that one cannot see twenty yards on any side, or find the way back when the beaten path 'is left for the same distance. Here the beech-woods were perfect; the emerald green mossy turf, relieved in patches by the rich brown 'moss-flowers,' if one may call them so; with the pure gold green light filtering through the dancing leaves, made me think more of Shakspeare and Shelley than of Schiller and Heine.

Outburst the singing mania again, and every man roared at the top of his voice,—

Sind unsre matten Glieder
Vom Sonnen-glanz erhitzt,
So legen wir uns nieder
Wo frisches Wasser spritzt,
Wo Zephyrs sanftes Blasen
Der Sonne Glanz besiegt,
Da schläft man auf dem Rasen
Mit Anmuth eingewiegt!

But the outburst was of shorter duration than usual; everybody was getting rather tired, and we were gradually getting nearer the great object of the day,—the covers in which we expected to find roe-deer. Already one had been reported at a vast distance by some of the party,—feeding, and, indeed, evidently moving. But having been stalked with vast circumspection and trouble, and after much scratching, and creeping, and swearing, the supposed roe turned out to be an artistically-disposed scarecrow, and the ambitious yager returned, perspiring and blasphemous. Nothing daunted by our companion's failure, we pressed on to the thickest part of the beech-wood, and were soon disposed in a row down the centre drive, in regular battue fashion. I found myself with only one man in sight, on my right hand, a thick screen of birch coppice before me, and the slaty bed of a winter stream, now dry as an oven, on my left. Happening to look towards my right-hand neighbour, it seemed that something was going wrong. I did not like his looks; he handled his piece like a crow-keeper; he had a half-unhappy, half-determined way of flourishing his gun about, that

augured badly for the safety of my legs. One can tell in a moment from the way a man handles his gun or his billiard-cue, whether he knows how to use them or not. I called to him to know if there was anything the matter. 'Not yet; but Hans Somebody had seen or heard a boar somewhere about here, last winter, and it was possible —' What was possible I never heard, for at the same moment, out bounced a fine roe from the leaty screen before us, and took the drive at a bound. My nervous friend exploded—I can hardly say fired—both barrels at the same moment, and the roe crashed, apparently unhurt, through the underwood; but at the same instant, from the thicket before us, there arose a yell, followed by such a burst of unearthly howlings and lamentings, that I fancied at the moment that the roe was an 'alte Hexe,' and that she had been hit. We remained pallid at our posts, and in a few moments the beaters approached, bearing one of their companions, who exclaimed that 'it was all out with him,' and lamented being cut off in his youth (he was not much more than sixty) most piteously. On examination, however, it appeared that the extent of the mischief was the receipt of a good-sized buck-shot just below the knee; and by the aid of a pocket-handkerchief and a liberal application of that true 'poor man's plaster,' 'small change,' he was soon as lively as ever.

Instead of being at all abashed at his clumsiness, my friend seemed rather elated at having hit something, and glorified himself over the marvellous shooting powers of his gingerbread pop-gun. Happening to glance my eye towards him after the beaters had returned to their posts, I saw, to my intense horror, that he was loading with ball, in order to ensure 'a kill' at his next chance. Horrified, as I said before, I entreated him to desist; but he only grinned, and continued hammering. Flesh and blood could stand no more, and pointing my gun at him, I swore by 'all the powers,' that if he did not get out of sight and shot round the corner, I should feel obliged to give him such a dose of 'No. 6' as would spoil his shoot-

ing for that day at least. Evidently feeling the force of my arguments, he obeyed with alacrity, and left me in peace.

Our little discussion had apparently been heard and appreciated by the beasts of the forest. I stood under my tree, straining my ears to catch the warning crack of a rotten stick, or the light rustling patter of roe or hare over the dry leaves, but nothing came; and leaning against it, I tried to analyze the whispering, murmuring, and rustling mass of sound, now near now distant, that filled the air, and rose and fell on the whisperings of the evening breeze. The 'too-too-tooral-do' of the wood-pigeon and the asinine laughter of the wood-pecker were old friends. The little brown mice scuttled about, under and over the fallen beech leaves, cheeping and squeeling. The lizards on the bits of hot slate in the dry torrent bed, chirruped their appreciation of the warmth of the setting sun on their plump little stomachs; and across the path, on the smooth stem of a young beech, a select party of grasshoppers, bright green and scarlet-backed, were scraping away most perseveringly, apparently for the amusement of a gigantic beetle with long red antennæ, who stood looking downward before them, either listening to the concert, or meditating which of the performers would make the best supper. A pair of great brown hornets, an inch and a half long, wheeling round my head, broke in upon my reverie, and warned me off. Taking the hint, I was just turning to move to another tree, when a slight rustling made me give a glance towards the thick beech screen on the opposite side of the path, and I found myself face to face with a roebuck just drawing back to make his spring across the ride. I do not know which was the most astonished; but he hesitated for a moment, and that

moment was his undoing. The shot struck him like a ball in the forehead and tumbled him head over heels backwards into the cover, stone dead.

I had hardly reloaded when another roe bounded across the ravine to my left, not quick enough however to escape the contents of both barrels, which struck her in the head and side, and killed her as instantly as her partner.

A few minutes after the drivers came straggling up, hot and tired, and our little party being got together, and a few jokes exchanged in good fellowship with our bullet-driving friend, we were all only too glad to troop off, following our lengthening shadows towards our airy breakfast parlour under the flat-topped apple-tree.

We had a fair show of game considering all things. Eight or ten brace of partridge, half a dozen squirrels, one fox, three roe, black-birds and thrushes innumerable, a leash or two of hares, and a beater winged, but not bagged. All the game excepting the roe, which were taken by the foresters, was sold by a species of auction, like the fish on Hastings beach. A glass or two of wine went round, and as the last rays of the setting sun were peering over the purple peaks of the Eifel our merry party broke up, scattering in little companies of twos and threes towards their homes. The light smoke of their pipes streaming steadily up in the calm evening air, and the chorusses of their songs coming faintly towards us long after the singers had faded in the darkness. Over the broad-backed stubbles my fat friend and myself trudged homewards in the bright moon-light, as tired, gentle reader, as you must be by this time, but with doubtless more agreeable impressions than you are likely to have of our day's shooting in Germany.

THE TOAD'S CURSE.

THE following story fell into my hands on the death of a young German friend. He was an interesting youth—full of all wild German fancies, blending together the known as well as the unknown phenomena of mesmerism, and forming a whole of physical supernaturalism, so to speak, which would require large faith to refer back to any admissible proofs of magnetic influence. When I asked him the meaning of the adventure which he named the 'Toad's Curse,' and which I have translated in spite of its improbability and defective keeping, he shrugged his shoulders, saying, 'Fate or mesmerism! transmigration, if you will, or witchcraft!' Then, when more closely pressed, he added, 'My good friend, I write tales, not dictionaries: if the public cannot understand my meaning, I will not condescend to glossaries or paraphrases.'

So the affair ended. I can add nothing, as translator, to the oracular brevity of the author. The tale may be one of mesmerism, or of mere superstitious fancy; it may be explained by the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, or be sent into the recesses of faded fables. I know nothing more than what I now give to the reader, who must interpret, according to his own mental state, a tale which might have been written by a madman equally with a scholar.

* * * *

The toad had got as far as the drawing-room door, where it hid in the white sheepskin mat, like a 'brown russet' in the snow. Muff, the poodle, and Tiny, the spaniel, were as nothing to it; they might have been painted toys from Wurtemberg, and their barks nothing better than the product of leather and acoustics, for all the effect they had on that speckled philosopher. Silence and immovability were the toad's vital characteristics, and canine patriotism was weak against reptilian invasion. It sat and gravely ruminated, while the dogs pranced and growled till they fairly panted: a philosophic indifference which a few of our popular leaders might imitate with advantage.

This was not an ordinary beast: it was larger than common, and had a more witched and wicked look, and its colours were brighter, and its jewelled eyes more fiery. It seemed to have come from a foreign land, and to be something different to, and more mysterious than, the ordinary brown toads of a European garden. A row of burning spots round its throat looked like living carbuncles, and the splashes of colour on its broad back seemed every one a glancing gem; its flat head bore a crescent-like growth, many-coloured, which gave a singular and weird expression to the reptile face beneath; while the restless eyes, sparkling with all the glory of great diamonds, had the power of loadstones in their magical fascination. It might have been a toad from fairy-land, an elfin sport, a wicked gnome, a wizard long transformed: it might have been a creature of the mysteries of India, a waiter at the door of a Peruvian temple, a dweller in the emerald mines, or the guardian of the central fire; it might have been the denizen of all mystic places, and the product of all supernatural power, rather than the common big brown toad of common weeds and grass. It would have made the staple of a hundred tales by Tieck, while Fouqué and Hoffmann would have expanded it into something more wonderful than Faust's grim dog. Not the most prosaic Bursch who ever wore blue spectacles, and insulted the Philister, would have overlooked its marvellousness: not the most materialistic professor would have dared to pragmatize its mystic wonders. Even the very dogs were afraid of it, and barked as much from superstition as from rage.

Down came the young master, son and heir of the house, casting about as usual for something whereon he might expend that superfluous energy which was his own misery and the torment of every one about him. He had more than once nearly broken his mother's heart with grief and vexation at his evil ways, and twice had roused the whole village into a combined conspiracy against

his freedom. The head bailiff had threatened him with a flogging if ever he caught him in his orchard again, and the schoolmaster had publicly expelled him from his school as too dangerous and too turbulent to be suffered there. He had killed countless cats and dogs, lamed innumerable horses, spoiled multitudes of cows with untimely milking, driven the village bull mad with teasing, and created a dearth among the barn-door population which threatened to leave the country destitute of eggs and poultry for a chicken generation: he was the torment of the neighbourhood—the great public grievance of Gründorf.

Yet Horace Sommerling was not wholly evil. As there is a bright lining to every cloud, so is there a virtuous side to every character. Unmitigated black may do very well for preachers and moralists; it heightens the picture, and produces good effects. But the moralist knows that every heart contains a germ of good, which, under judicious management, may spring up and bear a rich harvest. Horace Sommerling, saucy, was a frank, loving, brave, young hero; Horace Sommerling, insane, was neither more nor less than a little devil, for whom earth was too narrow and human life too tame. The four quarters of the globe could not show a truer specimen of a human fiend than that strong, bright, blue-eyed Saxon lad when his blood was up; no court held anything more polished, no convent anything more meek and loving, than the same Saxon lad when his blood was 'down.' But the mischief was, these intervals of quiet were so rare! His calmness was of the most fragile materials; it did not last the life of an ephemeral. A vapour-wreath, a puff of smoke, a mere glance of the eye, and the whole fabric of Horace's virtue fell to the ground, while a very tempest of passion swept by. You were always on the edge of a volcano with him; never safe, never satisfied that the cloudless sky would last even so long as the shadow on the hill top. Passionate tears, furious exclamations, the writhings of a madman, the anger of a wild beast—these were his natural instincts and constant expressions if but a

feather blew the wrong way for his wishes. The family doctor—he was an hydropathist—said it was disease. So it might have been. Heaven only knows where disease begins and where health ends in any human being; but the clear skin and bright eye, the broad chest and strong limbs, showed no outward evidence, at all events. However, the dogma comforted the mother; who thus took part of the cause thereof to herself. He had no other fault of magnitude, be it noted; but unhappily this one of unrestrained temper proved more than sufficient for the total destruction both of his peace and his virtue.

The dogs were making a deafening uproar when Horace rushed tumultuously into the hall.

'Down, Muff! quiet, Tiny! have done, you beasts! will you be still, then, you devils?' and the young master administered a kick right and left, which sent the brutes yelping to his heel; but they snarled plaintively still; only they knew him too well to venture on any overt act of disobedience.

At first the boy could not discover the cause of all this uproar, and the dogs came in for a second beating for having started a false scent. At last, searching through the long fibres of the mat, he unearthed the old toad, as he held his solitary court like a wicked gnome undergoing transformation and keeping out of the way of recognition. Horace saw that the beast had very bright eyes, and a human expression in them, and that its skin was mottled in a peculiar manner, more rainbow-like than anything else, with so many colours and all so vivid! And then the glowing eyes! how they flamed and stared! and the burning crest—how it appeared to change in the changing light, and to fairly breathe and palpitate with life! And how large the brute was, seeming to grow bigger and bigger as he looked, its colours coming out in tenfold distinctness, and its eyes getting more of a fiendish, though still a human, stare in them. The young head elaborated all this, and the young heart began to beat very fast; for fairies are ugly things to deal with, revenging themselves how and when you least expect, and

coming down upon you in all manner of forms and fashions of temptation to do evil. However, the boy was no coward, even in the presence of what might be—of what was, in the eager inductions of childhood—an enchanted toad.

'Hish! shu! get out!' cried Horace, shaking his fists at the toad.

The toad looked sedately into his face, and despised his fists. It must be confessed that the brute looked at this moment terribly unlike a flesh and blood beast.

Horace attacked the sheepskin on this. He tore up the mat, and shook it roughly. The toad came out of it at a marvellous pace; sprawling with all four legs flying like the sprung cords of a tent; its colours bright and angry; and swelling a little, its eyes grew larger, and a peculiar expression gathered in them, defiant and threatening, while it opened and shut its mouth in a queer way; without spitting though.

'Get out!' cried Horace, kicking it with his foot.

The toad made a short sprawl forward, but showed no further sign of voluntary progression.

'Shu! ssh! ssh!' cried Horace, again trying the power of mechanical propulsion.

The toad swelled visibly, but did not stir a step beyond what it was compelled to do by the laws of dynamics.

'Here, Muff! here, Tiny! tear him, boys! tear him!' shouted the boy, hounding on the lapdogs with voice and hand, for his whole soul was roused now by the brute's opposition, and his worst nature was rampant in heart and eye.

The dogs seemed terribly afraid of coming to too close quarters, even at their young master's orders: they ran at the toad, and made snaps at it in the air, and sniffed at it suspiciously, running back on their hind legs like puppy lions, and making great believe to pounce upon it suddenly, and to destroy it without hope when they pranced forward again; but yet they did not touch it, after the manner of those demoralized creatures, parlour dogs, who seem to borrow men's vices while learning their ways, and to lose their courage while perfecting their education.

Horace was violently excited: he

kicked the toad all the way before him, and no gentle kicks either, and finally accomplished its expulsion from the hall; but it sat on the doorstep obstinately, and looked grim and sullen.

Forcing it—all the while reluctant to move—the boy got the beast to the hedge by the low wall and the heap of rubble stones; and then the toad, as if feeling in its own dominions, turned round and looked at him. Such a look! If ever revenge were written in living lines, it was written then in that look of the tormented reptile. It swelled to thrice its size; its angry eyes glared as if lit up by an internal fire; its bloated skin seemed to quiver with rage, and every faintest speckle grow out in large bright colours that looked like livid plague-spots on the skin; the crimson necklace round its throat glowed like flaming blood; the crescent on its head expanded, heaved, and palpitated—the deep purple and the seething scarlet flashing like prismatic rays. Horace fairly quailed. The toad sprang towards him, spitting and swelling like an incarnate devil determined on his destruction. The boy thought of all the old superstitions he had ever heard connected with toads—elves, cobbolds, gnomes, nixies, rushed through his brain with a bewildering power; and, believing he had roused a spirit he could not lay, he turned to run for his very life.

But the toad was quicker than he. With one huge bound it leaped against him, hissing and spitting, and covering him with its foam.

Horace shook it off, trembling from head to foot. Some of the slime fell on his flesh, and seemed to blister him to the bone.

Again the toad sprang up against him; again the terrible revulsion sickened the boy to his heart; when in mingled rage and terror he caught up one of the largest stones on the waste heap, and flung it with all his strength at the beast. With good aim and good effect. Mutilated and dying; the witched fiend lay conquered at his feet. But never should he forget that dying look! All that spite and venom could print into an unspoken curse was stamped there as legibly as in so many words of letter-press. Every evil wish

hung like a noxious vapour round that crushed head; every blighting curse gleamed like grave-yard lights in those baleful eyes; the stained froth about that gaping mouth was the sacred blood of life which called aloud to heaven for revenge; and young Horace stood and looked with all the feelings of a Cain about his heart. For is not the wilful destruction of even the lowest form of life, murder?—murder in spirit and essence, if not in its legal results,—for crime is not to be measured by its results so much as by its spirit; and the unpremeditated homicide may not be so intrinsically evil as wilful cruelty to a dumb beast. This is a truth worth thinking of.

Struck with this reflection, dimly made out as it was in his mind, Horace took the toad in his hand; hoping, like a child, to restore by penitence the mischief he had done by passion. But when, believing it dead, he caressed it gently and without any of his former feeling of repugnance, it opened its glazing eyes, and the film was withdrawn for the same intense expression of hatred and malignity to blaze out again—for the same dying curse to be recorded—the same mute imprecation—the same invocation for divine vengeance on this sin; and then one last burst of burning slime filled the boy's naked palm: the row of burning spots turned pale, and the crescent on the head shrank inwards. He held only a dead thing there—the sacred spirit of life had gone, and he had been the destroyer.

He flung the poor beast beneath the laurel hedge, hastily and shudderingly, and then went slowly to the house. A strange oppression was at his heart, and a stranger consciousness still, that he had committed an irredeemable sin—one for which no repentance could atone. And for days and months that toad's last look haunted the boy—sleeping or waking, it was the same thing; he saw nothing else, dreamt of nothing else, feared nothing else. Had it been a very hydra in its death, it could not have multiplied more horrid shapes to be his dread and bane. Under every form, lurking behind every bush, and peering out from the long grass—shaping

itself from the clouds and dim mists of early morning—its trace left in the sand, and its trail tracked over the moss—its eyes repeated in the sparkling dew, and every jewel fashioning out its burning spots—in all nature and in all thought that one fearful form was set, as with a magic band that nothing could unclasp.

This impression lasted for a long time; and, together with the growth and consolidation of his reasoning powers, produced a notable effect on the boy. But finally the moral effect died away, and young Horace Sommerling—brave, beautiful, beloved Horace—had quite forgotten all about the fiendish toad, its death and his remorse; though every now and then, after some furious paroxysm of passion, a kind of vague, dim picture would arise before him, wherein all that he could make out was the undefined sense of sin and the blurred memory of repentance.

* * * *

The room was crowded with every splendour of commerce, every luxury of art: heavy folds of richest stuffs hung before windows darkened with trailing flowers of exquisite perfume; costly vases, filled with exotics of such colour and odour as one might believe existed only in Paradise, made the air within twin sister to that without; while small bright birds, no bigger than evening moths, flew from this to that, stirring the leaves with their jewelled wings, and shaking the flower-cups as they rested within them, in a very delirium of delight. Glancing waters plashed into their marble basins, with a sweet melody that brought to one's mind every lovely image of fresh country pleasures, and tiny fish of ruddy gold and pearly white flitted through the waters like gems instinct with life. The air was heavy, dark, and musical—flowers, and flower-like birds, silver waters, luxury, and art, all combining to form a home fit for houri or for peri who sought by knowledge of every secret of nature to forget her banishment from heaven. A home fit for houri or for peri, and inhabited by whom?

Lying on a couch, covered with crimson drapery, gold-starred, a young girl, toying with a parrot,

completed the picture of that interior. Her black hair hung down below her waist in silken bands without curl or braid, and lay far and wide over the neck and arms which a strange fashion of dress left bare. Her robes—they could not be called by any modern name—were of heavy silk, made stiff with gold, embroidery, and jewels; her naked feet were thrust into tiny Turkish slippers set thick with golden braid and sanded over with small seed pearls; and breast and arms glittered with bands and bracelets of every known gem on earth, that gave a mystic kind of flashing light about her. A large fan of peacock feathers hung from her wrist, and soft skins of beasts, and rugs of feathers from every painted bird that flies, kept her small feet from the marble of the floor. Round her brow was set a crescent formed of opal stones, and a tiny band of uncut carbuncles clasped her throat. Her skin was dark, a clear pale brown, and her eyes were large, and black as the sky of night. She lay in the gloom, her person shadowed by curtains, and tall acacias set in a forest-like profusion around her; but the wildness of gems that studded robe and flesh, and the strange radiance in those lustrous orbs, gave a glory to her place in that darkened room which reminded one of enchantment rather than of artistic arrangement, and which seemed to belong in nothing to real life. True, her eyes had a depth of expression and a strange radiance—but of how fearful a character! True, they were large and lustrous, and their lashes hung like curtains before ebony lamps; but their beauty gave as much pain as pleasure, from the malignity that lay beneath. Like the eyes of serpents or of tempting fiends—like the eyes of one dreaming of murder and meditating treachery—they struck awe to the heart of those who looked—like a shrouded form at night, whose burning hand is on your throat. They might be large and lustrous enough, but the blight and the scorn behind, the poison in the jewel, revealed a soul capable of every crime beneath the sun, while exerting a power of fascination which the strongest could not with-

stand. And yet how beautiful she was! A beauty gained one knew not how, and lodged one knew not where. It was not in those silken bands of raven hair, not in that low dark brow with the opal crescent glowing above, nor yet in the witch's eye beneath; it was not in the small lips, so perfect in their arch, but so scornful in their lines; nor in the thin nostril, dilated and quivering; it was not in this nor in that, but in a kind of mysterious attraction that lured you on to love what you would voluntarily have hated—that dragged you to your ruin, you consenting while upbraiding.

Toying with her bird, teasing it till it uttered shrill cries of anger painful in its intensity and impotence, the girl's face grew darker in its malignant flush, yet more lovely, till it seemed transformed to something supernatural. A small spaniel of rare breed barked in concert with the cries of the maddened bird, while the girl's voice mingled with the discord in a wild, weird music, uttering words in a foreign tongue that seemed to lash the creatures round her into fury, and sounding more like the scream of some unearthly being than the voice of a young and beautiful woman.

It was a striking scene altogether: the orientalism of the surroundings, the foreign type and fashion of the girl, the shrill noises, heavy odours, and crowding birds, making up a whole that had but little of prosaic European life in it.

The door opened, and a young man, with the clear blue eye, fair clustering curls, and strong-built frame of a Saxon, entered the room. He was deadly pale, yet manly too in his agitation, for all that a slight dash of something that was almost terror might be detected in him.

'Ah! you have come at last,' said the girl carelessly, not looking up, but toying with her parrot in her former elfin way.

'Isola! have you again crossed my path? here, and thus!' cried the youth, speaking passionately though below his breath, as one checked by awe, not respect.

Isola made no reply, excepting

what was contained in a mocking laugh. She bit her parrot's wing feather till the bird writhed in her hands, and then, lifting up her strange eyes, all alight with their fiendish glee, she pointed with her finger scornfully, crying, 'Poor fool! brave soldier! Long life to the valiant Saxon conquered by a slave!'

'And this is your reception, Isola?—this mockery and insult to the man you left dying on the deserts of Arabia—to the man whom you had sworn to love but three weeks before you delivered him over to an ignominious death? You betrayed me while I slept—my head upon your knees—and then, queen of the murderers you had invited to their task, you swept by in triumph at your success. You allured me by your false light to the brink of the grave; and when you saw me in the snare, you scoffed at me for my folly. Where was the love you vowed me when I bought you from the slave-market?—where the woman's tenderness you proffered for your freedom?—where the truth of a soul which knew no deception,' as you swore in the tent by the rose-gardens of Damascus, when you hung on my arm and bade me rest in security on your faith? Yet in a few hours not yet run into weeks, you could plot so foul a sin against your benefactor and your master! Isola! Isola! is it a woman's heart that does indeed beat within that woman's form: or does not rather a witch'd life animate a beauty as unearthly as your cruelty is inhuman? You bade me go with you to your country; there, among the groves and fields of Cashmere, you promised me security, love, and happiness; you offered me a home such as angels give us in our dreams——'

'And I took you to my home, Horace Sommerling,' screamed Isola, with shrill laughter. 'Was it my fault if its roughness displeased the pale-faced Sybarite?—was I to blame if European courage sank before the Arab's scimitar? Roughness which suited me hung heavy on those delicate limbs of thine, and flashing steel which would have but roused my blood made thine quail. Who was to blame for this? I, who measured thee by too high a standard,

or thou, who hadst paraded thyself before me in false colours which would not bear the sunlight of trial, Horace?' And again she laughed till the room re-echoed with her voice.

'Your home, Isola!—and what was this? the tent of a robber chief in the midst of a pathless desert—the home of a gipsy king whose dominion was by murder and rapine! Was this the sanctuary you painted with love's warmest colours in that sunset hour of plighted troth? Shame, shame! And now why have you sought me out, and placed yourself in my way again? Why send to me holy words of penitence and reconciliation—such as used to bring me to my mother's knee when a child, and which have still the power of God's own voice in my heart—and meet me thus, when I yield for the sake of their holiness, not your power? What other scheme of revenge have you against me?—what hideous plots, like swarming crocodiles hatching in the sun? I have given you no cause of enmity, Isola; unless indeed love and benefaction be cause in your country. Though my purchased slave, I have been tender of you as of my own soul; respectful, and exalting you to more than woman's highest place. You have returned me insult, treachery, and the attempt to murder; and now again have thrown yourself in my way with words of promise on your lip, but with falsehood in your eye, and hatred in your heart.'

'Have you done?' said the girl, looking up with a contemptuous stare. 'For, by the bones of the Prophet! you have fairly slaughtered my poor parrot!' She passed her hand once or twice over the bird, and it fell to all appearance dead in her arms. 'I will write it an epitaph—'Died of Horace Sommerling's discourse!' See, not a feather moves, though I strike it so!' She cast the bird up in the air, catching it again with both hands, and treating it roughly enough; but the poor beast lay still and motionless, and gave no sign of life or feeling through it all.

Horace walked rapidly through the room. A sense of oppression and of terror, that he could neither

define nor shake off, was stealing over him. His eyes were growing dark and heavy, and a strong spell seemed shutting up the circle of life within him. But he fought with this feeling, and finally beat it down, like one setting his foot upon an enemy.

'I have sent for you, Horace Sommerling, to prove to yourself that you are my slave,' said Isola, still keeping her eyes fixed on the youth with the same peculiar stony look. 'The laws of the East gave me into your power, but a higher law than these have bound you to my footstool instead. You are my toy, Horace Sommerling—my slave, my dog, my horse, my beast of burden—you are my puppet, my doll, my worthless, painted, silly purchase. I bought you years ago, when you were a child, and when you committed your first deep sin. You look amazed, startled, terrified. Ha! ha! ha! You Franks, who are wise in your own eyes beyond all the nations of the earth, to us Arabian necromancers are but idiots and dolts of common clay! Come, sit here at my feet, and look me in the face. Do you know me again?—have you ever seen me before? Can you recognise me, Horace Sommerling, under this new form, and if I tell you that I come before you as the scourge of your sins—the retribution of a—No! I will not say the word!'

The strong man, flushed with youth and vigour, shook beneath the glance of that dark eye like a child in the evening twilight. Faint visions of an unforgiven sin floated up before him; a dim sense of crime, so deep it could never be atoned for, choked and strangled him; but he could make out no line to guide him to a definite form: it was all but the hazy mirror of the enchanter, blurred with indistinguishable thoughts rather than distinct with separate pictures. And yet something in Isola's face seemed to remind him of the past; as indeed it was this vague recollection which had first attracted him to her in the slave market, and which, added to a fascination of speech and manner, that since he had begun to think was more than human, had induced him to buy her. Something in the arrangements of the room, too, brought

back a childish dream of mystery and fairyland; his terror also was childish, such as he had not felt for years—not since—oh! he could not recollect the exact moment, but he knew that once in boyhood he had experienced just such sensations as now. Her eyes he had surely seen before; and her opal crescent became almost a living thing; that very look, fixed on him with such deathly power, was not felt for the first time to-day; far back in the memory of the past loomed out the dim prototype of the present; Isola, the gipsy slave, the wandering Arab queen, grew to be connected with his early boyhood passed in the still quiet of his German home; a mysterious chain bound up fact with superstition, and the moss-grown long ago with the glaring now, and no effort of reason or the will could break the links.

He seated himself as she desired. He could not choose but obey her. Though her laughter stung him almost to madness—though her baleful eyes scorched up his very heart's blood, and her mocking fingers made him writhe as if a seraph's fiery sword had struck him, yet still he must obey her. She had said truly when she boasted that a stronger law than that of nations had placed him in her power.

'And you thought I loved you!' cried Isola, contemptuously. 'You thought that one of a nation which holds the keys of nature, and which knows the secrets of the stars, could bind herself as the slave of a dull-brained fool like you! You thought that knowledge could obey ignorance, strength bow down to impotence, all for love of faded hair and pale blue eyes! Idiot! when you paid those shining zeehins into the old Jew's hand, you fulfilled your own destiny—you did not overcome mine! By pre-ordained decree you found yourself in that slave-market; by pre-ordained decree was I there before you. I made you, by my magic power, will to purchase me; and then I had you fast. Sleeping or waking, near at hand or far off, you have been my slave from that moment—ay, and for years before that moment; for, as I said, you became my serf, and I have been appointed the avenger, from the

hour of your first deep crime. When you were a boy you were cursed for sin; behold how the curse has taken root!"

She half rose from her couch, and bent nearer to him. She peered into his eyes like a mocking imp starting from the vine-leaves; she insulted him with reproaches, half earnest, half sportive, but whose very confusion of spirit irritated the man still more; she pointed at him with her finger, and derided him for cowardice and effeminacy; she made his cheeks hot with shame, and chilled his heart stone-cold with her deadly irony; she revelled in his torture, heaping torment on torment, till Horace could bear it no longer. He started up with an oath, and raised his arm as if to strike her. But she put it back with a calm eye and a curling lip, as one who controls a child.

'That action again, and your arm falls withered to your side! Raise but your finger against me, and you stand paralyzed for ever! I am but a child—a pigmy—fairy-dwarf, compared to you; but I have a greater power than Solomon's genii ever held, over every nerve and muscle of your frame!'

She rose at the word, and stood before him. Her tiny arms, her fairy feet, the small round shoulders heaving up the mass of coal-black hair, the slender figure—all that was material, so light, so girlish, so fragile! But the eye of passion and command, the lip of scorn, the attitude of defiance, the unspoken sense of mastery—all that was spiritual evidencing her power—a power which nothing but passion mightier than her will could effectually withstand.

She waved her hands, and again Horace Sommerling felt the spell creep over him. A dark mist swam before his eyes; not like the mist of a swoon, but palpable and present like night. And soon this mist was lighted up with crowds of stars, pale-white and crimson-red, that darted through the room in thick confusion. Everything was fading from his sight, though some objects still retained a vague outline exaggerated in its proportions and tipped with fiery colours. Wherever he looked he saw this broad mass of

prismatic light flooding every salient point. The flowers were quivering like living things under it; the birds flew madly about, leaving long tracks of fire in the air; the waters over the tiny fish fell into sparkling drops like shattered gems, and the white marble basins were like painters' pallets, glowing with the richest dyes of the rainbow. The girl herself stood as in a bath of this strange radiance. Falling on the stones she wore, till every separate jewel gleamed like metal in a furnace; blazing from her eyes which shone through the mist stealing over him like mighty suns that scorched and blistered all they looked on; glancing on the hair which glittered in every tress till its brightness grew something wild and monstrous; streaming from her slender fingers and enveloping her whole figure like a robe, the flames of many-coloured light leapt up and about her, and transformed all within their sphere as by a magician's wand. Isola drew her hand softly over the parrot, and Horace saw the fire pass swiftly over the ruffled feathers, and tinge these, too, with its prismatic glory. With a shriek, answered by a long, low cry of Isola, the bird flew to her shoulder, where it sat flapping its wings and caressing her dusky cheek in a perfect ecstasy of enjoyment. Horace felt that he was going mad. The spell fell on him faster and thicker. His limbs were powerless, his eyes were closing fast; he knew that he was sinking into that witch girl's power, delivered over hopelessly to destruction.

He struggled against the charm; he resolutely willed to withstand it; he raised himself by a mighty effort, as though removing a mountain of brass pressing him down; he cleared his eyes, and stood up. The fiery light still touched everything within those walls, but less vividly now. Isola's eyes took a fiercer stare, but more fixed still, and more imperious. She sang a low, sweet song, and waved her hands gently before him. But the Saxon pride had awakened up; the blood flowed freely back through heart and brain; the spell grew weaker; the mystic light faded away; all things resumed their natural forms and natural functions;

the youth's passion conquered the youth's superstition, and anger took the place of terror. A change came over Isola's face as she looked at him, wherein disappointment, rage, and wonder were curiously blended together. She saw that her spell would not work and she gathered up the broken meshes of her charm in vain: the strong, rough Saxon blood had riven them all, and they might not be re-knit. And then she laughed her elfin laugh, and sank down on the couch, mocking him for his weakness, and taunting him with her power.

The reaction in Horace Sommerling was strong. From the utter prostration of all his faculties, momentary as it had been, beneath her mysterious influence, he turned to the most defiant anger against her. From love, which had penetrated his whole being and held him in her shadow like a slave to the service of his god, he changed to a loathing disgust that spread itself over her like a disease. Her voice, which was once more beautiful than the most exquisite music to his ears, became now a harsh and hateful scream; her eyes, which had been the very loadstars of his soul, were like the eyes of some most hideous reptile; her fairy hands, which might have bound him in fragile threads helplessly for ever, were as swords that wounded, or flames that scorched as they fell; and if only the tips of those small, rare fingers touched him, his flesh quivered as though struck by a sudden leprosy. Isola had lost all her weird fascination. She was now but the gipsy girl who had betrayed and who had mocked him.

But she did not read him clearly. If she had, she would have forborne any further irritation. His blood was thoroughly roused; the fierce old passions were all busy in his soul, and his boyish nature of ungovernable temper had expelled, for the present, the boyish sentiment of dread.

'Ha! ha! ha!—frightened by a girl!' shrieked Isola. 'Paling before a bird, a few Eastern flowers, a basin full of water, and a Chinese fish!—these are my necromantic adjuncts; and how grandly they have worked! By the soul of the Prophet! Horace Sommerling, but you are in

truth no hero! Your clumsy Saxon roughness does not hide Saxon bravery—your Frankish ignorance does not excuse your Frankish cowardice. Now ask yourself, could I have ever loved such a one as yourself? Why, I feel as if I were an empress and you a child!—you are so far below me in knowledge and in power! See, you cannot do this.' And again she waved her hands, and produced, though weaker, the same torturing and mysterious effect on Horace.

'Witch! sorceress! be still!' cried the youth, in agony: 'you are maddening me! I shall not soon control myself! For the sake of your womanhood, be still!'

The elfish face gleamed with elfish glee.

'Go on, Horace! Oh, you brave soldier, finish your task! What will you do to the fairy girl if you cannot control yourself? Beat her, Horace, or kill her? No! I will not be still! I will weave again and again my charm. I have you in my power, fool: you are mine—you are my slave, struggle against me as you may; and I will prove it to yourself, and make you crawl at my footstool, and beg for my mercy. I am armed with supernatural powers you know nothing of. I can control forces of whose very existence you are ignorant; I am your superior in knowledge and your master in might, and I may well deride you when I boast.'

She made a mocking gesture as she spoke, glancing down on him with such a maddening look of derision and of command, that Horace, transported beyond himself—beyond his manliness and better nature—raised his hand and struck her. She fell, uttering a cry; and her blood flowed over his feet. At the sight of that blood, all the youth's passion subsided, and nothing but a cold, dead chill was left of the furious rage that had urged him to avenge insult by murder. Compassion, and the remembrance of all his former love, helped to calm him. As she lay there, stricken down by his hand, her beauty seemed to come out in tenfold force; and now that the scoffing eye was closed, and the malignant smile had gone, the grace of outline and the perfection of fea-

ture were wonderfully evident, even to one who had studied every line and curve with passionate devotion.

Remorseful, loving, grieving, Horace lifted the girl from the ground, bathing her temples with water from the fountains, chafing her hands, showering kisses on her eyelids—kisses mingled with bitter tears. In all this, how much of strange likeness to a forgotten deed in the past!

'Isola! dear, beloved Isola! speak to me one little word!—tell me that you still live, and forgive me for my sin! Isola! my life, my loved idol, open those glorious eyes on me again, and recall me from the death in which I stand! Dead! dead!—oh, it cannot be that she is dead!'

He bent his head beneath the tempest of love and sorrow that shook him to the heart, and buried his face in the silken mass of raven hair, stanching with kisses the broad deep wound in her forehead from which the blood was still pouring freely.

A small hand pressed his throat; a small lip touched his cheek; a soft voice murmured an incoherent sound; then, with a curse that froze the man's blood in his veins, the girl's tiny fingers seemed to stiffen into an iron grasp, the rose-like lip gnashed a hideous sound, and with a cry like a wounded tiger the teeth of that young Arab girl closed on his cheek.

'Bear my mark to the grave!' she cried—to the grave, where I will hunt you! It is my curse, coward murderer, printed on you; and its poison, which will not heal, shall remind you for ever of Isola and your doom!'

She struck him as she passed; then bounded like a lightning-flash from the roof. Her opal crescent lay shivered into a thousand atoms, and the band of carbuncles round her throat strewed the floor like scattered seeds.

Horace stood for a moment, paralyzed by the strangeness of what had happened. Then all the past flashed on him; and the hour when he had committed his first wanton murder from passion was linked with this which had witnessed the same spirit, though the result had been different.

Suddenly the girl's voice sounded again. It seemed now to come from the garden outside the window, and to die away as if she were retreating as she spoke.

'Away, fool!—away! I am weary now, and care nothing for the chase! Away to the darkest nook of earth, where, when the appointed hour has come, I will seek and find you! Hide yourself in the thickest black that night and sin can weave for you, Isola's eyes will pierce through the darkness, and Isola's hand will strike through the defence! Away, for your brief respite! I will hunt my game at my own time!'

The monk looked up as a shadow passed between him and the sun, clouding the book he was reading with the outlines of a human figure—a sight rarely seen in those desolate wilds of Judaea, where the Carmelites had built their convent, and where they seemed to share with the eagles and the lizards only the footholds of their burning rock.

'Good day, father. Have you no welcome for the wanderer?' said a plaintive voice; and a young boy knelt, bareheaded, at his feet.

'God's blessing on thee, my son! What dost thou here, child, on the wild rocks of the Carmelite convent? And how hast thou found thy way, young and lonely as thou art?'

'I came hither, father, drawn by a hidden spirit,' said the boy. 'I have been singled out for much sorrow, and I came here to expiate my sins and to forget my grief in holiness!'

The monk passed his hand over the boy's bright hair.

'Sins!' he said, mournfully, 'have these been committed already by thee, too? Ah! my son, kneel down and thank God that thy childish evil has not ripened into manly iniquity—that thou hast built no bridge of crime between thy past and the distant future! A few slight penances will soon remit thy transgressions—a life-long misery may not expiate thine elder's!'

The boy looked up, and a broad flash of impish mischief shone from his eyes as he watched the monk's downcast face. He nestled

nearer to him, and stole his hand caressingly within the consecrated palm, and leant against him as a son might rest on his father—saying, in a sweet, low, childish voice which had all the tenderness of a woman in its tones—

‘But *thou* art not one of those guilty ones, holy father? Thou hast such steadfast blue eyes, so frank and loving—they do not seem to know what sin or trouble mean!’

Something shook the monk, and brought a crimson flush into his cheek and a glance into his eye that had long been driven thence. His hand burnt beneath the child's touch; yet not all with pleasure; and his heart beat fast, and his temples throbbed, till he himself was startled at the long unused emotion awakened up.

‘My child, judge no man—least of all judge hastily,’ he exclaimed. ‘I am young yet in years, but, alas! alas! old in suffering and in guilt.’

‘And yet I cannot believe it, father,’ returned the boy still more caressingly. ‘And thou art young, too? Ah! let me look into thy face, then, if thou art still in the flower of thy days. In my boyish ignorance I fancied that every monk and priest must be venerable and old; it will give me fresh hope if I may look on a brother!’

He sprang up, and with a quick gesture flung back the monk's cowl. A bright red scar burnt on the man's cheek, and the boy's eyes scanned the scar curiously, though furtively. But had the monk seen that malignant glance it would have revealed a secret he little dreamt of now, and might, perhaps, have spared some sorrow.

‘Ah! you *are* young enough to be my brother, then!’ he cried, kissing his hand as if in ecstasy; ‘and I may love you, and hang on you, and trust you more than if you were a pale old man so long since dead to the world of humanity that he had no more sympathy with it! You will let me love you, will you not?’ and his voice and accent melted into the most winning tenderness, as he crept closer into his arms.

The monk quivered beneath some mighty emotion—yet why he could

not himself explain. He gazed on that upturned face, and searched narrowly every feature; but the boy shook down a clustering mass of sunny hair, and sheltered himself in the shadow.

‘You will accept me in the convent, father? You will put me to hard work—yoke my limbs to heavy burdens—lay on my head stern penances; but you will pray for me, father, and with me, too, and help me to win Heaven by my repentance? I will be obedient, loving, childlike—only let me be at peace, and under the holy roof that shelters you!’

‘Come with me, child, I will care for you,’ said the monk, hurriedly. ‘Come!—I wish to carry you to the superior.’

They went up the steep together—the boy toiling wearily behind. The monk turned round, and saw his faintness and his trouble.

‘Here, child, these arms are stronger than those tiny feet. Come, I will be your bearer and your shepherd!’

He took the boy in his arms and bore him up the rock. A dark glance, a crimson glow, a smothered laugh of triumph; and then the childish hand wandered slowly round the monk's throat, seeming to caress it gently. But passing over the scar on the cheek, it lingered there; the taper fingers touching it daintily.

The man started. A sharp pain shot through his whole frame, and a sense of burning penetrated the scarred cheek. Something, too, came into his heart, that made him faint and stagger beneath his burden, slender as it was, and oppressed him with a strange sickness. But he carried the boy through the portal of the convent, and delivered him safely to the care of the superior.

The Carmelite monks, on these bare Judran rocks, had hitherto been noted for the peace and serenity of their lives. Composed of men who had all proved the holiness of earthly pleasures, and fled from the world as from a net of sin and wretchedness, there was nothing of that vague wonder and regret which sometimes sadden the convent cells of those who have taken the vows while ignorant of what they renounced.

But he who seemed to have brought most suffering, and to have gained most peace, was the Brother Martin—Horace Sommerling. It had been only by hard spiritual labour though. Penance, fasting, unwearied prayer, daily exercise in all that the natural man most loathed, hourly subjugation of all the passions most dear to him—by such means as these had Horace Sommerling learned to control his violent temper. Gaining internal calm though coupled with external sadness—made a better but a melancholy man by the discipline of the holy Church.

But a different order of things reigned now in the Carmelite convent. Jealousies and bickerings took the place of the brotherly love which had formerly existed there; misunderstandings, tale-bearings, uncharity prevailed from the abbot's cell to the pallet of the meanest lay-brother; and the home of every Christian virtue became the nest of every heathenish passion. The only one who kept fair with all parties was the latest comer, young Luigi the Sicilian, the fair-haired boy whom Brother Martin had brought. Yet somehow he was mixed up with all that took place, though always appearing to advantage as would-be peace-maker and universal friend, for all that he was sometimes heard to laugh in his cell at night, after some terrible outburst among the holy brethren. But young Luigi, the fair, pale Sicilian boy, with his strange, black eyes and caressing ways, might have broken every rule of that convent home without finding an accuser in the most rigid of the members. Every one loved him to idolatry, and they fought amongst themselves for his society with more bitterness than many men would fight for a beloved mistress. If he smiled more on Brother Joseph than on Father Francis, Father Francis was as one distraught; if Brother Ignatius could boast a childish caress. Brother Martin ate out his heart for jealousy. He, indeed, from the chastened and controlled holiness of his conventual life had lapsed back into all the furious passions and untamed nature of the torment of Gründorf. What fiend possessed him he could not divine; but that he was given over bodily to be the prey and

sport of devils he never doubted. The absence of young Luigi made him almost mad—his presence filled him with terror and agony together; the touch of his gentle hand burnt like fire into his veins; to see that hand touch another man himself was worse than poison, more bitter than death. Brother Martin was miserable; his last hope of happiness, in the pious calm of the Carmelite convent, had gone; and he was once more the wretched and wretched child of sin—the plaything of every violent passion—without the power to recover his lost virtue. Was that wild boy the cause of this? Had those burning eyes anything to do with the fever in his blood?—that mocking laugh any connexion with the sense of shame he was undergoing? Had those small caresses power to corrode the pure gold of Christian virtue, and was such might given to a mortal that he could turn away the holy spirit of Heaven? Brother Martin asked himself these questions one evening, as he sat on the rock, in the very spot where he was found by Luigi. The sun was sinking fast; and as the monk watched the lengthening shadows, he murmured audibly a prayer to be released from earth as soon as that great globe of life.

'Weary of existence, my brother?' said Luigi, stealing up to him. 'And why?'

A smile crossed his features as he spoke, twining in his boyish way about his knees. The monk covered his face. Furious in Luigi's absence, he was miserable when in his company; for then he felt degraded, he knew not why, and lost from the high place he had once gained.

'Yes, I am weary of existence, child, and long for death,' replied Horace, sadly.

'But why, my brother?' persisted the boy.

'From sin, Luigi—and from sorrow. There is no peace for me on earth. I have been too deeply guilty, and too hardly punished ever to know calm again. My passions have been my curse; and I am now fulfilling my destiny, and again delivered over to the fury of my nature. I have fought against it in vain—the spell is wrought, and the deep

well boils up at the word. I have lost Heaven as well as earth—I am shut out from God, as from life—and love.'

A glance of triumph lighted up the boy's face.

'Ah! is it then true that even with you, pious monk, passions are at work, and rage, revenge, and the desire for power are driving out the sacred angels of peace and humility?'

'True! true!—too true!' groaned the man.

The boy started up; then suddenly choking himself, and smothering the short laugh, and glazing over the glaring flash of his dilated eyes, he re-seated himself carelessly by the monk's side—saying, while he placed his arms round his neck—

'Tell me, dearest brother, what is your history. You have often made allusions to it, but never told it me straight out. Now, give me the last half hour of the sunlight, and when that is gone—pointing to the sun—'you may end your tale, too.'

'When I was a boy, Luigi, of about your age, I committed my first real sin. A harmless beast had found its way into our hall, and resisting my attempts to dislodge it, roused up my passion and fiery temper. Urged by the demon who took possession of me at my birth, and who has never left me to this moment, I killed the poor brute; and it cursed me, Luigi, as it died. Do not think me mad, child—do not believe that I have weakened my brain by humbling my body; it was so. That dying reptile cursed me solemnly in its death; and that curse has taken root and borne a fruit of eternal ruin for me. Well, years passed on, and I had forgotten all about the poor toad of Gründorf. I travelled, according to the custom of my country; and at Constantinople bought a slave girl, whose strange beauty first attracted and finally enamoured me. She betrayed me into the hands of robbers, and left me for dead on the sands. I was rescued however and restored by the cares of an old Arab woman of Damascus; and then I returned to Europe. Isola sought me out, and sent for me. I went. She met me with jeers and sarcasms, and roused up the sleeping devil in me.

She brought back the old superstitious dread of my boyhood, while rousing all the passions of my manhood. Something seemed to connect her with my forgotten sin—a sin with which she taunted me while boasting her superior power. I was maddened by rage and dread together, and I struck her, as I had struck the toad years before, and with the same mingled feeling of hatred and of awe. Yet, from the moment that her blood bathed my foot, happiness forsook me. I have been twice a murderer—twice given over to the fiend of ungovernable rage—twice damned to the lowest pit of hell!'

'That blow has to be avenged yet!' said the boy's low voice. 'An Arab never forgets an insult—least of all she whom you call Isola, but her tribe, the Avenger. Horace Sommerling, the time has come—the day and the hour. See—the sun is sinking now; with its last ray your life lies forfeit to the passion you could not check in boyhood nor overcome in manhood—to the passion which has wrecked yourself, and sold my blood to revenge my insult!'

She threw aside her disguise, and rapidly passed her hand over her face. The sunny hair was gone, and in its place thick raven tresses swept down below her waist; the false pallor was wiped away, and the dark face of an Eastern was turned upon him. Luigi the Sicilian had melted into thin air, and Isola the Arabian stood where he had faded.

Horace covered his face in his robe, muttering—'Sin! sin!'

She forced him to look up. She wove her spell around him, and bent his will beneath her own. He could not choose but look into her eyes. She demanded it, and he was fain to obey.

'Listen now,' she said, 'to my tale, Horace. When you took me from the slave market, I was bound by an oath to deliver up my purchase into the hands of my tribe. That oath I kept. It was my religion to do so. But when you were left as one dead on the sand, I secretly procured you assistance, and had you conveyed to Damascus, where the old Arab tended you so well. That Arab was my nurse, sent

thither by me—by Isola. I then escaped from my tribe and hastened to Damascus, to throw myself at your feet, and to devote myself to your life. For though, by a power which we Arabs possess, I knew all your past life, and had seen in a vision the day when you committed that murder in the German village—though I knew you fiery and irritable—I loved you in my way, mixed up as it was with the love of mastery and power. You had gone. I tracked you through the cities of Europe, and at last I found you. I was guided by my Power, which showed me always where you were, and what you were about. When you came to see me in that Viennese room, I did not fling myself into your arms as my heart prompted, but received you with jest and banter—in part to conceal my real feeling, in part to probe yours. Your blood was hot—mine was hotter. You resisted, and your resistance roused my love of dominion. I tried to subdue you, and used my charm. Your passion was too strong, and the spell failed. I was angry; you also. You lost your self-command—and the blow lies here yet! With that blow died out my love, and revenge sprang up instead. And I

swore then to avenge the deed by blood; and I will fulfil my vow to night! The sun is sinking. Horace, your hour has come. Hark to its knell!

A shrill whistle sounded among the rocks; and Isola, answering, 'I come!' with the speed of light drew forth a dagger and buried it in the monk's heart. As she struck the blow, and the body fell heavily on the ground, a light step was heard, and an Arab sprang up the steep path.

'Well done, Avenger!' he cried. 'Queen of thy tribe!—empress of the desert! With the blood of the Frank we anoint thee Lady of the East, and bind thy brows thus with the magic circlet of dominion!'

He bound round her head the opal diadem, and on her throat the red band of carbuncles. And thus they both stood in the deepening shadows—the Arab chief and his bride—looking on the slaughtered monk. The eagles screamed, and the toads and the lizards came out from their holes and gathered round the body. And then Isola and her robber lord slowly passed down the rocks, and disappeared in the depths of the wilder-

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

'PROGRESS' has at last caught the diplomats by the skirts. The strong hold of what the Americans call 'Old Fogysm' has been carried, and henceforth these gentlemen of mystery must jog on a little faster with the rest of the world.

His majesty, the present Emperor of the French, is entitled to the conception of the idea which has produced such results. After the battle of the Boulevards and the labour of constitution-making (not much labour one would think with the quantity of unused ones all the way from the Channel to the Grecian Archipelago), he turned his fertile imperial brain upon the mysteries of Sartor Resartus, and decreed unmentionables. But he has been thrown quite in the shade by the Americans, who, as usual, have followed French fashions and outdone them. When the Pierce adminis-

tration took the reins, Europe looked doubtfully for some demonstration about Cuba or Mexico, or the Sandwich Islands, on all of which Jonathan keeps as hungry an eye as the Indian Government does on Burmah. A little loud barking about Central America was thought to be not unlikely; or possibly a growl at Austria, whence no harm could come. The new premier, however, was occupied with the subject of diplomatic breeches (with which New York journals say he was before not unacquainted), and after three months' labour brought forth the following circular:—

In performing the ceremonies observed upon the occasion of his reception, the representative of the United States will conform, as far as is consistent with a just sense of his devotion to republican institutions, to the customs of the country wherein he is to reside, and

with the rules prescribed for representatives of his rank ; but the department would encourage as far as practicable, without impairing his usefulness to his country, his appearance at court in the simple dress of an American citizen. Should there be cases where this cannot be done, owing to the character of the foreign government, without detriment to the public interest, the nearest approach to it compatible with the due performance of his duties, is earnestly recommended. The simplicity of our usages and the tone of feeling among our people is much more in accordance with the example of our first and most distinguished representative at a royal court, than the practice which has since prevailed. It is to be regretted that there was ever any departure in this respect from the example of Dr. Franklin. History has recorded and commended this example, so congenial to the spirit of our political institutions. The department is desirous of removing all obstacles to a return to the simple and unostentatious course which was deemed so proper, and was so much approved in the earliest days of the republic. It is our purpose to cultivate the most amicable relations with all countries, and this, we believe, can be effectually done without requiring our diplomatic agents abroad to depart in this respect from what is suited to the general sentiments of our fellow-citizens at home. All instructions in regard to what is called diplomatic uniform, or court dress, being withdrawn, each of our representatives in other countries will be left to regulate this matter according to his own sense of propriety, and with a due respect to the views of his government as herein expressed.

All commendation to Mr. Marey.

* The following description of an eating-house in Broadway, taken from the *New York Journal of Commerce*, of July 13, 1853, gives a vivid picture of the 'Simplicity of American usages.' 'Taylor's International Hotel and Saloon, just opened, is deserving of especial notice, as indicating the progress of luxury and extravagance in this city, as well as affording a remarkable instance of the achievement of individual enterprise. The entire expenditure has been not far from 400,000 dollars, of which 120,000 dollars was for the ground, and about 180,000 dollars for the building—the remainder being for furniture, decorations, &c. The building has a front in Broadway of fifty feet, and extends back on Franklin-street one hundred and fifty feet. It contains altogether two hundred rooms. The whole establishment is divided into two departments, the five upper stories being set apart as an hotel, which is to be opened in September. The front wall is of brown stone, from architectural designs by T. Thomas and Sons. The saloon is the great point of attraction, and in rendering it what it is a vast sum has been expended. It occupies the first floor and basement, connected by a grand marble stairway. The ornamental work of the ceiling of the main saloon cost alone 10,000 dollars. It is richly overlaid with graceful moulded figures and foliage, gold and fresco painting. The gold thus used cost 1200 dollars; the painting 3000 dollars; the moulding, plastering, &c. about 5000 dollars. The sides of the saloon are covered with large mirrors arranged in panels, and surrounded with figures and ornamental work of rich design, in the Venetian style, representing

If the race of Franklins is gone, Franklin's breeches at least shall remain, and we shall probably see the next American Minister in the dress so graphically described by the *New York Herald*. But what the unfortunate 'gentlemen attachés,' as they are gregariously called in court circulars, are to do is not so clear. The gold must come off:—but what shall go on? The 'simple dress of an American citizen' is a vague term, stretching all the way from the effeminacy of Broadway to the leathern breeches and buckskin jacket of the Rocky Mountains. Be it such as it may, it must *not* be what everybody else wears, lest the 'simplicity' should be unmarked, and the 'unostentatious' unobserved.

Seriously speaking, we did not look for such a document from a common sense Government like the American. This confounding of terms would *not* have been surprising in the Republic which proclaimed Fraternity at the point of the bayonet; but a man of English descent and ordinary common sense knows very well that simplicity or ostentation are affairs of social life or individual taste, coming and going with poverty or wealth. 'The simplicity of American usages' is an absurdity, when we remember that more money is spent in the United States upon Sybaritic luxury* and display than anywhere else in Christendom. Neither Republicanism nor any form of free government forbids the acquisition of wealth, or its expen-

diture according to the taste of the owner; and as long as it is easily acquired, and will gain social position, it will be used in display for that purpose. Still more, if a lavish expenditure will constitute the American embassy one of the coveted places in fashionable life, we may be sure that it will be made, if possible, in spite of circulars. And, to our way of thinking, the minister who spends his thousands for a splendid establishment is a truer representative of the national mind than the one trying to live on the modicum allowed by a penurious Government. The Secretary is a brave man to undertake to stay the progress of his countrymen towards luxury, and more especially towards doing as all the rest of the world does; but we doubt whether he will succeed in bringing back the gentlemen under his charge to the simplicity of good old Dr. Franklin, who used to breakfast with ladies in their boudoirs at one, and make love to duchesses after late dinners.

We sometimes hear the diplomatic system of the United States praised in this country, and pointed

out for imitation by penny-wise politicians. But it certainly has very great radical defects, which have hitherto impaired its efficiency, and which must, before long, compel an entire reorganization. A career has been impossible, as there has been no distinct diplomatic service. All appointments, from highest to lowest, have been given as partisan rewards. America has hitherto had little to do with European politics, and, consequently, not much evil has resulted from this beyond the general isolation of her envoys. But now that she is ambitious of playing a more important rôle, she will feel the need of a trained corps, whose members have resided in turn in the capitals of the world, and are personally acquainted with the various public men, countries and languages. She will recognise the necessity, too, of paying her representatives so that they may be representatives in fact as well as in name of a wealthy and powerful nation, and may exercise the political influence which results from social station. Republicanism is not necessarily poverty; and Democracy even

fruit, flowers, human figures, heads of animals, &c. The entire expenditure for mirrors in the saloon is nearly 10,000 dollars. The ceiling is supported by nine highly ornamented columns, and between each are pendant drops, all very elegant and heavily overlaid with gold. Three massive chandeliers of graceful pattern are supported from the ceiling, and brackets on the side walls contain near one hundred additional burners. The floor is a tessellated pavement of black and white Italian marble. Along the sides are large semicircular plush sofas, built high up against the wall, and set in the recess are oval marble top tables, the frames being of iron, with gilt decorations on a white ground. The dividing point in the sofas is formed of zinc, representing a nondescript creature with a curved beak, claws, and flaming eyes. Other tables are arranged in the centre of the floor, with moveable chairs. The back ground is filled with two conservatories lined with mirrors, each containing a crystal glass fountain ingeniously constructed. Arranged in appropriate places are several curious objects. One is a clock that runs a year; another is a dial connected with the roof by a perpendicular shafting, and indicating the state of the wind. The third object is a calendar clock, a new invention, made to run four years, and designating the month, the day of the month, and the day of the week. Beneath these are two beautiful statues in composition, symbolising art and nature. Passing from the main saloon to the one below, the descent is made by a staircase of solid marble, dividing to the right and left; the cost of this stairway was 3000 dollars. But now the attention is arrested by a still more striking object—a fountain of glass rising from the lower saloon twenty-one feet in height, with jets of water and gold fish playing in each basin. The fountain consists of forty-four pieces. One of the glass basins weighs fifty-two pounds, and is believed to be the largest ever made. Beneath this basin are six dolphins, supplying as many shells with water. The lower saloon is arranged in keeping with that above, presenting much that is elegant and costly, &c. The description continues in the same style, but we have given enough to show that luxury is not unknown in the New World. The truth is, the Americans are rich, and like rich people everywhere, they use their money to buy comfortable luxuries, and frequently to make a little display. The same process of ministering to the sense of sight has created art in every country, and will very soon do it there.

does not disdain to use means for its ends. Then Secretaries of State will pay less attention to what covers the lower, and more to what lines the upper, man; and Democratic Talleyrands and Esterhazys will advance, by the legitimate means of money and brains, the interests and influence of the great Republic.

A pleasant and readable little book,* by Mr. Prescott, late Secretary of the Legation of the United States at this Court (whose resignation was much regretted by a large circle of friends in London), has called attention to the early diplomatic history of America. The work professes to be no more than a study; but it is filled with proofs of an acute analytical mind, imbued with all the elements for just historical criticism. As Mr. Prescott has put off the trammels of official life, we hope he will continue his labours in the field he has occupied so honourably. The American mind is at present turned towards historical research. Sparks and Bancroft have distinguished themselves in the elucidation of philosophical American history, and Prescott has enriched the language by his beautiful pictures of Spanish conquest. It is no small honour to have achieved success in such company.

With Mr. Prescott's book at one end and Mr. Marcy's circular at the other, we cannot avoid the conclusion that American diplomacy has been half a failure—that the system of appointing partisan friends has not unfrequently placed incompetent, and sometimes worse, men in office—that when it has furnished competent men it has often created jealousies which have gone far to destroy the legitimate influence of the minister and to render his mission useless; and that when it has, by chance, filled an important post with an able man, untrammelled by rivalry, it has left him in office only just long enough to begin to be useful. It is not impossible that rival candidates for the Presidency may have held the relative situations of Foreign Secretary and Envoy, and may, without discredit to their patriotism, have clogged the

movements of each other. Still more likely is it in such a case that while the Minister, on the one hand, may have desired to arrogate to himself a larger share of discretion than the just rules of responsibility dictate, the Secretary, on the other, has aimed to make him an electric wire, mechanically to pass messages from one cabinet to the other. The meagreness of the salaries also has excluded men without private fortunes from some of the more important posts; as gentlemen do not like to accept positions where they must receive hospitalities which they cannot return in the same spirit and measure. Although a mission abroad may be a very pleasant variety in life to a gentleman of cultivation and fortune, it is hardly just to a nation to make it the half-paid reward for party services; nor to the holder of it to leave him an automaton.

Failure is a strong word to use of a history of seventy odd years, covering a growth from three millions of people to twenty-five, from thirteen states to one-and-thirty, from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande and the Pacific. But this growth has been the result of a providential combination of circumstances, called in the slang of the day, 'Manifest destiny,' which man could not nor can prevent. As the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove forth the Protestant artisans of France to enrich other lands, so the too grievous weight of capital and plethora in Europe has sent its surplus labour to the new world to create capital, and, in the end plethora there. The problem in the old world has been to find employment for labour and investments for capital. The problem in the new still is to find hands to do the work, and money to pay them with. As long as this difference continues, labour will cross the Atlantic, and the States will grow, be the form of government what it may. Diplomacy has neither accelerated nor impeded their growth except so far as, by peaceful treaties, it has made the labourer sure of his reward. In many of the important negotiations

* *The Diplomacy of the Revolution: an Historical Study.* By William Henry Prescott. New York. Appleton and Co. 1852.

to which the United States have been a party, the result has either been retarded by the jealousies of rival politicians or brought about by adventitious circumstances. Mr. Trescott bears testimony to the injurious effect of the disagreement between Franklin and Lee in the negotiation of the first treaties with France. If such men as these could not avoid jealousies, it is fair to conclude that, while ambition sways politicians (which may it ever do) they must regard the effect of their acts upon their future career, and keep a good eye also upon those of their neighbours and rivals.

Since the treaties of 1778, many eminent men have acted as diplomatic agents of the United States in Europe: Dr. Franklin; Jay, the jurist and friend of Washington; Jefferson, the apostle of democracy, who seems not to have been much *au courant* with things at the Court to which he was accredited; Gallatin, the philologist; the elder and younger Adams, each in turn President, and each in turn also quarrelling with his friends and ruining his party; Clay, who said he would rather be right than be President; Washington Irving; Wheaton; Cass, the British-lion hater; Everett; Bancroft; Lawrence; and others, who have had more or less social standing in the Courts to which they have been accredited. But they have generally been known among small circles as agreeable, well-informed men, rather than felt politically as the representatives of a great nation. The Foreign Secretary has judiciously selected Dr. Franklin as the model whose excellences the new appointees, like little boys at school, are to copy—beginning with the breeches.

The Doctor is a capital model. He was a venerable-looking man; which is a good beginning, as first impressions go a long way in this suspecting world: it enabled him also to visit his female friends, and fathom court secrets without the imputation of intrigue. He was a philosopher, which was especially fortunate in his case, as philosophy happened to be the rage in Paris. He was a man of wit, a dangerous quality in bad hands, but serving one well anywhere (and

especially at Paris) when united to an amiable temper and generous heart, both of which he had. He was a liberal man on all subjects (too much so on some); and liberalism, as well as philosophy, was the fashion at the Court of Louis XVI. He had done much for his race, which, with reflecting men even in those days, was accounted no slight merit. He was a consistent patriot; but at the same time reposed a generous, and, as events proved, a not unworthy trust in those to whom he was accredited. He was industrious even beyond the demands of advancing science—of fashion—of diplomatic labour—of private correspondence—and of a sinking treasury, of which he was to the last, without dishonour, financier, treasurer, and cashier. He was an honest man in his own dealings, but understood the tricks of others. He was a man of the world, and, of course, a man of society; charming every circle to which he was introduced by the brilliancy and variety of his conversation, and the fund and fertility, so to speak, of his information. His manners and bearing were 'simple' and 'unostentatious,' as, indeed, are those of every gentleman, even though he may not possess Franklin's range of knowledge and experience of life. And he bore himself ever as remembering, and at the same time forgetting, that he was one of the most illustrious of the founders of a new empire, and one of the most distinguished lights of science. If his qualifications were such as few, if any, of his successors can hope to acquire, the duties imposed upon him, and the difficulties he surmounted, were arduous in proportion to them. The son of a tallow-chandler—apprenticed to a printer—a fugitive from his master—editor, compositor, printer, and publisher of a newspaper, he rose steadily to the rank of the first American *savant*, and as a patriot, stood second only to Washington. Transferred from his native land to Europe, he became the companion and friend of men illustrious in rank, science, and letters in this metropolis, and left behind him here a monument to his benevolence and practical sagacity in the Royal Literary Fund. From hence he carried his ripe experience and

knowledge of the world to France, and applied them with patriotic zeal to the difficult task of establishing the nationality of his country at the Court of Versailles. With a just appreciation of his new associates, he made himself known at once in the *salons* of the Faubourg, which his great reputation opened to him, became as intimate in political circles as state policy would permit, and maintained himself there, a favourite with both sexes, by a display of conversational powers beyond even French *erigeance*. And then, having placed himself in a position to be accurately informed of every new move, he adroitly urged the American alliance upon the Government, on the ground that it would add to the glory of France to undertake the cause of the oppressed. When honest, acute, hot-headed, puritanical, patriotic John Adams, who understood logic better than he did men, came to be joined with him in the negotiations for the treaty of peace, he could not comprehend the 'simple' Doctor, and nearly spoiled everything by talking of the great gain to French *interests* by the proposed treaty. Franklin appreciated the nation better. He says, in one of his despatches:—

This is really a generous nation, fond of glory, and particularly that of protecting the oppressed. Trade is not the admiration of their noblesse, who always govern here. Telling them that their *commerce* will be advantaged by our success, and that it is their *interest* to help us, seems as much as to say, help us, and we shall not be obliged to you. Such indiscreet and improper language has been sometimes held here by some of our people, and produced no good effects.

By such means, and aided by the victories at Saratoga and Yorktown, he succeeded, with his colleagues, in negotiating the treaties of alliance and of peace, and returned to his country with an affluence of glory such as rarely falls to the lot of man. Learned, wary, acute, penetrating, simple in demeanour—understanding the use of means—honest, patriotic, sensible, and knowing where to trust as well as to distrust, he is certainly a good model for new fledged diplomatists to study. If Mr. Marcy succeeds in bringing his regiment up to this standard, we shall

advise that he be sent for to manage the Foreign Office.

We have alluded to the want of a cordial understanding between Franklin and some of his colleagues. The disagreement between him and Lee is well known to have amounted to an open quarrel. But we apprehend that his relations with John Adams are not quite as well understood. It has been our good fortune lately to be permitted to examine a valuable collection of original manuscripts and letters of Franklin; of which some are published in Mr. Sparks' collection, but many have never yet been printed. These manuscripts are of great importance, and shed a new light on the history of the times. It is possible that we may hereafter, if permitted, draw more largely upon them. For the present we content ourselves with one or two extracts, exhibiting the unfortunate truth, that when diplomatic services are entrusted to politicians who have interests of their own at stake elsewhere, there is danger that rivalry may swell into discord, to the detriment of the public interests.

Among the letters from Franklin, published in Mr. Sparks' collection, is one to Mr. Carmichael, Secretary of the United States' Legation in Spain, dated at Passy, the 12th of April, 1781, in which occurs the following sentence:—

I thank you much for your friendly hints of the operations of my enemies, and of the means I might use to defeat them. Having in view at present no other point to gain but that of rest, I do not take their malice so much amiss, as it may farther my project, and perhaps be some advantage to you. — and — are open, and so far honourable enemies; the —, if enemies, are more covered. I never did any of them the least injury, and can conceive no other source of their malice but envy. [The italics are ours.] To be sure the excessive respect shown me here by all ranks of people, and the little notice taken of them, was a mortifying circumstance; but it was what I could neither prevent or reuget. Those who feel pain at seeing others enjoy pleasure, and are unhappy, must meet daily with so many causes of torment, that I conceive them to be already in a state of damnation; and, on that account, I ought to drop all resentment with regard to those two gentlemen. But I cannot help being

concerned at the mischief their ill-temper will be continually doing in our public affairs, whenever they have any concern in them.

It appears by reference to the original manuscript in Franklin's hand, which lies before us as we write, that the blanks in this extract should be filled by the names of Lee, Izard, and Adams, respectively, which were erased (for no good reason, in our judgment) by Temple Franklin, the original editor. Mr. Sparks, not having the manuscript, was obliged to print from Temple Franklin, and of course could not supply the deficiency. The commentary which follows evidently applies to Lee and Izard alone. Yet it is due to John Adams to say, that his pure patriotism was untainted by selfishness or malice. He was the last man in the world to be associated with Franklin. His dogged puritanism, even to the close of his long life, never learned that pliability and firmness may be joined in the same nature without detriment to principle. He always wanted to drive public opinion instead of leading it; and, ruining the party which followed him, he spent the last five and twenty years of his life in retirement apart from station or influence on the policy of the country which his genius had done so much to create.

An unpublished letter, from Franklin to Vergennes exhibits still more glaringly the false position in which Adams contrived to place himself, his colleague, and his constituents at home with the French court, and the dexterity with which the Doctor extricated himself and the Congress. We print it entire.

PARIS, August 3, 1780.

SIR,—It was, indeed, with very great pleasure that I received the letter your Excellency did me the honour of writing to me, communicating that of the President of Congress, and the resolutions of that body relative to the succours then expected: for the sentiments therein expressed are so different from the language held by Mr. Adams in his late letters to your Excellency, as to make it clear that it was from his particular indiscretion alone, and not from any instructions received by him, that he has given such just cause of displeasure, and that it is impossible his conduct therein should be approved by his constituents.

I am glad he has not admitted me to any participation of those writings, and that he has taken the resolution he expresses of not communicating with me, or making use of my intervention in his future correspondence; a resolution that I believe he will keep, as he has never yet communicated to me more of his business in Europe than I have seen in newspapers. I live upon terms of civility with him, not of intimacy. I shall, as you desire, lay before Congress the whole correspondence which you have sent me for that purpose.

With the greatest and most sincere respect, I am, Sir, Yours, &c. &c.,

B. FRANKLIN.

An allusion has already been made to Franklin's labours in Europe in behalf of the treasury of the Federation (a branch of duty from which his successors will be relieved). These manuscripts give a high idea of the difficulties in which he was frequently placed, and of his skill in relieving himself. Congress drew upon him, his colleagues drew upon him, and, in fact, everybody's hand was in his pocket. Yet he contrived to keep his credit untainted: not, however, without occasionally striking a hard blow for it. Among other loans, was one made in Holland in 1781, with which Colonel Laurens and a Mr. Jackson were also concerned. Jackson, it seems, a young man, wanted to carry the money to America, probably for the sake of the *éclat* at home—(still the same eye to interests there).

A portion of the correspondence which ensued is published by Temple Franklin and Mr. Sparks. But the following, by far the raciest of the whole, is not in those collections. The Doctor could hit a hard blow when he chose.

PARIS, July 10, 1781.

SIR,—Last night I received your fourth letter on the same subject.

You are anxious to carry the money with you, because it will reanimate the credit of America.

My situation, and long acquaintance with affairs relating to the public credit, enable me, I think, to judge better than you can do, who are a novice in them, what employment of it will most conduce to that end; and I imagine the retaining it to pay the Congress drafts has infinitely the advantage.

You repeat that the ship is detained by my refusal. You forget your having written to me expressly, that she waited for my convoy.

You remind me of the great expense the detention of the ship occasions. Who has given orders to stop her? It was not me. I had no authority to do it. Have you? And do you imagine, if you have taken such authority upon you, that the Congress ought to bear the expense occasioned by your imprudence? and that the blame of detaining the necessary stores the ship contains will be excused by your fond desire of carrying the money?

The noise you have rashly made about this matter, contrary to the advice of Mr. Adams, which you asked and received, and which was to comply with my requisition, has already done great mischief to our credit in Holland. Messrs. Fizeaux have declared they will advance to him no more money on his bills upon me to assist in paying the Congress drafts on him. Your commodore, too, complains in a letter I have seen, that he finds it difficult to get money for my acceptances of your drafts in order to clear his ship, though before this proceeding of yours bills on me were, as Mr. Adams assures me, in as good credit on the Exchange of Amsterdam as those of any banker in Europe.

I suppose the difficulty mentioned by the commodore is the true reason of the ship's stay, if in fact the convoy is gone without her. Credit is a delicate thing, capable of being blasted with a breath. The public talk you have occasioned about my stopping the money, and the conjectures of the reasons or necessity of doing it, have created doubts and suspicions of most pernicious consequences. It is a matter that should have passed in silence.

You repeat, as a reason for your conduct, that the money was obtained by the great exertions of Colonel Laurens. Who obtained the grant is a matter of no importance, though the use I propose to make of it is of the greatest. But the fact is not as you state it. I obtained it before he came. And if he were here I am sure I could convince him of the necessity of leaving it, especially after I should have informed him that you had made in Holland the enormous purchase of 40,000*l.* sterling's worth of goods over and above the 10,000*l.* worth, which I had agreed should be purchased by him on my credit; and that you had induced me to engage for the payment of your purchase by showing me a paper said to contain his order for making it, which I then took to be his handwriting, though I afterwards found it to be yours, and not signed by him. It would be additional reason with him when I should remind him that he himself, to induce me to come into the proposal of Com-

modore Guillon and the rest of the Holland transaction, to which I was averse, assured me he had mentioned it to the Minister, and that it was approved of. That on the contrary I find the Minister remembers nothing of it, very much dislikes it, and absolutely refuses to furnish any money to discharge that account.

You finish your letter by telling me that 'the daily enhancement of expense to the United States from these difficulties is worthy the attention of those whose *duty* it is to economise the public money, and to whom the commonwealth is entrusted without deranging the special department of another.' The ship's lying there with 500 or 600 men on board is undoubtedly a great daily expense, but it is you that occasion it; and the superior airs you give yourself, young gentleman, of reproof to me, and reminding me of my duty, do not become you, whose special department and employ in public affairs, of which you are so vain, is but of yesterday, and would never have existed but by my concurrence, and would have ended in disgrace if I had not supported your enormous purchases by accepting your drafts. The charging me with want of economy is particularly improper in you, when the only instance you know of it is my having indiscreetly complied with your demand in advancing you 120 louis for the expense of your journeys to Paris, and when the only instance I know of your economizing in me is your sending me three expresses one after another on the same day all the way from Holland to Paris, each with a letter saying the same thing to the same purpose.

This dispute is as useless as it is unpleasant. It can only create ill blood. Pray let us end it.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

It is due to Jackson to say that he subsequently acquiesced in the wisdom of Franklin's views, and wrote him to that effect. Mr. Marcy's diplomatates probably will not be called upon to make the same exertions for the National Treasury. If they should be, however, and be obliged also to fight for the money after they get it, they may learn from their model how to strike scientifically.

Injustice would be done to the American Government if we were to close without noticing the Consular Circular issued at the same time with the Diplomatic. In the midst of a good deal of nonsense of the same sort about dress, and about the name by which the dignitary's

office shall be known—(that it shall not be called *chancellerie*, when the commercial convention with France, negotiated by this very Dr. Franklin, provides that it shall be a *chancellerie*)—in the midst of all this—*stuff*, shall we call it—there is an important direction, that consuls shall collect and transmit to Washington all knowledge which in their judgment may be useful to their countrymen, in order that the Government may print and distribute it annually at the public cost.

If well done, a compilation made up in this way, from all parts of the globe, cannot fail to be of great value; and we hope that the new administration, in its consular appointments, has had regard to the capacity of the appointee to perform this service to knowledge. The efforts of the American Government already in this way have been highly creditable. Its exploring expeditions have traced the coasts of a new continent in the Southern hemisphere; and in the Northern it has gone side by side with British courage and enterprise—while the results of both have been distributed at the national expense. Its corps of engineers, under Fremont, Emory, Stansbury, and other captains, has with incredible perseverance, and at the public cost, made large additions to geographical knowledge. The enterprise of Maury has gone far

towards discovering the laws which govern the currents of air, and has succeeded in materially shortening the long voyages through the Pacific and Southern Atlantic; and his labours are given freely to the world by an appreciating Government. The gift of Smithsonian, an Englishman, in energetic hands, is making large contributions to knowledge. Owen, Foster, and Whitney, and other geologists, make elaborate reports upon the geology of a country which, within the memory of children, was inhabited only by the Indian. Through the agency of the Patent-office, two bulky volumes sent without expense, to every part of the country, each year, give an account of the discoveries in agriculture and the inventions in mechanism during the preceding twelve months. The combined engineers of the army and navy are engaged upon a survey of the coasts, both of the Atlantic and Pacific; and their accurate and beautiful charts are furnished to navigators at about the cost of the paper and print. To this the Government now propose to add the annual collection of information furnished by the various consuls. How valuable such a document may be made, if properly compiled, it is needless to say. Let it be done in such a way as to be worthy the enterprising and enlightened nation which is about to undertake it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF B. R. HAYDON.*

A MAN whose life has been inspired by a noble passion, and who expends himself with unwearied energy and dauntless perseverance on the accomplishment of his object, will not fail, whatever his errors may have been, to win sympathy and admiration. Perhaps the more we do homage to the high qualities implied by such a career, the more we shall reprobate the follies and the faults which have marred its grandeur, foiled its success, and dragged its virtues through the dust. Such a man was the painter for whose journals Mr. Taylor has performed the friendly labour of an editor, so far as such labour was

required; for Haydon had himself reduced into a regular autobiographic narrative the records of five and thirty years of his life. In this recital no one can refuse to recognise and admire a true genius, a courage that never failed, an industry that, though vehement and impassioned, was well sustained; as clearly will be seen and felt the causes why these qualities did not secure to their possessor the rewards which ordinary experience attaches to them. Haydon is as candid as he is egotistical; cares as little to conceal his want of wisdom as his want of modesty. Very likely he thought himself so grand a hero that he could

* *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Three volumes. Longman & Co. 1853.

afford to let the world know his weak points, and scorning the proverb which says, that no man is a hero to his valet, expected the world to worship him after he had admitted them to a confidence which no man extends even to his valet. Let the motive to the revelation have been what it may—philanthropical, defiant, or simply self-complacent—the revelation is complete; we never read a book which left upon the mind a more detailed and definite impression; and though Mr. Taylor has not been able to compress his materials into less than three closely-printed volumes, such was the vigour of Haydon's intellect, so keen was his faculty of observation, he lived with, or met with, so many interesting persons, and he was himself so singular a mixture, that lovers of biography—and who does not enjoy it above most other literature?—will be disposed rather to envy Mr. Taylor the opportunity of perusing the twenty-six folio volumes of journals, than to complain of him for over-loading his pages. The liveliness with which Haydon records all that happens to him or interests him; the terseness, point, and occasionally picturesque language of his remarks and descriptions; the interesting conversations with men of eminence and talent—and these constitute the charm and amusement of the volumes—we must forego; but the moral of Haydon's story will not, we trust, be quite lost, or so weakened as to be entirely unimpressive, in the compendious narrative to which the laws of space confine us.

Benjamin Robert Haydon was born in the year 1786, at Plymouth, where his father kept a bookseller's shop. Like most men who attain eminence in any pursuit, he recalled, in after life, early indications of the taste which became the master-passion of his being; and records how his mother calmed his infant rage by a book of pictures, from which he would not part the rest of that day. At a more authentic period of his history, his schoolmaster, Dr. Bidlake, finding he had a love for art, took him, he says, from study to attend his own caprices in painting; and in his father's binding office, the head man was a Neapolitan, 'a fine

muscular lazzaroni-like fellow,' who used to talk to the boy of the wonders of Italy, of Raffaele and the Vatican, and, baring his arm, would say to him, 'Don't draw de landscape, draw de feegoore, Master Benjamin.' And Master Benjamin tells us that he began to try the 'feegoore,' and to read anatomical books, by advice of a brother of Northcote, also a Plymouth man, and to fancy himself a genius, and an historical painter, and to look in the glass, and think he had an intellectual head. 'Then,' he says, 'I forgot all about it, and went and played cricket, never touched a brush for months, rode a black pony about the neighbourhood, pinned ladies' gowns together on market-days, and waited to see them split; knocked at doors at night, and ran away; swam and bathed, heated myself, worried my parents, and at last was laid on my back by the measles.' With enforced quiet came back his passion for art, and never again forsook him, though he was sent to a new school, with an express understanding that he was not to learn drawing, because his father intended him for business. He spent his pocket money in caricatures, which he copied, and was found one holiday afternoon, inducing a supernatural quietness in the school by forming a drawing-class, and stalking about as master. Another time he drew, on the school-room wall, with a burnt stick, so spirited a representation of a hunt he had witnessed, that the master had it preserved for some weeks. And so the natural bent of his mind went on displaying itself, and his cleverness as a juvenile amateur was duly applauded by papa and mamma, and the drawings shown about to friends and relations, till the time came for deciding upon an occupation for life; and the father, knowing something more of the world than the son, had no notion of letting a good business go out of the family for a boy's whim; and the boy, hating and spurning the occupation and all connected with it, was bound apprentice to his father for seven years, and submitted with silent sullenness, till, in a burst of ill-temper, he insulted a customer who wanted to beat down the price of a book, and

so made his exit, once and for ever, and brought matters to a crisis. Discussion and remonstrance were in vain, the boy was resolved to be a painter, and an illness, which left him blind for six weeks, and permanently impaired his sight, did not shake his resolution. Plaster casts of the Discobolus and Apollo, the first he had ever seen, and which he purchased out of a two-guinea piece given him by his godfather, lent fuel to the flame; and Reynolds's Discourses, with their encouragement to industry, and their doctrine that all men could, by this quality, attain excellence in art, gave feasibility to his purpose.

I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments. My mother regarding my looks, which probably were more like those of a maniac than of a rational being, burst into tears. My father was in a passion, and the whole house was in an uproar. Everybody that called during the day was had up to bait me, but I attacked them so fiercely that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. In the evening I told my mother my resolution calmly, and left her. My friend Reynolds (a watch-maker) backed me. I hunted the shop for anatomical works, and seeing Albinus among the books in the catalogue of Dr. Farr's sale at Plymouth hospital, but knowing it was no use asking my father to buy it for me, I determined to bid for it, and then appeal to his mercy. I went to the sale, and the book was knocked down to me at 2l. 10s. I returned home, laid the case before my dear mother, who cried much at this proof of resolution, but promised to get my father to consent. When the book came home, my father paid with black looks. Oh, the delight of hurrying it away to my bed-room, turning over the plates, copying them out, learning the origin and insertion of the muscles, and then getting my sister to hear me! She and I used to walk about the house, with our arms round each other's neck, —she saying, 'How many heads to the deltoid!' 'Where does it rise?' 'Where is it inserted?' and I answering. By these means, in the course of a fortnight, I got by heart all the muscles of the body.

That purchase of Albinus, leaving the payment to his father, and the desperate energy with which he set to work to master what to most youths would be a dry uninviting

study, are, both in audacious recklessness and unflagging earnestness of purpose, too significant types of all Haydon's subsequent career to be omitted in the barest outline of his history. They mark at once a determined and an unscrupulous nature, and indicate the springs of both his successes and his misfortunes as clearly as any actions of his we shall have to record. It is almost needless to add that he had beat down all opposition, and that he was finally permitted to seek fame and fortune in his darling pursuit. He left Plymouth for London on the 13th of May, 1804, being then a few months more than seventeen years old.

The very morning of his arrival in town, Haydon rushed eagerly to the Academy Exhibition, then held at Somerset House. He got there, after first mistaking the 'New Church' in the Strand for the building he was in search of; and making up to the historical pictures, of which Opie's 'Gil Blas,' and a 'Shipwrecked Sailor-boy,' by Westall, were attracting most attention, measured himself at once with the favourites, and marched away to purchase casts, with the characteristic verdict, 'I don't care for you.' Then followed months of intense and uninterrupted study. His personal ambition to be a great painter was ennobled by dreams of doing honour to his country, and rescuing art from the character of littleness and incapacity then impressed upon it. At this time he made acquaintance with John Bell's work on the *Bones, Joints, and Muscles*; and it formed from that time his own text-book, and afterwards the Manual of his school. From Prince Hoare, to whom his uncle had given him a letter, he received introductions to Opie, Northcote, and Fuseli, then the keeper of the Academy. The last of these impressed Haydon with admiration for his genius and varied accomplishments, without misleading him by false vague theories and exaggerated practice in art; gave his mind a stimulus, and expanded his range of ideas, without demoralising him by profanity, licentious wit, or infidelity; and much of the taste for reading and especial en-

thusiasm for poetry which from this time was developed as a new characteristic in Haydon, was probably called forth by his intercourse with Fuseli. He began to draw at the Academy after the Christmas vacation of 1804-5, and there became intimate with Jackson, then studying under the patronage of Lord Mulgrave, and known also to Sir George Beaumont.

This seems to have been the only intimacy formed by Haydon among the students in his first year; and no wonder, as he speaks of his never losing a day, and working twelve or fourteen hours, as he felt inclined, till in the middle of the summer he was summoned home by the serious illness of his father. While at home, renewed efforts were made by his family to induce him to relinquish his project, and take up his father's business—of course in vain. The day after his arrival, he got bones and muscles from the surgeon at the hospital, and in the midst of the constant torture of remonstrance and reproach, prepared the volume of anatomical studies which he afterwards imposed with admirable effect upon all his pupils, from Eastlake to Lance. Finally, his father, convinced of the inutility of further opposition, promised that he should be tormented no more, but should be supported, though it would be inconvenient, till he could support himself. Before his return to town in the autumn, he hears from Jackson,—‘There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come,—an odd fellow; but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie.’ Haydon’s comment on this information is characteristic; so is his record of it; he says, ‘Hang the fellow (I thought); I hope with his something he is not going to be a historical painter.’ And again, on his return to town, ‘I was made uneasy all night, for Jackson finished by telling me that Wilkie had painted a picture at Edinburgh, from *Macbeth*, which we all agreed must have been a historical one.’ Already Haydon’s egotism, vanity, self-reference are prominent; and as clearly the desire of personal importance, of his own fame, is taking dangerous precedence of sympathy with excellence in his

art, and satisfaction at its exhibition in another. Wilkie, however, was not at that time a historical painter, and the two young men soon formed an intimacy which lasted with varying cordiality during their whole lives. Their mutual friend Jackson, perfectly free from envy or jealousy, or any evil except indolence, soon began to talk of them to Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont; and as Wilkie was in this first season (1805-6) painting for Lord Mansfield his ‘Village Politicians,’ exhibited in 1806, it is no wonder that the report of Jackson brought the two patrons to the young Scotchman’s studio, and that the visit was followed by commissions from both of them—one for the ‘Rent Day,’ the other for the ‘Blind Fiddler.’ Wilkie’s success was at once a stimulus and an earnest of success to Haydon, and Lord Mulgrave, through Wilkie, gave him a commission for a historical picture as soon as he should begin to paint, suggesting the death of Dentatus as a subject. Two courses of Charles Bell’s (Sir Charles afterwards) lectures, with private dissection and drawing at the Academy, had advanced Haydon sufficiently by the autumn of 1806 to give him confidence for a picture; and he began, not upon Lord Mulgrave’s commission, but upon a picture of ‘Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt,’ canvas six feet by four. ‘Setting my palette (he says), and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting.’ He describes his student life in language which nothing in the book contradicts or throws doubt upon:—

The basis of my character was earnestness of feeling. I took up everything as if my life depended upon it, and not feeling sufficient gratification in simply doing all that I could, my imagination was never satisfied if I did not call on the aid and blessing of God to correct and fortify my resolves. I never rose without prayer, and never retired without it; and occasionally in the day, in the fervour of conception, I inwardly asked a blessing on my designs. I was

ferverently alive to the beauty of woman; and though never vicious was always falling in love. No doubt an Etonian, or a Winchester or Rugby boy, or a London dandy, will laugh incredulously at this: but with me, it was a fact. At twenty I had a high and noble object, which sustained me far above the contaminations of a 'town life,' and carried me at once into virtuous society without passing through that ordeal of vice which young men think so necessary to clear away schoolboy shyness and fit them for the world. Wilkie, I have every reason to believe, was equally virtuous. We both considered our calling a high duty, and we both were anxious to do our best.

While 'Joseph and Mary' was on the painter's easel, Sir George and Lady Beaumont were brought by Wilkie to see it; and the autobiographer faithfully records his rapture at this visit, his instant communication of it to his parents in a letter of four sides, and their congratulations. An invitation to dinner from Sir George followed, and Haydon was introduced to fashionable society, listened to with flattering attention, and altogether made so much of, that he says he distrusted the sincerity of those who could give him so much importance on such slight grounds. Whether that were only an after-thought coloured by experience, cannot be told; he seems, however, to have been very kindly treated by the Beaumonts, and to have obtained, through Sir George, the valuable privilege of studying in the Stafford Gallery; but Sir George gave his opinion against the exhibition at the Academy, in 1807, of the 'Joseph and Mary,' though he admitted it was a wonderful first picture; and this was quite sufficient cause to imbue Haydon's jealous soul with all kinds of dark suspicions. The picture, however, was sent, hung well through Fuseli's romances, and obtained honour for its painter. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Thomas Hope, and is now at Deepdene. A personal introduction to Lord Mulgrave took place in the spring of 1807, and Haydon became a frequent guest both in Harley-street and afterwards at the Admiralty, when Lord Mulgrave was the Duke of Portland's First Lord. He records

unaffectedly and without reserve the pleasure which intercourse with the great folks gave him, and the envy he fancied it excited among those of his set who did not enjoy the same privilege, remarking with a sublime air that 'one of the most difficult things in the world is the management of the temper of friends, when you first burst into public repute, and leave them in the rear.' Yet at the same time he lets out that his prudence and temper sometimes failed him in preserving the exact tone of deference expected by the patrons, a feeling that probably was half founded on fact, as Haydon was not the man to conceal or soften his opinions to please peer or peasant, but probably half also a reflection of his own morbid jealous nature misinterpreting the manners of a class he was not accustomed to.

It was during this season of 1807 that the first seeds of dissension were sown between the young painter and the Royal Academy, certain leading members of which were offended by the part he took in getting up a testimonial to Fuseli among the students. It never seems to have occurred to Haydon that the practice of testimonials from students to a teacher appointed by an academic body to instruct them, was open to any objection, and he can see nothing but envy of Fuseli in the resolution passed by the Academy forbidding such demonstrations for the future. With respect to himself, he says, 'They never forgave me, and I never respected them afterwards.' The feeling, we should imagine, was entirely on his side; but it is worth noting, as showing the readiness so conspicuous throughout his life to put the worst interpretation upon the actions of others when they opposed his opinions or thwarted his wishes, and as the first hint of that quarrel which acted so prejudicially afterwards on his fortune and happiness. Not to anticipate, however, the shadow of coming events, Haydon's life at this period must have been one of almost unmingled enjoyment. He loved his art, and bright prospects of success were opening upon him; his mind was susceptible to new impressions, and the best society in

England was welcoming him, and offering him the strongest stimulus that can influence a vain young man; and in the background was a charming circle of friends of his own class, of whom he says, 'There never was a group of young men so various and characteristic.'

'Happy period!' he says, 'painting and living in one room, as independent as the wind—no servants—no responsibilities—reputation in the bud—hopes endless—ambition beginning—friends untried, believed to be as ardent and as sincere as ourselves—dwelling on the empty chairs after breaking up, as if the strings of one's affection were torn out, and such meetings would be no more.'

Flushed with the success of his first picture, he commenced 'Dentatus' for Lord Mulgrave, but found his difficulties so great, that, by Wilkie's advice, he went into Devonshire, and practised portraits. He obtained as much employment as he desired, at fifteen guineas a-head, a success which he modestly attributes, not to the excellence of his portraits, which he pronounces execrable, but to the kindness of his friends, anxious to give him a lift. He remained at this occupation till he had obtained a fair facility in painting heads—a practice he advises all young historical painters to pursue after having gone through their preparatory studies. Recommencing 'Dentatus' on his return, he found himself in face of a new difficulty. His principal figure was to be heroic and in action. How could he maintain the truth of imitation essential to a good picture, and yet elevate his conception to represent the ideal? how combine the exactness of detail, without which his figure would not be a man at all, with the grandeur of general effect which he supposed would be lost by copying the peculiarities of any individual model? If he copied nature his work was mean, if he left her it was mannered. In the midst of these difficulties, after repeated failures to satisfy himself, finding the antique as it was then understood and known deficient in detail, and life overwhelming and confusing from its multiplicity of detail so long as no

principle of selection was settled in his mind, Wilkie brings an order to see the Elgin marbles. His own words are needed to express their effect upon his mind:

To Park-lane then we went, and after passing through the hall, and thence into an open yard, entered a damp dirty pent-house, where lay the marbles, ranged within sight and reach. The first thing I fixed my eyes on, was the wrist of a figure in one of the female groups, in which were visible, though in a feminine form, the radius and ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I darted my eye to the elbow, and saw the outer condyle visibly affecting the shape as in nature. I saw that the arm was in repose and the soft parts in relaxation. That combination of nature and idea which I had felt was so much wanting for high art was here displayed to mid-day conviction. My heart beat! If I had seen nothing else, I had beheld sufficient to keep me to nature for the rest of my life. But when I turned to the 'Theseus,' and saw that every form was altered by action or repose—when I saw that the two sides of his back varied, one side stretched from the shoulder blade being pulled forward, and the other side compressed from the shoulder blade being pushed close to the spine, as he rested on his elbow, with the belly flat because the bow's fell into the pelvis as he sat,—and when, turning to the 'Ilyssus,' I saw the belly protruded, from the figure lying on its side—and again, when in the figure of the fighting metope I saw the muscle shown under the one arm-pit in that instantaneous action of darting out, and left out in the other arm-pit because not wanted,—when I saw, in fact, the most heroic style of art, combined with all the essential detail of actual life, the thing was done at once and for ever.

Here were principles which the common sense of the English people would understand; here were principles which I had struggled for in my first picture, with timidity and apprehension; here were the principles which the great Greeks in their finest time established, and here was I, the most prominent historical student, perfectly qualified to appreciate all this by my own determined mode of study under the influence of my old friend the watchmaker,—here was the hint at the akin perfectly comprehended by knowing well what was underneath it!

Oh, how I inwardly thanked God that I was prepared to understand all this! Now I was rewarded for all the petty harassings I had suffered. Now was I

mad for buying Albinus without a penny to pay for it! Now was I mad for lying on the floor hours together, copying its figures? I felt the future, I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth, that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal, of which nature alone is the basis.

I shall never forget the horses' heads—the feet in the metopes! I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew that they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness.

I do not say this *now*, when all the world acknowledges it, but I said it then, *when no one would believe me*. I went home in perfect excitement, Wilkie trying to moderate my enthusiasm with his national caution.

Utterly disgusted at my wretched attempt at the heroic in the form and action of my 'Dentatus,' I dashed out the abominable mass, and breathed as if relieved of a nuisance. I passed the evening in a mixture of torture and hope; all night I dozed and dreamed of the marbles. I rose at five in a fever of excitement, tried to sketch the 'Theseus' from memory, did so, and saw that I comprehended it. I worked that day, and another, and another, fearing that I was deluded. At last I got an order for myself; I rushed away to Park-lane; the impression was more vivid than before.

Haydon's enthusiastic appreciation of these noblest works of the antique art that has come down to us, never faded. By Lord Mulgrave's influence he obtained permission to copy in the Elgin collection, and for three months he drew at the marbles, 'ten, fourteen, fifteen hours at a time,' till he had mastered their forms, and brought his mind and hand into subjection. Then he set to work again upon 'Dentatus,' and after repeated rubbings in and rubbings out—proofs of a mind that never passed a day without observation and fresh knowledge, and of a conscientiousness in art that felt no labour, so only excellence were attained at last—the picture was finished in March, 1809, having taken two years to paint, six months of which were spent in portrait-study, and three in drawing from the Elgin marbles. It reached the Academy safely; but, after some changes of position, was put into the ante-room, in a light most unfavourable for any great work. It is needless to re-

iterate Haydon's explosions of wrath at what he considered, and what undoubtedly was, a gross injustice. We need not suppose deliberate malice or dark intrigue at work to baffle the hopes and dash the prospects of a young genius rising into dangerous competition with established reputations. Indifference to merit, the absence of scrupulous anxiety to discharge the duty of hanging the pictures with a favourable consideration for young artists, are sufficient to account for a large picture by a young man being thrust into an unfavourable position. Most young men are prepared for this, quietly submit to it, in a hope of better luck another time, though probably none are very careful to conceal their sense of injustice. But the injury rankled in Haydon's heart, he never forgave the Academy, and from that time took every occasion of expressing his contempt and indignation, rousing against him in return feelings of personal animosity which he never ceased to suffer from to the last day of his life. Lord Mulgrave paid him for the picture 210 guineas—a liberal mark of approval for a work by so young a man, though no remuneration for fifteen months' expensive labour. But the judgment of the patron was, Haydon thinks, influenced by the slight the Academy had put upon the picture, and by unfavourable opinions of the academicians uttered in society; and though Haydon continued to visit Lord Mulgrave, he notices a distant coolness of manner, as if a kind of imposition had been practised on him. Haydon complains, moreover, that people of fashion deserted him, and no longer flocked to his painting-room—forgetting that what drew them there was his picture, and that it was now exhibited elsewhere. Sir George Beaumont, however, stuck by him, encouraging him with praises, and avowing that the Academy could produce no such work. Poor Wilkie comes in as usual for Haydon's reproaches: 'Wilkie, whom I loved so dearly, the friend and companion of all my early days and thoughts, he shrank from my defence! How my heart ached at his coldness! But it was the timid man.' Wilkie's real but undemonstrative friendship and

kindness never satisfied Haydon's ardent and boisterous temperament ; or rather, perhaps, Haydon writing his journal day by day reports of his friends according to some passing pique, and gives off in exaggerated reproaches what was only a momentary anger, and contradicts himself again the next day and in the next page. Thus we find that Lord Mulgrave, in spite of his fancied coolness, sympathised with Haydon's distress so far, that he exerted his interest as first Lord of the Admiralty to give the painter a voyage in a man-of-war, and sent him to Portsmouth with a letter to the Port-Admiral—certainly a high mark of esteem and kindness from a man in Lord Mulgrave's position to a young artist needing relaxation, and smarting under academical neglect and the criticisms of the press. And immediately after the record of Sir George Beaumont's kindness in his disappointment, we have Haydon, on occasion of a visit to Coleorton, paid after his return from his sea-trip, criticising in a very captious tone Sir George's motives in giving him the invitation, and recording a piece of rudeness, or at least brusquerie of his own, which goes far to explain that Haydon was unfit for intercourse on uniformly pleasant terms, not only with those above him in social rank, but with any persons whose amiability had not unusual powers of endurance, or whose tempers and characters were not unusually simple, equable, and kind. On arriving at Coleorton, with Wilkie, Haydon could not help thinking that Sir George and Lady Beaumont's kind reception 'was more to avoid Lord Mulgrave's quizzing than from any real pleasure in our company.' The invitation, it seems, had been often hinted before it came, and Lord Mulgrave had been pleasant on this theme. 'As I was walking with him,' says Haydon, 'next day, about the grounds, he said,—now I hope you and Wilkie will stay a fortnight—oh, said I, *perceiving the motive*, a month if you wish it, Sir George.' No wonder 'there was a dead silence for some moments,' and no wonder that, with this temper and manner of showing it, the painter found disagreeable hitches in his connexion

with his aristocratic friends. However, the fortnight was passed, 'as delightfully as painters could ;' and Haydon returned to town to paint a picture from *Macbeth* for Sir George, which had been commissioned as early as 1807. Into the history of this picture, and the disagreements that arose about it, we have not space to enter, and we have only Haydon's version of the story. The quarrel was about the size, and we can see, even from Haydon's own account, that if Sir George was whimsical and capricious, Haydon was obstinate, and forgot that a man who pays for a picture has a certain right to dictate what sort of picture it shall be. After various stages of argument, discussion, and remonstrance, the dispute ran so high, and Haydon was so offended, that he showed the correspondence, and gave all possible publicity to a matter that a sensible man would have hushed up, or rather have never allowed to pass beyond the first stage. Haydon supplies one motive that actuated him when he says,—'I was fearless, young, *proud of a quarrel with a man of rank, which would help to bring me into notice*.' There is here a little too clear a glimpse of a sort of deliberate calculation and vulpine cunning, under a mask of high temper and self-assertion, a feature that repeats itself in Haydon's history, and does much to repel sympathy and respect from a course of conduct that would, but for his own confession, be put down at worst to an overweening sense of his own importance, and a determination to exact proper respect to his art and its professors in his own person. The end of the quarrel was that Haydon painted the *Macbeth* on his own scale, and with the condition that Sir George should be at liberty to take or refuse it when finished. Meanwhile 'Dentatus' obtained a welcome triumph. The British institution had offered one hundred guineas as a prize for the best historical picture, and Haydon carried it off with 'Dentatus,' in opposition to competitors, among whom was Howard, the academician, who had been one of the hanging committee the previous year, and who had therefore helped to consign 'Dentatus' to its dark abode. It was not

long after this victory, in the midst of studies to make 'Macbeth' so fine a picture that Sir George Beaumont could not refuse it, that Haydon's father announced to him that he could not maintain him any longer. This must be regarded as the turning point of Haydon's career. Let us hear what he says of his course upon so important a crisis :—

This was a dreadful shock, and made me tremble for the consequences I foresaw, if after all my 'Macbeth' should be refused. I spent a day in the open country, turning every difficulty over in my mind, and concluded that if it were a fine picture, surely it could not be refused; and if 'Dentatus' won the prize of one hundred guineas, I did not see why I had not a very good chance with 'Macbeth' for the three hundred guinea prize now offered by the directors of the same institution.

Thus reasoning I borrowed, and, praying to God to bless my exertions, went on more vigorously than ever. *And here began debt and obligation, out of which I never have been, and never shall be, extricated, as long as I live.*

Yet what was I to do? Was I to relinquish all the advantages of so many years of study and thought, merely because now came one of those trials of which life is so full? It was natural a father's patience should wear out at last. It was right my sisters should not be forgotten. But it was not quite just to deprive me of necessities, when my father and his partner were indulging in the luxuries of life. I was a virtuous and diligent youth. I had no expensive habits of self-indulgence. I never touched wine, dined at reasonable chop-houses, lived principally, indeed, always, in my study, worked, thought, painted, drew, and cleaned my own brushes, like the humblest student.

After praying to God for his help and support, I returned to my duties. I wrote to my father, thanked him for doing what he had done, and regretted that I had encumbered him so long.

I pursued my ardent course day after day, and hour by hour. There was a friend who came forward nobly to the extent of his power. He is a humble man, though connected with one who has made noise enough—John Hunt, the brother of Leigh, as noble a specimen of a human being as ever I met in my life: of him I borrowed 30*l*. This had carried me on with my mouldings and castings of the negro. Peter Cleghorn, a friend of Wilkie's and mine, lent me 30*l*. more. I called my landlord, and explained to him my situation, and asked

him to wait till 'Macbeth' was done. He said, 'You paid me when your father supported you, and I see no reason not to believe you will do so when you can support yourself.'

So ominously closed 1810, the cloud of debt no bigger yet than a man's hand, but the fatal habit of largely anticipating future and uncertain resources commenced. 'Macbeth' took up the whole of 1811, though, on a review of the year, Haydon records that his 'habits of application had been energetic for at least eight months out of the twelve.' When not at work upon his picture, or upon studies collateral, Haydon was not mispending his time, even as regarded advancement in his art. He was reading poetry with enthusiastic appreciation, critically studying the works of the old masters to which he had access, or discussing with men like Wilkie and Leigh Hunt the principles of art and literature, and keeping himself in a delightful state of varied intellectual activity. Still, neither painting a grand picture on speculation, nor the pleasures of reading and literary society, brought in money; and it was unfortunately going out in expense of maintenance, of models, and the various modes in which even the economical painter must disburse coin. At the close of the year, 'Macbeth' being then finished, his affairs present a balance of debt of 616*l*. 10*s*., of which 200*l*. was due to his landlord for rent. And now, as might have been expected by any but a very sanguine and self-willed man, Sir George Beaumont declined to purchase the 'Macbeth' at the price asked, 500 guineas; but offered either to give Haydon 100*l*. for the trouble he had had in commencing the picture, or to give him another commission, with size fixed, and the price to be afterwards settled by arbitration. Haydon declined both offers, and the picture and the debts remained on his hands. In a fit of exasperation and vexation, natural enough under the circumstances, Haydon tells us that 'an attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into his head.' This reminds one of the gentleman who, coming down from a gambling house where he had lost his money, administered a savage kick to some

inoffensive flunkey, tying his shoe on the staircase; and in reply to a humble remonstrance from the kicked one that he was only tying his shoe, he growled out, 'Hang you! you're always tying your shoe.' But anger is not logical, and so Mr. Haydon, offended and injuriously treated, as he believed, by Sir George Beaumont, flew at Mr. Payne Knight and the Academy, who, whatever their faults and follies, certainly had no apparent connexion with Sir George Beaumont's rejection of 'Macbeth.' Two letters in the *Examiner* were the weapons of revenge and destruction. One Sunday he 'demolished' Payne Knight, — 'All the patrons were in a fury. Who could it be? Who was this English student? The Sunday following the attack on the Academy followed, and never since the art was established were its professors in such a hubbub of rage and fury.' His name was told, and 'from that moment,' he says, 'the destiny of my life may be said to have changed. My picture was caricatured, my name detested, my peace harassed; so great was the indignation at my impertinence, that all merit was denied to 'Macbeth.' Thus at twenty-six he was already deeply in debt, had offended one of his two kindest friends and patrons, and apparently cooled the friendship of the other, and now ended by bringing upon his back forty of the most eminent of his brother artists with their corporate power, their authoritative privilege of irresponsible exclusion, and their high connexions; and in addition making a determined enemy of Payne Knight, than whom no man at that time was more listened to among dilettanti or had a higher reputation for taste and knowledge. What did Haydon against the storm he had raised? 'I made up my mind for the conflict, and ordered at once a large canvas for another work.' Upon that canvas many of our readers have been looking this summer, for it was the canvas upon which 'Solomon' is painted.

So began 1812. Haydon, for a time, was sustained by the excitement of a new work, and by the hope of gaining, with his 'Macbeth,' a prize of 300 guineas, offered by the British Institution for the best

historical picture. This body, however, acted in a way that, considering its composition, is utterly unaccountable. Instead of keeping to their promise, of giving prizes of 300, 200, 100 guineas, respectively, to the best pictures sent in for competition, they chose to devote 500 guineas of the sum to the purchase, for their collection, of a picture by Richter, not sent in at all, gave the 100-guinea prize to another painter, and offered Haydon 30 guineas, that he might not be out of pocket by his frame, which had cost him 60. Haydon had, before this, sold his books, his clothes, everything he had; and now, in his sore strait, already in debt to Wilkie, who had himself suffered from serious ill-health and disappointments, he applied for a further advance from his friend and brother artist, and met with a refusal. Blame is out of the question here: no man, much less a poor and struggling man, is bound or even entitled to involve himself in the consequence of another's recklessness, however intimate the friendship that exists between them. Haydon's necessities and demands were already an abyss too deep for any prudent man of small means to attempt to fill. Yet help did not fail him. His own account is too graphic to be omitted, and too honourable to the parties concerned, and to the class they belonged to, not to be dwelt upon with pride and pleasure:—

What should I do? I owed my landlord 200*l*. How was I to go on? Would he allow it? How was I to dine,—to live, in fact? A large picture just rubbed in—in want that day of a dinner. Shall I give up my 'Solomon,' relinquish my schemes, sell all, retire to obscure lodgings, and do anything for a living? It would be praiseworthy—it would be more. But if I did, I never could realize enough to pay my debts. Surely it would be wiser to make another cast—to dismiss despair. I was in health; I had no family. I knew myself capable of submitting to anything, but when once a situation is relinquished, it is not possible to regain it again. Besides, the apparent cowardice, after preaching such heroic doctrines to the students. The apparent cowardice was nothing if I could approach nearer my grand object by it, but I thought I could not by submission do so—and then the meanness! How could I submit who had told the

students that failure should stimulate and not depress! Contemptible! How bear my own reflections—how the reflections of others, knowing I deserved them? Something instantly circulated through me like an essence of fire, and striding with wider steps I determined to bear all—not to yield one particle of my designs—to go at once for my model—to begin to-morrow, and to make the most of my actual situation. 'Well done,' said the god within, and instantly I was invincible. I went to the house where I had always dined, intending to dine without paying for that day. I thought the servants did not offer me the same attention. I thought I perceived the company examine me—I thought the meat was worse. My heart sank as I said, falteringly, 'I will pay you to-morrow.' The girl smiled, and seemed interested. As I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said, 'Mr. Haydon, Mr. Haydon, my master wishes to see you.' 'My God,' thought I, 'it is to tell me he can't trust!' In I walked like a culprit. 'Sir, I beg your pardon, but I see by the papers you have been ill-used; I hope you won't be angry—I mean no offence; but—you won't be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work, to dine here till it is done—you know—so that you may not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it—I was going to say you need be under no apprehension—hem! for a dinner.'

My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants (who were pretty girls) eyed me with a lustreous regret, and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said, if I was ever ill she would send me broth, or any such little luxury, and the children used to cling round my knees and ask me to draw a face. 'Now,' said I, as I walked home with an elastic step, 'now for my landlord.' I called up Perkins, and laid my desperate case before him. He was quite affected. I said, 'Perkins, I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?' Perkins looked at the rubbing in, and muttered, 'It's a grand thing—how long will it be before it is done, sir?' 'Two years.' 'What, two years more, and no rent?' 'Not a shilling.' He rubbed his chin, and muttered, 'I should not like ye to go—it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?' 'That's what I

say.' 'Well, sir, here is my hand' (said a great fat one it was), 'I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell' (affecting to look very severe), 'why then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work.'

And so he went on with 'Solomon, food and lodging being thus guaranteed him, while his current expenses, of other kinds, were provided by loans from various friends of his own class, among whom he particularly specifies Leigh and John Hunt. An application to his father brought back the answer that he had already done more than he could legitimately afford, and in the following year (1813) Mr. Haydon senior died, apparently leaving to his son nothing. Early in 1814 'Solomon' was finished, except toning, when, from hard work, anxiety, and impaired digestion, the painter's eyes gave way. Hilton had, just before this, sold a picture for 500 guineas, and it is pleasant to find Haydon recording, that his brother painter, though himself a poor man, and enabling himself to practise the historical branch of his art only by painting other pictures, of a small size, with a sure sale, immediately offered to place a considerable sum at Haydon's disposal. 'I accepted,' says Haydon, 'only thirty-five pounds, but his noble offer endeared him to me for the rest of his life.' Nor did Haydon's good fortune, or, more fairly, the influence that his genius and earnestness exerted over the sympathies of most who came within his range, desert him at the last point. His frame-maker was persuaded that it was his duty to assist a young man, and this anxiety was surmounted. His doctor advised stimulants. 'I sent for a wine-merchant, showed him 'Solomon,' said I was in bad health, and appealed to him whether I ought, after such an effort, to be without a glass of wine, which my medical man had recommended. 'Certainly not,' said he, 'I'll send you two dozen; pay me as soon as you can, and recollect to drink success to 'Solomon,' the first glass you taste.' While, to crown the list of kindnesses, the venerable President of the Academy, Benjamin West, whose income from the King had been just stopped, not only ex-

pressed warm admiration for his picture, and sympathy for his melancholy condition, but sent him 15*l.*, which he was himself obliged to borrow from his banker. An utter alienation between Haydon and his aristocratic patrons is implied in the silence of the journal about them, during the painting of 'Solomon;' and, though he had no doubt given offence, it does seem strange that neither Lord Mulgrave nor Sir George Beaumont should have heard of his distress, or that if they heard of it, they did nothing to relieve it, carried, as it was, to the depth of privation and dependence. The picture, however, was completed, framed, and despatched to the Water-Colour Exhibition, which then admitted paintings. It obtained immediate recognition. The first day a gentleman offered 500*l.* for it, in the room, which was refused, and, on the same day, having asked Haydon to dinner, agreed to give him his price, 600 guineas; but, unfortunately, the lady of the house suggested that her piano would have to be turned out for it, and so the bargain was off. The third day Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Holwell Carr were deputed to buy it, for the British Institution, but while they were discussing its beauties, another person completed the purchase, and the ticket 'sold' was put on the frame, just as Haydon walked into the room.

Just at this moment in I walked perfectly innocent of all this, and seeing 'sold,' I really thought I should have fainted. My first impulse was gratitude to God. Whilst I was inwardly muttering, up came Sir George Beaumont, and holding out his hand, said, 'Haydon, I am astonished.' We shook hands before a crowded room, Sir George saying, 'you must paint me a picture, after all. Yes, indeed, you must—Lady Beaumont and I will call—yes, indeed.' At that moment in walked Lord Mulgrave and General Phipps—they crowded round me, swore it was as fine as Raffaele. 'Haydon, you dine with us to-day, of course.' I bowed. When I came home my table was covered with cards of fashion, — noble lords, dukes, ladies, baronets, literary men. Wilkie, drawn along by the infection, was delighted. Callcott assured me no people had a higher respect for my talents than the Academicians, and that I was quite mistaken if I imagined they had not!

He got 600 guineas, but he owed

1100*l.* However, it re-established his credit, restored his confidence, and immensely raised his reputation. He paid away 500*l.* in a week, and then, feeling need of a change, started with Wilkie for Paris, then in possession of the allies.

We have no space to give to Haydon's enjoyment of Paris, and its rich sights, though the Louvre was then in the last year of its glory, and Haydon just the man for a cicerone, with his quick sense of all that was grand and significant in the schools, and his vivid faculty of lending to his impressions an articulate utterance. He had, before his departure, rubbed in another great picture, 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' and upon this he was at work from the winter of 1814, when he returned to London, to the beginning of 1820, starting, in this six years' venture, with a debt of several hundreds of pounds. His only legitimate resources, during this period, would appear to have been 100 guineas, voted him by the British Institution, as a compliment for 'Solomon,' 200 guineas which Sir George Beaumont gave him, at his own request, for 'Macheth,' and 500 guineas advanced him on a commission for 'Christ in the Garden,' by Sir George Phillips, of Manchester. The latter sum was simply an anticipation of reward for work not yet done, and only one degree off an ordinary loan. But we find that Haydon had learned, by this time, the dangerous secret of the open sesame of usurers' counting-houses, and that they were willing, for a consideration, to stake their money on his genius and success. He had, too, become magnificent in his notion of loans, and we have him, at one time, extracting 300*l.* from Jeremiah Harman, at another time 400*l.* from Mr. Coutts. With such aid he was enabled to live and paint, and to move into larger and more healthy rooms, when his constitution threatened to give way under confinement and close air. His aristocratic friends had come back to him with the reputation of 'Solomon,' and Sir George Beaumont not only assisted him with money, but was frequently endeavouring to impress upon him the wisdom of getting employment, by which he might support himself, and warning him that

circumstances more mortifying than painting portraits, or small pictures, must inevitably follow the neglect of this advice. It is fair to let him speak in his own defence, especially as he seems more than half conscious of both the folly and the wrong of his conduct.

And now one word as to my applications (too frequent, alas!) for pecuniary assistance.

It would hardly be believed that I had brought myself to consider I had, by my public devotion to High Art, a claim on all the nobility and opulent in the kingdom.

This was no crime, and it was perhaps reasonable; but it was not delicate or manly. There can be no doubt I ought to have been helped by the State, and I should have been if the Academy had not existed, which obstinately intrigued against a vote of money either to individuals or bodies, where art was concerned. No doubt there were means of earning what I wanted by occasionally devoting myself, as Sir George suggested, to portraits and small subjects. But that always divided my mind. While a great work was in progress I always dwelt and mused, and eternally, as it were, kept my attention on it; so that I began again, after an interval, as eagerly as ever. It was not so, I found, when I painted small things. I never, I must confess, tried the plan fairly, and for that I deserve censure. Be that as it may, I was resolved to go through my work,—to raise loan after loan to complete it,—to set my life upon a chance, and to bear the hazard of the die. But had I a right to make others share the risk? I did not deceive them. I told the rich my condition,—that I had no chance of repaying anything unless my work sold.

Amid all his distresses Haydon had abundant consolations. Apart from that one which never left him but for short seasons, when health and spirits yielded to the intense strain upon them—the conviction that he was a martyr in a noble cause, and the pure delight he took in his art—external honours were not wanting that peculiarly gratified his vain temper. Plymouth gave him the freedom of her borough, Wordsworth and Keats wrote him sonnets in the most Parnassian strain of compliment, Canova paid him a visit, and Nicholas of Russia inspected the Elgin marbles under his guidance. Above all, the Elgin marbles were purchased by Government in 1816, and Haydon was im-

mensely delighted with this triumph over Payne Knight and his clique, who had decried their value and disputed their genuineness. To crown—shall we say his woes or his joys?—he fell, or rather plunged in love, head foremost—deep, deep down in the thrilling stream. The siren was a widow with two children, or more truly, she was about to become a widow with two children. Under such chequered influences was 'Christ's Entry' slowly brought to a conclusion, and a room at the Egyptian Hall was engaged for a year, from March 1st, 1820, for its exhibition. Haydon has a remarkably vivid and picturesque power of narrative, and the scenes and feelings connected with this exhibition are effectively given. We can only state the result—that the receipts from the exhibition amounted to nearly 3000*l.* in London and Scotland, an unparalleled sum, we imagine, to have been received in less than a year from the exhibition of a single picture. Sir George Beaumont attempted to persuade the Institution to purchase it, but was outvoted. There was talk of buying it for a church, but nothing was done. Finally, a subscription was commenced for its purchase, but it failed. Meanwhile, the 3000*l.*, or rather that portion of it which was clear profit—for a picture is not exhibited without considerable expense—had only made creditors anxious and eager; and victorious as Haydon was, his victory had cost him dear, and such another must irretrievably ruin him. Such another, however, his marvellous success was sure to entice him to pursue, and almost the closing paragraph of his autobiography is, 'So I ordered a canvas nineteen long by fifteen high, and dashed in my conception, the Christ being nine feet high.' This was the 'Lazarus' now hanging on the staircase of the Pantheon, in Oxford-street. One sees already with terrible clearness the beginning of the end. Striking and impressive as is the Napoleonic audacity of his method, Moscow, Elba, Waterloo, St. Helena, begin to loom fearfully in the horizon. It is like a desperate and ruined gambler playing double or quits, only to begin again. In the merest com-

mercial aspect of the proceeding, Haydon was investing capital which he borrowed and for which he was responsible, unproductively. Rich as the return might be, it was not equal in exchangeable value to the capital laid out in its production, principally because private gentlemen, purchasers of pictures, preferred an article of smaller size and of a different style; and neither the Imperial Government nor local corporate bodies had either the habit of buying pictures, or funds to devote to the purpose, though both the one and the other could find unlimited resources for any bad and selfish expenditure, without dread of that responsibility under which they sheltered themselves when patronage of art was urged upon them as a duty. For Haydon had already commenced that systematic assault upon men in office, men influential in rank or talent, upon the leaders of politics, society, and literature, on behalf of state support to his art, which finally amounted to intolerable moral dunning, and often, indeed, obtained, not what Haydon clamoured for, but what he so much needed—help for himself. So that when the huge canvas was stretched for ‘Lazarus’—‘Christ’s Entry’* remaining unsold, and with no probable chance of selling—and the prospect of two years’ labour upon the new picture, before even a penny could be obtained by exhibition, was before the painter, already overwhelmed with debt, we cannot but feel that we are already in view of the end, however protracted the latter moves of the game may be. And they were protracted for nearly thirty years, during which he married his widow (October 6, 1821), and begat sons and daughters, who grew up to be men and women. But while ‘Lazarus’ was on the easel, we find bailiffs for the first time in possession. One fellow is so awestruck by that face, that now looks out with supernatural paleness and ghastly surprise on the Pantheon staircase, that he will not take Haydon, but leaves him free on his *parole d’honneur*, an incident of which Mr. Taylor justly remarks, that it is as striking in its way as that of the bravos arrested in their murderous intent by the organ-playing of Stradella.

Deferred executions and supplying interviews with lawyers became from this date entries of melancholy frequency in Haydon’s journal, and the first crash, suspended so long, came in 1823, when ‘Lazarus’ was being exhibited with complete success. The painter was arrested, an execution was put in on ‘Lazarus,’ and the entry in the journal of April 22nd is dated King’s Bench. His creditors were called together, and his letter to them is the best defence of his conduct, as well as the completest exposition of his views and character:

King’s Bench Prison, 27th May, 1823.

Gentlemen, — After nine years’ intense devotion to historical painting, known and respected by many of the most celebrated men in Europe, and acknowledged in my own country to have deserved encouragement, the Bench is a refuge! That I have not failed in the execution of my pictures the thousands who have seen them in Scotland and England, and paid for seeing them, give proof. But in interesting the Government or the patrons, the Church or the Sovereign, I have failed; and being unsupported in the efforts I have made, overwhelmed by the immense expenses of my undertakings, harassed by law, and drained by law expenses, to be disgraced by a prison is yet comparative relief.

The unlimited confidence placed in me by my tradesmen and my friends is the great cause why I resisted, till I could resist no longer, submission to necessity, being always animated by hope, till I found at last law was an enemy I could not conquer. My earnest, my eager desire, is that by acceding to some arrangement, you will prevent the dishonour of my claiming its protection. I am in the prime of my life: my practice, my talents, and my fame, are in full vigour. I only want security for my time and my person, to obtain resources by their exercise, and make gradual liquidation; but if I am kept locked up, with no power of putting my art in practice, what will be the result?—depression, disquiet, and ruin. I shall infallibly be destroyed, and how can you be benefited by my death? My life alone is of consequence to you, and having involved so many innocent and confiding men, my object is to devote a portion of it for this reparation. I never wilfully wronged any man, so help me God! I have been pursuing great schemes for the honour of my country, and borne along by the ardour of my own imagination, I never reflected that I had no right to involve the property of

others in my pursuits; misfortune has turned my reflections inward. I have had time to reflect on the constructive want of principle that must be put on my conduct, and if I am released from this horrid place, my character will be saved the agony of taking the act, and in two years the produce of my labour shall be laid before you, and payment made. I have nothing to offer you now—not a shilling; my property is entirely gone; those who were the most severe possessors of it. I find no fault with any man, but after living for years in the silence and solitude of my study, and lately in the most tender domestic happiness, it is hard to be torn up by the roots, to have my books, easels, prints, and materials of study dragged from their places; to see my wife for days distracted, and my child's health injured from her condition, and that too after devoting the finest part of my life to the honour of my country, and want of support being the only failure.

I apologise for this tedious letter: Messrs. Kearsey and Spur will make a proposition to you. I hope an arrangement will take place, for I am anxious to put myself by my labours in a condition to repair the injuries I have made others feel.

B. R. HAYDON.

At the same time, through Mr. Brougham, he presented a petition to the House of Commons, in which he urges the appointment of a committee to 'inquire into the state of encouragement of historical painting, and to ascertain the best method of preventing, by moderate and judicious patronage, those who devote their lives to such honourable pursuits . . . from ending their days in prison and in disgrace. Neither arrangement with his creditors, nor application to House of Commons, produced results, and Haydon passed the Insolvent Court, July 25th. On his release, he condescended at last to make the sacrifice so long urged upon him, and strove for a time to support himself by portraits and small pictures. But his disgust at portrait painting breaks out in scorn, loathing, and indignation under every variety of expression in his journals; and though at times he tries to persuade himself that he is acquiring an interest in it, he feels at heart that it is self-deception, and that his soul is sighing and longing for twenty feet square of canvas, and an heroic subject. Such a rooted and vehement dislike of an art would imply, if it did not cause

want of success in it, and it occasions no surprise to hear that sitters were scarce, and that critics found food for mirth and malice in his portraits. His lawyer, Mr. Kearsey, in a benevolent, though somewhat harsh and irritating form, guaranteed him security and competence for one year, on condition that he should employ himself at certain prices, on portraits if they offered, and in the intervals on cabinet pictures. Commissions for historical pictures were not wanting; Lord Egremont in particular treated him with attention, and employed him liberally on subjects to his taste. Still, a wife and five children, with necessary professional expenses, and loose notions about money liabilities, more than balanced the receipts from those various sources; and after premonitory symptoms in the shape of executions, bill transactions, pawning of books and lay figures times without number, Haydon was again arrested, June, 1827. It was while undergoing this confinement in the King's Bench that he witnessed the Mook Election, which he afterwards painted, and not only exhibited the picture with success, but sold it for 500*l.* to George IV. His friends soon extricated him, and set him on his legs again, but it was of no use. Though he gained a moderate income by his profession, one way or another, the habit of debt was incurable, perhaps in the irregularity of employment was really difficult to avoid; and his mind was always dreaming of that still distant future when High Art should be an object of interest and fostering care to the Government. He could not be brought manfully to submit to circumstances, and rely on himself, to reduce his expenditure, though not extravagant, except relatively to his means, and to give up dunning the legislature and men in office. He naively says in one place, as a comment on a letter from Sir George Beaumont, enforcing the usual prudent advice,—'*my friends are always advising me what to do, instead of advising Government what to do for me.*' Acting in this spirit, he lived beyond his income, and continued to write clamorous letters to Ministers of State, when long experience would have shown any other man the hope-

less impracticability of the attempt to enlist their sympathies or their action as politicians, whatever their private tastes and opinions might be. Still his pertinacity was of some service to him. Sir Robert Peel, though he could do nothing as a minister, interfered to suspend an execution for his taxes, sent him small sums of money with kind words of sympathy, and commissioned him to paint a life-size picture of Napoleon musing at St. Helena. It is painful to have to record that Haydon, after this and similar proofs of Peel's kindness of heart and wish to serve him, had the folly and ingratitude to reproach the minister with the smallness of the price paid for this picture, though he himself named the price, and Peel gave him thirty guineas more than he asked. Haydon had become shameless and importunate from the influence of his circumstances developing what was originally not a delicate or a considerate nature. The 'Napoleon Musing' brought him in, however, a great deal of money; it was engraved, and the print was popular; the painter too was repeatedly called on to repeat it in various sizes, so much so that at one time he styles himself patentee for the manufacture of musing Napoleons. Lord Grey, in his turn, yielded to Haydon's assaults, and the painting of the 'Reform Banquet at Guildhall' introduced the delighted artist to a brilliant succession of distinguished sitters. His records of the interviews he had with the Reform statesmen and political notorieties in his studies for this picture, are among the liveliest and most characteristic portions of a book that scarcely ever flags in interest. But the picture failed on exhibition, and the money paid for it by Lord Grey, minus the loss on the exhibition, was poor remuneration for the time and trouble expended. The Duke of Sutherland seems to have been about this period, and till his death, very kind to the painter. 'Waiting for the Times' was a commission from him originally, though duplicates of it were afterwards painted. By the Duke's means Haydon was enabled to matriculate one of his wife's sons at Oxford; the other had been placed as a midshipman in the navy; so

that Haydon, though by no means prosperous, and ever battling, still kept his head above water, and did what he thought his duty to his family; though the gleams of sunshine pierce through dark clouds sometimes. 'Here,' says Mr. Taylor truly, 'is a sad letter':—

This perpetual pauperism will in the end destroy my mind. I look round for help with a feeling of despair that is quite dreadful. At this moment I have a sick house without a shilling for the common necessities of life. This is no exaggeration. Indulged by my landlord, indulged by the Lords of the Treasury for my taxes, my want of employment and want of means exhaust the patience of my dearest friends, and give me a feeling as if I were branded with a curse. For God's sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of the art I have struggled to save, permit me, my Lord Duke, to say, employ me. I will honour your patronage with all my heart and all my soul.

The next page bears this decisive Wellingtonian answer to one of Haydon's many appeals to the Duke for Government aid:—

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has received his letter of the 14th.

The Duke is convinced that Mr. Haydon's own good sense will point out to him the impossibility of doing what he suggests.

And some time after even Peel, with all his kindness and courtesy, is exasperated by importunities to send him this rebuff:—

Sir,—I beg leave to decline acceding to the proposition which you have made to me.

I think it rather hard that because I manifested a desire to assist you in your former difficulties, I should be exposed to the incessant applications I have since received from you. As I see no difference in your case from that of other artists, as, in truth, I am obliged constantly to decline the applications of others, who are suffering from the present state of political excitement, I cannot give you commissions for pictures I do not require.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
ROBERT PEEL.

24th May, 1832.

The burning of the old, and the necessity for erecting new, Houses of Parliament, gave an unexpected stimulus to Haydon's views of na-

tional patronage for art in the grand style. In 1841, the Fine Arts' Committee for the decoration of the new Houses sat and examined witnesses without summoning Haydon; a slight that must have caused him, as it would have caused a less sensitive and jealous man, who had so battled in the cause, many a bitter pang. This was only an omen of what was to follow. Now in the decline of his powers, not from age or decay of health, but through the deteriorating influence of hasty and careless habits of work induced by his pressing necessities, poor Haydon competed for the prizes offered for the best cartoons by the Fine Arts' Commission in 1843, and had the mortification of being beaten by young and comparatively unknown men. Of course he puts it down to his old enemies the academicians, and tries to regard it as partly, at least, a step of deliberate revenge on the part of the Government and the aristocratic patrons, for his pertinacious boring, and his fearless exposure of ignorance, incapacity, and indifference. The blow was driven home by his subsequent exclusion from the list of painters employed to execute frescoes in the House of Lords. Still he had attained great popularity, and much money, for many years past, by delivering in various places, and before the most diverse audiences, but with uniform success, the lectures on art, twelve of which were published, and will form a lasting monument of Haydon's clear and profound views, and of his vigorous interesting mode of exposition. His employment too as a painter did not desert him, though pecuniary difficulties never left him either time or faculties fully at command. During these latter years he was rich enough to pay nearly a thousand pounds for the education of his own son Frank at Cambridge, of course not without trouble and delay—but still it was paid, and mainly out of professional earnings. Here is the hearty and vigorous concluding entry of the journal for the year 1843, the year of his cartoon defeat:

30th.—It is past eleven, and I am retiring to rest. In less than sixty minutes 1843 will be swallowed up in the gulf of time; 1823 was my first ruin,—1843 nearly brought me again to prison; but I never was better, and have got through.

I have lived to carry the great principle of state support, and, as Wilkie said, to be convinced I shall be the least likely to taste its fruits. Such is the gratitude of mankind to those who tell them the truth, and devote themselves to their service. My sons are doing well; my Mary is as lovely as ever; my own health stronger than at eighteen; my faith in God now become an instinct, and my want of money the same; I have got through another great work, if not the greatest, Alexander, and am now fit for others. O God! bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion of 1844; and though I have less sin to repent of than ever I had before, let me at its conclusion have conquered even that!

Amen, in gratitude and peace, amen.

Haydon's last effort to redress for himself the wrong he conceived himself to have suffered from his country, by not being selected to aid in the decoration of the House of Lords, was the conception and partial execution of a series of six pictures, designed to illustrate the blessings of good government. Only two of the series were completed, and these 'The Banishment of Aristides,' and 'The Burning of Rome,' were exhibited in April, 1846. They were appreciated by connoisseurs, but the public had other objects of interest, especially Tom Thumb, as Haydon records with a grinning indignation, under date April 21st. 'Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week; B. R. Haydon, 133½ (the ½ a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people.' On the 18th May, he closed the exhibition with a loss of above 100%. 'Next to a victory,' he writes, 'is a skilful retreat; and I marched out before General Thumb, a beaten but not conquered exhibitor.' But the daily record discloses a state of mind writhing and agonized, though still trustful and struggling, beneath this mask of jocular indifference. Sixty years, forty of them passed in hard labour and almost permanent excitement, had not spared even Haydon's buoyant and care-resisting temperament. He prays daily to God to be allowed to finish his six pictures, repeats this prayer with a pertinacity and a detail that seem all his life to have helped him in keeping up heart and hope. He tells us that it is so, and though there may be an objection at first sight on the score of taste to such prayers, or at least to

recording them, we know not that they differ from the prayers of most profound believers in a special providence, except in being directed to an unusual object. The prayers become more intense, more agonized pleading as the trials of these last days thicken. They alternate with sums of money due and not forthcoming, and together fill the record. On the 16th June, he sits from two to five staring at his picture of Alfred like an idiot, 'My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform.' He had written to various great people, stating his distress. 'Who answered first?' he writes, 'Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:

Sir, — I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal, I send as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments the sum of 50*l*.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
ROBERT PEELE.

The closing entries of the journal indicate, to our thinking, that the act which ended Haydon's life was due to a sudden spasm of weakness, not to a settled despair. The strong man battling with the waves, if not with the same heart as ever, yet with scarcely diminished strength and determination, suddenly throws up his arms and sinks with a convulsive gasp to the bottom. On the 17th, his wife wishes him 'to stop payment and close the whole thing.' 'I will not,' he writes, 'I will finish my six under the blessing of God; reduce my expenses; and hope his mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In Him alone I trust.'

20th.—O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of

B. R. Haydon.

'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'
—*Leav.*

Within half an hour of this entry he put an end to his existence.

If ever tale needed no expositor to point its moral, surely this is the one. He who recorded it intended mainly that the world should draw from it the inference that the British nation was indifferent to the grand style in painting, and had by their exclusive attachment to pictures that were merely pretty, humorous, or highly finished, suffered the greatest historical painter of their time and country to live in trouble, poverty, and degrading conflict with low necessities, and to perish in despair and disgust. Accumulating day by day under his hand, the journal grew into a monster indictment against the Government, the aristocracy, the artists, and the people of his native land, of being blind to the highest form of artistic genius, and through that blindness of having embittered and crushed the existence of the man who was sent from Heaven with a mission and a power to exhibit this highest excellence. Various reasons might be given why the English nation is indifferent to that style of art which in Haydon's eyes could alone claim to be called grand. Perhaps the predominance among us of humour and sentiment has as much to do with this indifference as our small houses, or our dislike to Government patronage. Perhaps, though we would not urge this reason harshly, Haydon identified size with grandeur, and though his drawing was bold, vigorous, and true, failed to appreciate and render the profounder charms of expression and sentiment. But interesting as the discussion may be, it would be beside the moral of Haydon's story, which is very plain, and needs no subtle disquisition. Were the conditions under which men live and work altered in every case to their minds, there would probably be no failures among us. But it is the business of men to find out the laws, whether of nature or society, under which they have to work; obedience to those laws is a condition from which neither genius nor stupidity is exempt; disobedience entails upon both lamentable failures, and the only difference is that the failures of men of genius win a sympathy frequently denied to the mistakes and the miseries of ordinary men. Haydon's aspiration

to reform the art of his age, and to elevate the taste of his countrymen, backed, as it was, by corresponding powers, we certainly consider neither a mistake, a folly, nor a pretence, though it was unquestionably mixed with and tarnished by inordinate vanity, strong personal ambition, and all the vices of a jealous, irritable, and suspicious temper. Such an aspiration, however soiled with lower motives, would have won from all thoughtful men simply respect, sympathy, and admiration; and the more trouble and distress he had encountered, the more would the world have done justice to the inspiration of genius assuming the imperative consecration of a solemn mission, and have ranked the man who sacrificed fortune, ease, and peace of mind to preach to his countrymen, after his fashion, the deepest convictions of his soul, with those heroes and martyrs who have given up all that the world has to offer for the truth that was committed to them by one higher than the world. Certainly the last moral we should ever think of drawing from any man's life would be the deadly immorality of charging high devotion to a noble cause with folly, or even of selecting for especial reprobation the mistakes of men of whose lives such devotion has been characteristic. But Haydon, with all his passion for his art, and with all his ambition to win distinction by it, did not *devote* himself to it, did not make for it and to it the sacrifices which could alone have enabled him to triumph over the obstacles that the indifference of the public and his own want of independent resources created in the path he so obstinately pursued. What the situation he chose demanded, was that he should 'scorn delights' as well as live laborious days. He could do the latter, but he wanted the self-denial and self-control, and rigid constancy of purpose which would have tolerated no indulgence, however harmless or even excellent in itself, that interfered with the main object of his life, with the mission to which he proclaimed himself consecrated for life by the instinct of his genius and his deliberate choice. He was a Paul acting out the prin-

ciple that the labourer was worthy of his hire, by taking on credit a fine house in the grand square at Corinth, and offering to convert his landlord in payment of the rent; preaching on Mars'-hill sublime doctrine, and sending round the hat for the charming wife and dear children who solaced the good man's labours at the close of the day; brow-beating Festus with terrible menace of righteousness, and sin, and judgment, and sending him a begging-letter afterwards, or soliciting from his worship an appointment in the body guard for his son, who had cost him a fortune in the schools at Athens, and now would not turn his learning to account. The man who would conquer the world to a faith, who feels the preaching of that faith a duty as well as a passion, will give no pledges to fortune, will encumber himself with no habits that give others control over him, and hamper him in the pursuit of his aim. Haydon, on the contrary, endeavoured to unite the self-will, the independence, the spurn of control, which mark the reformer and the martyr, with the pleasures of the man of society; and, by indulging habits of expense, and gratifying his passion for a charming woman, and his affection for his children, he spent money that was not his own, and suffered precisely the same inconveniences that universally follow such a course. It was at his option to be the priest and martyr to high art, or to marry and beget children, and send them to expensive universities, and to live, in fact, at the rate of about a thousand the year; he strove to do both, and failed. We do not think his career deserves harsh terms, but we do think it full of warning to men whose aims are noble, but who are apt to pursue those aims without deliberately counting the cost of the struggle, and, when the cost comes upon them, vent their disappointment in exaggerated self-praise and exaggerated reproaches of the world, and, worse than all, throw over the claims of genius all the humiliation and disgrace that belong only to their own want of manly dignity, foresight, and self-denial.

EMILY ORFORD.

[SOME passages and some scenes in this narrative may grate harshly on the feelings of those who have no acquaintance with what was the state of society in New South Wales some twenty years ago. But *Emily Orford* is the story of the life of real personages, and faithfully represents what was, and inevitably would be under any circumstances, the tone of morality in a convict colony. At the present time, when the subject of Penal Colonies is under discussion, information conveyed under a thin veil of fiction cannot fail to be interesting.]

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE day, when Emily was standing in the little garden in front of her cottage, a gentleman named Brade, one of the police magistrates, happened to pass by, and see her face. Mr. Brade, whose disposition may be described as 'very gay,' admired Emily exceedingly, and he passed and re-passed several times, and stared at her. Emily observed this, and retired to the cottage, of which she very rarely crossed the threshold.

Mr. Brade made inquiry, and informed himself who Mrs. Harcourt was; and he further discovered what sort of a person her husband was. Mr. Brade's informant, a constable, also told him of George Flower's acquaintance with the lady, and suggested that it would be advisable to get Flower out of the way, before obtaining an introduction to Mrs. Harcourt.

To get Flower out of the way was far from difficult. There happened to be at large, near Bathurst, three men who had baffled all the efforts of the mounted police to capture them. A hundred pounds reward had been offered for the apprehension of each of them, and Flower had often sighed to take them 'single handed,' but he could not make up his mind to leave Emily unprotected, for he was in constant dread lest some person in power should be struck with her beauty, and, in his absence, cause her annoyance.

Brade, while sitting on the bench, took up the newspaper, the *Australian*, and read the last daring act of the three men alluded to.

'Swinton,' said Brade to the chief magistrate, 'have you seen this?' pointing to the paragraph.

'Yes,' replied the chief magistrate, 'I have just been talking to Major Doole about it.' (Major

Doole was also a magistrate, then sitting on the bench.)

'This ought not to be,' said Brade. 'These men ought to be taken. Let us have a meeting in the private room, and send for George Flower.'

'I have spoken to him already,' said the chief, 'but he does not seem disposed to have a venture. I don't know what has come over George Flower, lately. He is getting lazy and timid, I fancy.'

'Let us all talk to him, and put him upon his mettle,' said Brade.

At the breaking up of the court, for the day, George Flower was sent for, and taken into the private room. The three magistrates vied with each other in painting the glory which attached to Flower's past career, and succeeded in inflaming the thief-taker's vanity; but he declined the errand they proposed, on the ground that it was not fair to rob the mounted police of their legitimate profits; besides, he pleaded, that he was tired of being made a target, and thought of retiring from the police, taking a wife, and keeping a public house.

'Oh! a thousand pities!' cried Brade. 'Only fancy—what would the police be without you, George Flower? You are the police! What are we, without you? What is the Government without you? Nothing! The convicts would take the country from us, if it were not for you; for the military could never keep down the convicts without the police, and I repeat that you are the police! And if you are bent on marrying and keeping a public-house, why you would have these three hundred pounds to set you up: one hundred would buy you a cask of rum, another a cask of gin, and the third, a cask of brandy; and then, after such an exploit, the prettiest girls in the country will be dying to marry you. What a finish to your fame it would be!'

'As to the money for setting up a public house,' said Flower, argumentatively, 'I could easily manage that. And as for the pretty girls,' he added, with a smile playing on his lips, 'there is no lack of them. But the fact is, I don't want to go.'

'Come, come, George,' said the chief magistrate, 'undertake it as a personal favour to all of us, and I promise you that if you are successful your conditional shall be changed into a free pardon.'

'I don't care about a free pardon now,' said Flower; 'I don't want to visit my native land again—I have now an inducement to remain in this country, and I wouldn't go home to-morrow if I could.'

'Ah,' cried Brade, 'I begin to think, George, that you suspect that one of this gang is more than a match for you. They say he is monstrously clever, cunning, and courageous.'

'A match for me, Sir!' said Flower. 'I believe there's only one person that's a match for me,' and he significantly pointed with his fore-finger—insinuating that the person he alluded to was down below. 'However, since you are all so determined upon it, I *will* go, and bring in this clever fellow you speak of—dead in a cart, and t'others tied to the cart's tail—and I'll do it before this day six weeks.'

'Bravo!' cried out the three magistrates. Brade, in his ecstasy, held out his hand and shook warmly the small but vigorous fist of the dauntless thief-taker.

Flower that night left Sydney; but before he went on his journey he paid a visit to Emily. He found her in excellent spirits, which were strangely in contrast with his own melancholy frame of mind, for he fancied he would never see her again. He gave Emily a great deal of excellent advice, and when he bade her adieu he kissed her hand.

CHAPTER XX.

FLOWER was no sooner out of Sydney than Mr. Brade wrote a very polite note to 'Mr. Roberts,' requesting him to call at his private residence. Brade received Mr. Roberts with extreme courtesy, pitied his unfortunate position, ex-

pressed his implicit belief in the convict's innocence, and then informed Roberts that he desired his opinion upon a point of law on so delicate a subject that he did not wish to submit it through an attorney to counsel. Roberts was of course highly flattered, and gave Mr. Brade a very sound opinion on the imaginary case which Mr. Brade verbally made known to him, and knowing well where Roberts lived, he inquired what was his address, in order that he might convey to him some sense of the obligation under which he said he was labouring. Roberts without hesitation gave Mr. Brade the number of his house in Castlereagh-street, and on the following morning Mr. Brade called, and presented Roberts with five sovereigns and five shillings, delicately folded up in a piece of silver paper. Whilst he was talking to Roberts, his eye rested upon Emily's piano, and upon a basket, containing some Berlin wools. 'You are musical, I perceive,' said Mr. Brade, addressing Roberts in the tone of an equal.

'I am not,' replied Roberts, 'but Mrs. —, that is to say, my wife, sometimes amuses herself.' Roberts just then felt too proud to say that his wife gave lessons.

'Oh! you're married. I was not aware, or' (he simpered and smiled) 'I should not have thought of calling in so rugged a costume.'

'Oh, pray don't mention that. In this country one does not expect that those who have business to attend to should be always attired in the garb of morning visitors.' And Roberts went to the door and called out, 'Emily, my love, come down stairs.'

Emily, in obedience to her husband's commands, made her appearance, much against her inclination, for she had from the window recognised in Mr. Brade the gentleman who had stared so strangely at her on a previous day. Mr. Brade stayed for several hours, chatting with Roberts and his wife, and on taking his departure he invited them to visit him on the ensuing Sunday, at his villa, a few miles from town, upon the South Head-road. Roberts accepted the invitation; but when Mr. Brade had gone, Emily ex-

pressed her regret that he had done so.

Roberts, than whom a more cunning man never breathed, saw through Mr. Brade as quickly as Emily had seen through him and his visits; but Roberts was not a jealous man, and as his wife did not breathe her suspicions, he was determined to foster, rather than obstruct, Mr. Brade's desire to become acquainted with them; so he said, 'My dear love, it is highly desirable we should be on terms of intimacy with the magistracy. They have the power of recommending persons in my position for pardons, conditional or absolute, as the case may be. Who knows but that Mr. Brade, who is satisfied of my innocence, as you will hear him say yourself on Sunday next—Mr. Brade, a police magistrate, and lately an officer in her Majesty's service, like myself, and on the most intimate terms at Government-house—who knows whether he may not be the means of procuring my return to the land of my fathers, and ample compensation from the Home Government for the wrongs they have inflicted upon me by this unmerited banishment? Mr. Brade, my dear, is not a man like Flower; he is a gentleman, a person of exquisite sensibility and good taste. You see it in his manner, his address, and his conversation. It would be madness, my dear Emily, to spurn the spontaneous advances of a gentleman of his calibre and character.'

Emily was overcome by these arguments, and her scruples about visiting Mr. Brade speedily vanished.

Sunday came, and Roberts drove Emily in his gig to Mr. Brade's country residence, which overlooked a small branch of the harbour of Port Jackson, called Rose Bay, one of the most lovely spots in the world. The bay is almost semi-circular, and margined by a broad path of cream-white sand. It is so completely shut in that its waters are rarely troubled; and upon this Sunday they were as the smooth surface of an enormous mirror, which reflected the shadows of the trees and rocks that skirted this calm expanse of water. Butterflies were on the wing, and diamond birds were chasing each other from

bush to bush; the mocking-birds were singing in the mangrove trees, and from a distance there came upon the ear the low cooings of the bronze-winged pigeon. Heaths of every description were in full flower, but their perfume was drowned by the overpowering scent of the mimosa and the wild laburnum.

After luncheon, Mr. Brade proposed a walk round the bay, and promised to exhibit to Emily, from a certain peak, its transcendent beauty. They had not proceeded far when Roberts lagged behind, while Mr. Brade and his wife walked leisurely on. Emily looked behind her several times, and at length stopped and called to her husband, who was now out of sight,—'Reginald, are you not coming?'

Roberts heard her voice, but gave no reply. He only smiled, and smoked more vigorously the cheroot which he had secretly lighted. He was premeditating a return to the villa for the purpose of draining the decanter of its delicious sherry. Again Emily stopped, and called out, 'Reginald!'

'I am afraid my husband will be lost,' said she to Mr. Brade.

'There is no fear of that,' returned he. 'My good madam, husbands are not such fools.'

At that moment Roberts was acting on his premeditation. He had drank nearly a tumblerful of the wine, and was pouring the like quantity of water into the decanter. He had heard Brade say, at luncheon, that this was a trick his servants were addicted to, and he concluded that they would have to bear the blame, when this impudent dilution was detected by their master at dinner.

Emily began to feel alarmed, for Mr. Brade's attentions, and the opinions he ventured to express, were offensive to the last degree. She declared she had seen sufficient of the beauties of Rose Bay, and would fancy the rest. She then left Mr. Brade's arm, and retraced her steps to the villa, Mr. Brade walking by her side, and paying her the most extravagant compliments.

When they reached the villa, Roberts was walking up and down the verandah, pretending to read a book. When he beheld his wife,

the steps, and Mr. Brade a few paces behind her, he guessed that she had been insulted, but he suffered no species of resentment to ruffle his soul, which had seemingly been convicted with his body, and transported in bondage to a land where both were in subjection to every man in power. For the first time in her life, Emily was provoked. She could not suppose that her husband was a party to the insults which had been offered to her, but she thought it was unpardonably dull in him not to have perceived that her personal charms (she was quite aware of their extent) were the mainspring of Mr. Brade's civilities.

'What! are you tired, Emmy, dear?' said Roberts.

'Yes,' she replied, curtly, and walked into a room which had been given up to her.

'My wife never was a good walker,' said Roberts, cringingly.

'So it seems,' replied the magistrate, twirling his moustache.

'She rarely takes any exercise whatever,' said Roberts.

'Ah!' said the magistrate.

'It is very warm to-day, sir, is it not?' said Roberts.

'Very,' said the magistrate, imperiously, still twirling his moustache. 'I shall drink some wine,' and he called to a servant, 'Bring me some sherry.'

The sherry was brought. As soon as Brade had tasted it, he placed the glass upon the tray, and looked at the servant.

'What's that you have brought me?' he inquired.

'Wine, sir,' said the servant.

'Wine!' Mr. Brade echoed him in a loud voice, which Emily heard. 'Wine! you convicted scoundrel! I'll teach you to put water into my wine. Go into my bedroom.'

The convict servant obeyed, and presently Mr. Brade followed him.

'What do you mean, sir,' said Brade, after he had closed the door, 'by watering the wine when I have guests in the house? It is bad enough to do it when I am alone.'

'Please, sir, I didn't do it,' said the man. 'It was that gentleman, sir, him.'

Emily heard all this, and was shocked at the servant's depravity.

'How dare you tell me such a falsehood?' said Mr. Brade. 'I intended to flog you moderately, and now you shall have it severely.' And forthwith he lashed him with a hunting whip. The man howled and cried, and implored him to desist. But Mr. Brade, whose passions were now tempestuous, gave no ear to his cries. Emily was afraid that he would flog the man to death, and vain would have interceded on his behalf, sinful as she thought he had been in attempting to put the blame on 'Reginald'; but she did not dare to interfere, although she felt in her own heart that the reception she had given to Mr. Brade's attentions was intimately connected with the awful severity of the chastisement he was bestowing on his servant. Exhausted by his labours, Mr. Brade went into the verandah; and, when he had recovered his breath, talked to Roberts—

'If they would content themselves,' said Mr. Brade, 'with stealing a portion, and leaving the rest unspoiled, I could forgive them; but watering one's wine—'tis abominable.'

'Horrible,' said Roberts; 'I have often felt as you now feel. But what *can* one do with a parcel of low rascals?'

'Flog their backs bare!' cried Mr. Brade.

Roberts, unobserved by Mr. Brade, involuntarily shuddered. He then changed the conversation, and praised the beauty of the villa and the grounds. They happened to be Mr. Brade's hobby, his weak point.

'Who designed them?' inquired Roberts.

'I did,' said Mr. Brade.

'You must have exquisite taste in architecture.'

'Yes, I have studied the art very attentively for years.'

'And the result has repaid you. I never beheld anything so perfect. Even the site on which you have built the villa. Amidst so much beauty it must have been very difficult where to choose.'

'Such was the case. But at last I fixed upon this spot, and have not had reason to regret it.'

'I really must show my wife the delicate curve of this verandah,' said Roberts; and he left Mr. Brade to

bring Emily forth. Roberts found his wife in tears.

'My dear Emily, dry your eyes,' said her husband. 'Here's Brade in an awful rage because that villain watered the wine; but come out and put him in a good humour by praising the verandah, and everything on the premises.'

'And the man said *you* did it, Reginald.'

'What, love?'

'Watered the wine!'

'What a villain!'

'And that's the reason Mr. Brade beat him so unmercifully.'

'Of course, my dear. Brade knows that I'm a gentleman in every sense of the word—that I'd scorn a low action. He hates a liar, and so do I. He knows *me*, Brade does. Water sherry? No wonder somebody was found to accuse me of forgery! What next? Ah, Emmy dearest, Brade's a man after your husband's heart.'

'Not in some things, Reginald dear. His manners are too familiar with ladies.'

'Bless your heart, Emmy dear, that's only a way he has. Brade's a gentleman, Emmy, and you may always trust a gentleman—*bred and born*. that is to say. Now, come out and talk to Brade, and make yourself agreeable, while I go and look at his stables. Remember, my own love, that although Brade is kind to me, knowing that I am a gentleman; and although he treats me like an equal, or a superior I may say, knowing, as he does, that I am a first cousin *removed* (Roberts inwardly laughed when he felt the force of this word) to a marchioness, and nephew of the oldest of the Nova Scotia baronets; still, bear in mind that it would be dangerous to both of us if you, by any superciliousness, were to turn his wrath upon us.'

'Dear Reginald,' she replied, 'I am too keenly alive to your welfare to admit of my treating unkindly such a friend to you as Mr. Brade appears to be; but I wish that George Flower had returned.'

'George Flower—that contemptible constable; that scoundrel that was transported, not for shooting a man, as he says, but for arson, setting fire to a poor farmer's barn.

George Flower! my beloved Emily, Brade could crush him whenever he pleased—have him put in irons, and sent to Norfolk Island for the remainder of his natural life, the barn-burning convict! George Flower! If I could only tell to you, Emmy, the barbarity of that degraded individual, who, for humanity's sake, I have tolerated out of sheer compassion for the creature, you would shudder, dearest! George Flower! that unscrupulous blackguard. I beg of you, out of respect for me, and the hospitality of my friend Brade, never to mention his name again beneath this aristocratic roof!'

Emily was seldom proof against the eloquence of her husband. Her ideas invariably floated on the stream of words which gushed from his lips spontaneously, and she therefore dried her tears and accompanied Roberts into the verandah, where he left her with Mr. Brade, while he went to the stables, not to look at the horses, but to smoke a pipe and crack coarse jokes with the coachman.

Poor Emily! she was afraid to resent the affront which Mr. Brade's style of loose discourse afforded her; for he had now given her to understand how completely her convict husband was in his power, and he coupled Roberts and the servant who had recently been thrashed so artfully together that Emily almost fancied she could hear her 'poor Reginald' screaming under a similar infliction. It was not Mr. Brade's wont to behave unlike a gentleman; but his passions had such an ascendancy over him on that Sunday, that he became reckless as to the means by which his purpose could be effected. He had tried soft words without success, and he now adopted *other* measures. Mr. Brade knew Roberts's character well, and he knew equally well that Emily was a woman of gentle birth and refined education. And Mr. Brade graphically depicted the awful gulf which yawned between two such beings. He asked Emily how she could have thought of admitting to a place in her affections a person of Roberts's stamp? Had Mr. Brade been her father, or her brother—and had his object been to dissuade her from matrimony—nothing could have been more unex-

ceptionable than his discourse. But he went on to propose that she should discard the convict, and seek an asylum—a home for ever—with him, a man of equal birth, and blood, and rank in life. He offered to resign his appointment and leave the colony with her, and go to any part of the world she thought proper to mention. He told her that an ample fortune would be his on his father's death, and implored her on his knees to listen to his prayers. Emily hid her face in her hands and was silent. Mr. Brade mistook this for an assent, and rising, kissed her several times. She struggled from his embrace, and looked piteously into his eyes; she longed to scream and bring 'Reginald' to her assistance, but, alas! she knew the penalty, and, kneeling to Mr. Brade, she prayed to him with clasped hands, and in a subdued voice:—'Spare me; oh! spare me!'

'You are not offended with me?' he inquired.

'No,' she replied, falsely; but her falsehood may be forgiven.

'May I visit you to-morrow?'

'Yes!' and Emily rose, for she heard the voice of her husband, who was now approaching. After dinner Mr. Brade tried to make Roberts drunk with wine and flattery. Roberts humoured him, pretended to be speechlessly intoxicated. He then feigned to fall asleep in an easy chair.

Emily endeavoured several times to arouse Roberts; but he acted too well to give her any hope of success. Mr. Brade then bade her contemplate her convict spouse, and criticized him without reserve. And he renewed his offers, his insinuations, and his threats, and seizing Emily's hand kissed it, to her disgust and horror.

It became late—eleven o'clock—and Emily begged that the horse and gig might be ordered. Mr. Brade assured her that Roberts was not sober enough to drive, and that the road was very dangerous in many places; and he offered to drive her home himself. This Emily declined, and again attempted to arouse her husband. Mr. Brade retired suddenly from the room. Emily heard him barring the windows and locking the doors at the back part of the house.

No time was to be lost, she prudently thought, and slipping from the front door unobserved she reached the high road, bare-headed and unshawled. She did not keep the road, but skirted it, crouching down behind the bushes whenever she fancied she heard footsteps near her. Fortunately it was moonlight, and she was enabled to keep the fence in view, and thus trace her way.

When Mr. Brade had fastened every door and window he returned to the room where he had left Emily. What was his annoyance to find she had flown. He was now alone in the house with Roberts, who pretended still to sleep. Brade could not believe that she had left the villa, and he searched every room, looked under every bed, behind every curtain, and into every closet. He then ordered his horse, and galloped along the road, in the hope of overtaking the fugitive. Emily saw him pass by at full speed, and before she had travelled a mile further she heard him re-pass on his return home. Still she kept within the fence until she was out of danger.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Emily, foot-sore and heart broken, arrived at her cottage. She knelt down on her hearth-rug and fervently prayed.

CHAPTER XXI.

LET the reader imagine George Flower, with his hair cut as closely as was Roberts's when he came off the tread-mill; imagine him unarmed, in the garb of a convict, a dress of coarse yellow and black livery, and a broad arrow painted, or rather tarred, on the yellow parts, to show that he belonged to a road-making gang; a pair of handcuffs on one of his wrists, as though he had succeeded in pulling the left hand through, but could not get the fetter from the wrist of the right arm. Flower soon fell in with that illustrious trio—Millighan, Slobey, and Drohne—who were the terror of the district, and who had recently met the mounted police, and in a fair fight shot two of them, and driven away two others.

'Who are you?' inquired the leader, Millighan.

'A poor devil!' said Flower.
 'What do you do with these
 darbys on your right wrist?'
 'Because I can't get 'em off.'
 'Where have you come from?'
 'From a gang about thirty miles
 from this.'

'Are you a bolter?'
 'Yes. They were taking me to
 get seventy-five,* and I hit the over-
 seer a blow on the head with both
 hands in the handcuffs, and did for
 him, and then cut my lucky.'

'Did you kill him outright?'
 'I should just think I did. I put
 my foot on his throat, and kept it
 there till he gave over breathing.'

'Then you're a roper?†'
 'That same, of course.'

'And a lifer originally?'
 'What else? I'm the man that
 the judge cracked the joke upon.'

'Is transportation for life a joke?'
 'No, but when I told him that I
 committed my crime in a *fit of ab-*
sence, he said that's a fit that must
 last for the remainder of your life!'

The trio laughed heartily.

'What a jovial judge,' said Milli-
 ghan, smiling. 'He must have been
 an Irishman.'

No; an Englishman,' replied
 Flower.

'Now, look here, young man,'
 said Millighan, 'although we think
 three quite enough, still you are so
 worthy of being one of us, you shall
 be added to our number. There is
 a devilry in your eye, and a taste
 for fighting about your mouth, that
 I like amazingly. We're all of us
 sure to be hanged if we're taken,
 and therefore you'll have no sort of
 objection to be shot rather than sur-
 render. We have been out for more
 than two years, and if we have any
 luck we will remain the lords of this
 bush. We are somewhat hard up
 for flour'—('Oh, are you?' thought
 George)—'and we have come down
 here on purpose to lighten one of
 old Captain Piper's drays—I mean
 the old gentleman who keeps a band,
 and is fond of dancing. That busi-
 ness concluded, you shall have a
 comfortable home, and a Tower
 musket, and sundry rounds of ball
 cartridge; and meanwhile here's
 the horse pistol and the pouch-box

which belonged to that unfortunate
 fellow of the mounted police, who
 lost his life in a most glorious man-
 ner the other day. It was a sin to
 shoot him, but we couldn't help it.'

'All right,' said Flower. 'You'll
 find that I thoroughly understand
 my business.'

Captain Piper's drays now loomed
 in the distance.

'Here they come,' cried Milli-
 ghan; 'and you shall have the hon-
 our of speaking first to the
 drivers.'

The drays, drawn by bullocks,
 came slowly up the road, and Flower,
 in a stentorian voice, which charmed
 the trio, commanded a 'halt!'

The men in charge of the drays
 instantly surrendered; and Flower,
 with his usual activity, proceeded to
 unload the drays of such stores as the
 trio told him they stood in need of.
 A bag of English biscuits was found,
 and the flour therefore remained
 untouched. Three gallons of the
 best French brandy, a small keg of
 American negrohead tobacco, and a
 quantity of almonds and raisins were
 also selected, and a small box con-
 taining millinery, silks, ribbons,
 tapes, bobbins, needles, thread, &c.,
 and, what a prize! a pair of new
 double-barrelled pistols, two pairs
 of plated spurs, a new saddle and
 bridle, and a small chest filled with
 various medicines. The drays were
 then suffered to proceed, and the
 bushrangers took the shortest road
 to their habitation.

It was a house made by Nature,
 in a limestone rock, in that region
 of the world where gold in such
 quantities is now found. It over-
 looked a beautiful valley several
 miles in extent. Cattle were grazing
 in the valley, and hobbled horses were
 fattening on the luxuriant pasturage.
 Pigeons and fowls were feeding
 about the den, and four large kan-
 garoo dogs barked a welcome to the
 trio on their return. There was an
 old woman in the den, whom the
 bushrangers called 'Mother,' and a
 girl of about thirteen or fourteen
 years of age, but prematurely very
 old looking; this girl they all called
 'Sister-Sall,' but it is doubtful whe-
 ther she stood in that relationship

* Seventy-five lashes.

† A man who is sure to be hanged when apprehended.

to any one of them. On seeing the keg containing the brandy, the old woman was greatly joyed. She speedily produced a large gimblet, pierced the wood, inserted a quill into the aperture, and drew off about a pint, which she fairly distributed amongst the party, including herself and 'Sister Sall.'

Guns, cutlasses, pistols, and powder-flasks decorated the walls of the den; and in a corner were several bayonets mounted upon broomsticks, and upon three pegs there were three saddles and bridles, all in excellent condition. Such a collection of miscellaneous articles Flower, even with all his police experience, had never beheld. The furniture consisted of a table formed of a large piece of limestone, with a flat surface. It had been rolled into the centre of the apartment. The stools were smaller pieces of limestone. On the floor of the den was a Turkey carpet, and upon this the inmates, male and female, used to sleep, covering themselves with blankets, kangaroo skins, and horserugs, of which there was a superabundance. Millighan, the leader, invariably made a pillow of his saddle. There was no door to the den; and the fire, around which the dogs congregated by night, was a few paces from the entrance. The den was so dark, even by day, that it was necessary to burn a lamp, but at night this extraordinary hall was lighted up with wax or tallow candles. The old woman made some good soup out of the tail of a large kangaroo, and served up an excellent dish composed of boiled macaroni and Westphalia ham. Some unexceptionable port wine (lawfully the property of the commandant of Bathurst) was in due course produced. Smoking and drinking then commenced, and in these occupations the old woman and the young girl participated. George Flower still wore his hand-cuffs on his wrist. The old woman had steeped his hand and the fetter in emu oil, and had attempted, but ineffectually, to draw the fetter over the greasy flesh. She now brought a file, and began to cut through the hand-cuff, and when she grew tired, Sister Sall took up the work. Meanwhile the trio were engaged in playing 'all-

fours' and 'put,' with a new pack of cards which had lately come into their possession.

While the old woman was filing his handcuffs, Flower recollected her features. She was a convict who had absconded from the factory at Parramatta, some six years previously, and it was supposed she had been lost in the bush. Her name was Elizabeth Norris, but she was more familiarly known to the police authorities as 'Tambourine Bet.' Playing upon the tambourine at fairs was the profession she followed in England before she imbibed a taste for felony, which ended in her being transported for life. Flower had often talked to this woman; and his fear that she might recognise him made even his stout heart quake with fear. The face of the girl was also familiar to Flower, and he racked his brains, but without effect, to bring to recollection whose child she was, and where he had seen her.

'I think that will do,' said Flower, when the process of filing had continued for about two hours; and striking the fetter sharply upon the lime-stone stool on which he sat, it snapped asunder, and his wrist was once more free.

The trio had finished their game, and were re-filling their pipes and replenishing their tin pannikins with Captain Piper's brandy, when Millighan called out to Flower

'I say, what's your name, give us a song.'

'My name is Teddy Monk,' said Flower.

'Well, then, chant, Monk; and if you can do it as well as you can stop a dray, I make no sort of doubt but that you'll give universal satisfaction.'

Flower, who was rather proud of his singing, at once indulged the company with a song admirably suited to their tastes. The air of this ditty was that of an Irish jig. It inspired the woman, and seizing the instrument from which she derived her cognomen, she cried out 'Encore,' and accompanied Flower with a vigorous beat. When the song was a second time ended, the old woman got up and danced round the den, as though she were once more on a platform at Green-

wich Fair, while Sister Sall, who was by this time intoxicated, clapped her hands, and laughed hysterically. Millighan then sang a song, and the conviviality was prolonged until the day began to dawn. The inmates of the den then coiled themselves up upon the Turkish carpet which was spread upon the floor, and, one by one, dropped off to sleep.

The only dog which was allowed to come into the den was a small pug-nosed terrier, the property of Millighan. This animal used to sleep at his master's head, his nose resting on the saddle which Millighan used as a pillow.

Flower did not go to sleep. Weary as he was, he lay awake, encompassing the destruction or capture of all the human beings by whom he was surrounded. Flower raised his head and reconnoitred the den, which was now as still as the grave, while the cocks were crowing, the pigeons cooing, and the calves bleating in their pens. Flower was on the point of getting up stealthily for the purpose of putting his intent into execution, when the terrier growled, and Millighan, awakened, inquired of the dog—'What's the matter?' The terrier barked; and Flower rejoiced that the dog had no tongue wherewith to answer fully the question that was put to him.

'Hold your tongue, you little fool,' said Millighan; but the terrier disobeyed him, and approaching the spot where Flower lay, recommenced an angry bark, varied occasionally by a surly growl.

'What's the row?' cried Flower, pretending to be awakened by the dog.

'Oh! it's only my dog,' replied Millighan; 'he knows you are a stranger, and he can't understand it. Give him a kick, and turn him out of the house.'

'Oh no! he's a good dog,' said Flower; 'what's his name?'

'Nettles,' said Millighan.

'Come here, Nettles; good dog, Nettles,' said Flower, coaxingly.

But the dog was not susceptible of flattery. He declined the invitation, and again took up his position near his master's head, where he remained awake until Flower had fallen asleep.

CHAPTER XXII.

'My dear Reginald,' said Emily to her husband when he returned from Mr. Brade's, 'why did you take so much wine last night, and compel me to walk home? I could not arouse you, and I could not remain there all night.'

'My beloved,' said Roberts, 'it was very wrong; but remember, it is seldom that one meets a man of one's own cloth. You don't know Brade—you don't know what an actor he is. He has the most intense regard and respect for me, and yet he sometimes, I am told, pretends to run me down behind my back. He does it just to hear what other people say of me. He is a man who is full of fun.'

'Fun, Reginald?'

'Yes, my love, pure fun, I assure you. Don't offend Brade, whatever you do. He has pledged me his word that I shall have a free pardon immediately, and for my sake do not make an enemy of a man who can be, if he likes, such a valuable friend. He is coming to dine here to-morrow quietly, and hear you sing and play. I told him we should make no preparation for him; but you must see that there is a particularly nice dinner put upon the table, and I will order in some excellent wine and a very *recherché* dessert.'

'I am not equal to entertaining Mr. Brade, Reginald,' replied Emily. 'The dinner shall be provided, but I will not appear.'

'Emily, my love, you really must make an effort on this occasion,' said Roberts. 'Remember, dearest, for my sake, for the sake of my emancipation from this loathsome place of bondage, it is your duty to conciliate Brade, and not repulse him.'

Emily, who had not the faintest idea of the real character of the man to whom she was linked, was afraid to mention to him all that had passed on the previous day. She therefore gave as a reason for her disinclination to appear at the dinner, that she was poorly and out of spirits.

'But you will be better by to-morrow, my own dearest Emmy,' Roberts urged. 'My life, my soul, you know what sacrifices your Regi-

nald is prepared to make for you, and he knows she will not disappoint him in this, will she, my own dear pet?' and Roberts, placing his arm around Emily's neck, gently patted her cheek, and looked tenderly into her soft hazel eyes, which were filling with tears. With an aching heart Emily promised that she would appear at the dinner table on the following day, and that she would do her utmost to delight with music and her voice the gentleman who seemed to take advantage of her husband's position, and who, under the impunity which that position afforded him, was resolved to persist in his infamous pursuit.

Roberts had of late become very indolent. He now frequently absented himself from the office in which he was employed, and spent his stolen leisure at a cottage where resided a young lady who had recently attracted his attention. This was no other than one of Emily's fellow passengers from England, whose conduct on the voyage has been already described. It amused Roberts vastly to hear of Emily's 'greenness' from the lips of this person, who used to accompany her details with mimicry. Thus entertained, Roberts would lie on the sofa, smoke his pipe, and drink Madeira, on those days when he felt indisposed for work. Mr. Brade knew of this proceeding on the part of Roberts, and a few days after he had dined at the cottage, called one morning and delicately conveyed to Mrs. Harcourt what a pity, what a shame it was that a man who was so blest with a beautiful and accomplished woman for his wife, should be so lost to propriety as to indulge in such disreputable company. Mr. Brade's motive was obvious, and Emily saw that he wished to estrange her affections from her husband. She therefore concluded that Mr. Brade's story was an invention. 'The idea of Reginald being unfaithful! It was absurd.' Had she been in other circumstances she would have said this aloud, and ordered Mr. Brade to leave her house, and never more enter it; but as it was, she was compelled to remain silent and listen to offers which

Mr. Brade never failed to repeat whenever he had an opportunity.

Although Mr. Brade's story was not credited by Emily, nevertheless it added to her miseries. The very thought of 'Reginald' taking a delight in the society of any other woman distracted her.

'Reginald,' said Emily, one night, 'I have such awful dreams, I am afraid to go to bed. I dream that you love some one else.'

'My darling!' exclaimed Roberts, 'is it not proverbial that ridiculous fancies, the most improbable things, present themselves to our imagination when we are asleep? You dream that I could be so wicked? May you continue so to dream, dearest; not every night, but now and then, you know. Oh, Emmy! why do you torture me? No, never, my love!'

There were to be races at Parramatta, fifteen miles from Sydney. Roberts asked Emily if she would like to visit them. He knew full well that she would decline. Roberts, therefore, left his house alone, in his gig, drawn by his fine-actioned, fast-stepping, trotting horse, one of the best animals in the colony. He drove to the top of Church Hill, and there took up the Enchantress (as Roberts called his new acquaintance), who was dressed in pink silk, trimmed with black lace, and wore a veil of white lace upon a white straw bonnet, and carried a beautiful parasol, fringed with blue floss silk. Roberts himself was 'got up' rather expensively for the occasion. His turn-out was the neatest of its kind on the crowded road; and his famous horse, *Bosphorus*, suffered nothing to pass him. In the boot of the gig was a small ham, a pair of cold fowls, several French rolls, and half a dozen bottles of champagne. Mr. Brade knew that Roberts was going to the races in the young lady's company, and he determined to satisfy Emily, beyond a doubt, that Reginald was not what she took him to be. Mr. Brade, therefore, ordered one of his constables to proceed to the races, and carry out certain instructions.

It was a lovely day. Everybody in the colony appeared to have congregated on the Parramatta race-

course. Roberts had 'shown off' his magnificent trotter, his light gig, and silver plated harness, to the admiring spectators; and he had lost a dozen pairs of gloves to the Enchantress, by giving her the field against the favourite, and it was now time for them to discuss the delicacies in the boot of the gig.

Roberts was in the very act of carving the ham, having given his companion the liver wing of one of the fowls, when the constable approached and said—

'Please may I ask who you are, sir?'

'I am Mr. Roberts,' said the convict.

'Well, but Mr. Roberts, what I wish to know is, are you free or bond?'

'Why, free,' said Roberts; 'free as air, or as a bird on the ocean wave.'

'Now, I don't want to take any undue advantage of you,' said the constable, 'and I, therefore, repeat the question, Are you a free man, or are you a prisoner of the Crown?'

'Have some ham and fowl, and a glass of champagne,' replied Roberts.

'Put down that knife and fork, and answer my questions,' said the constable. 'Are you a free man?'

'Not exactly,' said Roberts.

'Are you an assigned servant? or are you in the service of Government?'

'Assigned,' said Roberts.

'To whom?'

'To my wife.'

'Is this lady your wife?'

'No; she's a friend of my wife.'

'Is your wife on the race-course?'

'No; she's in Sydney.'

'Will you oblige me with a sight of your pass?'

'Pass! my good sir! Do you suppose it necessary for me to carry a pass?'

'Then you hav'n't a pass?'

'No.'

'Then I'm sorry to say that I am compelled to take you into custody for being an assigned servant at large without a pass from his mistress, and as a convict cannot possess property I am bound to believe that everything about you belongs

to your mistress, so pack up and come along with me. And you, madam, must go too, for how do I know that all that finery you've got on isn't the property of the lady to whom this man belongs?'

Roberts's companion instantly discharged a volley of abuse towards the constable, but this produced no other effect than that of making him more disagreeable than ever. Roberts took out his purse and offered it to the constable. The constable put it into his pocket, and then searched Roberts, and extracted from his waistcoat a penknife, a pencil case, and a toll-bar ticket. He also took Roberts's gold watch and chain, and the ruby pin which fastened his blue satin scarf. This operation was performed amidst the laughter and jeers of the multitude, who had now formed a ring round Roberts's horse and gig. Roberts was then handcuffed, and a small rope tied to the handcuffs, and fastened to one of the springs of his vehicle. The constable then got into the gig, and sitting beside the Enchantress triumphantly drove off the course, with Roberts in tow, cheered by the mob, who seemingly enjoyed the joke, for Roberts had attracted considerable notice upon both the road and the race-course.

Proceeding as this interesting cortège did, at an easy pace, it was passed by all those who were returning from the races, and the majority of the company, now labouring under the excitement which is caused by frequent potations, the quantity of personal pleasantry which was scattered upon Roberts and the Enchantress was enormous. When they were within about five miles of Sydney there came on one of those violent storms of wind called in the colony of New South Wales 'a brick fielder.' This covered everyone with red dust, and the wind being followed almost immediately by a heavy fall of rain, anything more grotesque than became the plight of the party it would be difficult to conceive. Roberts, who was greatly fatigued, was continually imploring the constable not to let the horse walk so fast, a request which was commonly responded to in the words, 'Hold your tongue, and don't disturb us,' for the woman had made herself

more agreeable to the constable than, under the circumstances, he had any right to expect. They were now at the door of Emily's cottage. Mr. Brade was in the cottage at the time. He had been there for at least two hours, apologizing in the most abject tone for any levity of demeanour of which in previous interviews he had been guilty.

'Dear me! what's this?' cried Mr. Brade, looking out of the window, and observing the gig at the door. 'Dear me! No! it can't be. Yes, it is. Let me conceal myself. If the constable sees me here, I'm ruined. What crime can he have committed? He may be brought up before me! Pray, Mrs. Harcourt, let me conceal myself. Look out of the window.' And Mr. Brade rushed into the next room, and almost fainted with the convulsive laughter into which that magnificent spectacle had thrown him.

Emily immediately recognised the creature who had so often chilled her blood on the passage to New South Wales. She did not at first see Reginald. What a constable and this horrid woman could be doing in Reginald's gig at her door was more than Emily could comprehend.

The constable came in and detailed all that had taken place, leaving Reginald and his companion still outside, the latter seated in the gig holding the reins, and the former in handcuffs tied to the tail of the vehicle.

Emily was stupified, but believing Reginald to have been a victim of conspiracy in the matter which originally brought him to the colony, she was not prepared to condemn him until she had heard what he had to say in his defence. She told the constable that Roberts was at the races with her consent, and desired that he might be immediately set at liberty.

'And what about the lady, mam?' said the constable. 'May I take her home in the gig, mam? Poor thing, she is very wet.'

'You must use your own discretion in that matter; speak to my husband,' said Emily.

The constable did use his own discretion, and very humanely drove the Enchantress to her own abode,

where he received at her hands a bottle of brandy for his trouble.

Roberts threw himself upon the couch in his dining room, and stretched himself at full length. He was too tired to pull off his wet clothes and boots.

'Dearest,' he gasped, 'a spoonful—a spoon-full, Emmy, dear-est, of brandy—I'm regu-larly dead-beat!'

Mr. Brade was looking through the key-hole, and was longing to laugh at the convict's miserable but well-merited condition; but when he beheld Emily administering to his wants, and holding up the convict's head, while he drank the liquor from her hand, his soul was consumed by a variety of passions which were never before perhaps blended simultaneously in the same bosom. Love, pity, envy, hate, jealousy, anger, joy, and sorrow were all at work together, and Mr. Brade said within his heart, 'That man or I must leave this colony, if not this world.'

'Flower! that villain Flower! Oh, the scoundrel!' groaned Roberts. 'He promised that he would show me that the transfer of myself to you would not better my condition. Who but Flower would have thus insulted me? I could have borne all but being mixed up with that horrible woman. Oh, Emmy, judge of what my feelings have been!'

Roberts was sincere in his belief that George Flower was the author of his misfortune, and the conjecture did credit to his sagacity, for it was just the trick Flower would have played him, only that he would not have allowed Emily to see the young lady.

A light was now breaking in upon Emily—a false light. She began to see through it all (she thought). 'Poor Reggye!' she cried, 'let me take off these wet boots and change your clothes, dear; and then tell me all that has happened.' And in a whisper she added, 'Mr. Brade is in the next room. He ran in there to escape being seen by the constable.'

'Oh, Mr. Brade is here! I am glad of that,' said Roberts, 'for he will see how I have been treated, and will have justice done to me. Oh, Emmy! I have not a leg to stand on.'

When Roberts had attired himself in dry clothes, Mr. Brade made his appearance, and heard the complaint preferred by the convict against the constable. A more plausible story was never uttered. Roberts had hatched it on the road, and in point of 'circumstantiality' it was perfect.

He had left his gig, and had gone into the race stand. When he returned he found that abominable female seated in the vehicle—polluting the very harness upon the back of the horse. He requested her in the most polite manner to leave his gig immediately. She abused him, and called him all sorts of names.

Emily here said she could believe it. *She* had heard the creature in a passion.

'Well,' continued Roberts, 'what could I do? I was obliged to call a constable to take her in charge. The constable came. He happened to be a friend of the woman. 'Give me in charge!' said the woman. 'Who are you? What are you? You are a convict. Give me in charge? I give you in charge for assaulting me!' The constable took her part, and then took me into custody. And, to show you the animus of the man, he drove her to town in the gig, and tied me, handcuffed, behind it, as you saw with your own eyes, Emmy, dearest.'

Emily had seen it, of course; and, what was more, the constable had had the audacity to speak kindly of the woman, and pity her, and then take her away in Reginald's gig; and she saw the man laughing when he left the house! She was, therefore, perfectly satisfied that Reginald had been most grossly ill-treated; but she did not as yet perceive how George Flower was a party to this infamous proceeding. Roberts explained. Flower was a friend of this constable, who acknowledged that he had promised Flower to keep an eye on him.

Mr. Brade, who felt that Roberts's cunning had completely baffled his project, pretended to be very angry with the constable.

'I cannot advise you,' he said, 'to press the charge in public; but I will see that both that man and George Flower are dismissed from the police. There is a report, however, that Flower has been lost in

the bush, or has been killed by the gang he went forth to capture; and I fancy it must be true, for he has not been heard of for the last fortnight or three weeks.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

MILLIGHAN and his gang never left the den except they were in want of supplies; and being now provided with all they required for the present, they engaged in the many pastimes within their reach. Shooting and kangarooing during the day—cards, tobacco, and grog at night. Flower rather enjoyed the life, and had grown to like the captain of the gang. In addition to being a very plucky fellow, Millighan rode well, and swam well, was a good shot both with gun and pistol; he could tell a pleasant story, sing sentimental songs; and was an ardent admirer of the fair sex. In short, he was very like George Flower in disposition and accomplishments—as good looking and as active. Millighan, in turn, had conceived a great regard for Flower, and had said to George, one day, when they were out kangarooing on horseback—'If I should get knocked over in the next battle we have with the mounted police, you are the man to stand in my shoes.' Ay, and Millighan had endeared himself to Flower by other means. He had, unconsciously, aroused George's pride and tickled his vanity: and to this he was indebted for his life; for Flower's opportunities of destroying Millighan in cold blood were now frequent. Millighan had one night (little conscious in whose presence he was speaking) held forth on the nobleness of Flower's character.

'He is not one of your chicken-hearted dogs that fire at a man from behind a tree,' said Millighan. 'He never employs those black beasts to track up his prey. He goes out into the open, like a man, and challenges his adversary. If I had been in that gang when Flower was shot in the back on the Liverpool Road, I'd have killed the cowardly villain who did such a thing. It's a great pity that Flower did not take to the bush instead of the police. He would have gone down

to posterity in the annals of this blessed country, in the absence of patriots, as one of her greatest men.'

It was now time for another expedition, another visit to the roads. The tea and sugar were exhausted, and there was but very little tobacco remaining. Slobey was left at home to assist the old woman in the den. Millighan, Drohne, and Flower, each armed with a carbine and a pair of horse pistols, one morning, at daybreak, descended the hill on which their lime-stone house was situated. They were on this occasion on horseback, and were, moreover, drest in the uniform and appointments of the men of the mounted police, and they wore their regulation broadswords, and the horses they rode were the property of Government. After winding five miles, over crags and creeks, and through vallies and forests, the bushrangers reached the high road, of which for the past two years they had been the terror.

'Monk,' said Millighan to Flower, 'have you a mind for a lark?'

'Yes,' responded George. 'I'm up to anything. What is it to be?'

'Why, look here. Let us pay a visit to old Grimes, and taste of his hospitality. He is very fond of entertaining the mounted police, and lending them stores when they run short. And he may tell us some news, and give us a newspaper or two.'

'But does he not know the men of the mounted police?' inquired Flower.

'Not all of 'em. How should he?' returned Millighan. 'Thanks to the accuracy of my eye, they are changed pretty often in these parts.'

'Old Grimes' had been a major in the Royal Artillery, and he was now a settler, possessed of large flocks of sheep, near Bathurst. Major Grimes was a rich man; his store houses were usually well filled with supplies of all kinds, and it was quite true that he had been very accommodating to the men of the mounted corps, whom he was always glad to see upon his premises.

The bushrangers rode on, and at length arrived at Major Grimes's estate, where they were welcomed warmly, and invited to alight, and

take some refreshment in the kitchen. Had the Major any news? Yes, the body, or rather, the remains of a body, had been found in the Hawkesbury river, and had been identified as the remains of the famous thief-taker, George Flower! It was supposed he had been murdered; though one paper hinted, that, as he was drunk when last seen upon the road, it was not improbable he had met his death by attempting to swim across.

All expressed their great regret at this; and Flower had again the satisfaction of hearing his own praises sounded by Millighan and Drohne. He joined in those praises, and was very eloquent on his own bravery—though he expressed a decided opinion that George Flower was a great vagabond, and too grasping after rewards for the apprehension of desperate characters.

'Talking of desperate characters,' said Millighan to the Major, 'what think you of that unfortunate affair in which some of our fellows were engaged, and two killed?'

'Yes, it was a sad business,' replied the Major; 'but what could you do—four against nine? Such awful odds!'

'Awful!' said Millighan. 'And all nine brave men, too.'

'And daring,' added the Major.

'Yes, and daring,' conceded Millighan. 'But we shall have better luck soon, I hope.'

'I hope so, too,' said the Major; 'for I have several drays on the road, about which I am beginning to be very nervous. They took everything from Piper's drays a short time ago.'

'So I hear,' said Millighan; 'but I don't believe a word of it. If these drivers are stopped at all, and robbed of only a few articles, they sell the rest, and go home empty. At least, that's my opinion, Major. Of course, I may be wrong.'

'Here's a nice slander upon your cloth, Corporal, in the last *Australian*,' said the Major.

'What's that, sir?'

'Why, they say that the mounted police sometimes doff their clothes and hide their horses, put on smock frocks and hairy caps, and help themselves to people's property.'

Millighan and his companions

laughed the idea to scorn, and appealed to each other as to the possibility of such a thing.

'If the mounted police want anything, they have only to ask for it,' said Millighan. 'At this present we are out of tea, sugar, and tobacco, and if you could supply us with some, for the price of which I will give you an order on Lieutenant Mole, our commanding officer, in Bathurst Town, we shall be very much obliged to you.'

'Oh, certainly!—how much do you require?' asked the Major.

'Why, sir, about five pounds of tea, fifteen pounds of sugar, three pounds of tobacco, and about half-a-gallon of spirits, rum, gin, or brandy,' said Millighan.

While these stores were being weighed out, Millighan wrote an order for payment on Lieutenant Mole, and signed it 'Walker, lance-corporal.'

'Corporal, will you allow me to speak a few words to you in private?' said Major Grimes.

'By all means, sir,' said Millighan, following the Major into the verandah, where he walked up and down, his heavy sabre in its steel scabbard dangling at his side.

'Corporal,' said Major Grimes, confidentially, 'a shepherd of mine this morning told me that he knows the very spot which those desperate dogs make their head-quarters.'

'Indeed,' said Millighan; 'and where may the spot be?'

'That's the point,' said the Major.

'The fellow knows the secret is worth something, and he won't tell; but he says he'll point it out if we will go with him and take a large force, and promise to obtain for him a pardon, and give him a portion of the reward that is offered: three of their number are worth 300*l.*—a hundred each, you know.'

'The man's terms are very moderate,' said Millighan—'very moderate. Of his free pardon he would be quite sure; but if he wants a good share of the money, the fewer that have to do with the capture the better. Let me and my men have some conversation with him, and who knows that by this time to-morrow we may not have the whole gang, dead or alive?'

Flower was now summoned to the

council. He heard, with well-acted delight, what the Major communicated, entirely agreed with Millighan that the fewer who had a hand in the capture the better, and proposed that the shepherd should be at once sent for and questioned.

The shepherd repeated his story—that he had seen the den at a distance, and could point it out, for he had marked with a tomahawk several leading trees as landmarks; but he said he could not describe the road to the den, it was so intricate and round about. From his description of the den, there could be no doubt that he was possessed of the secret, which, as Major Grimes had truly observed, was well worth knowing. At first he declined to go, unless accompanied by a large force; but after a while he yielded to the persuasive arguments of Millighan, which Flower was reluctantly compelled to support.

It was half-past two in the day when the shepherd, mounted on a fine mare belonging to Major Grimes, his master, set out with Millighan, Flower, and Drohne, whose saddle-bags were crammed with supplies, to lead the way to the bushrangers' den.

'How did you happen to stumble across it, my man?' inquired Millighan, when they were about two miles distant from the road, and in the heart of a forest peopled only by kangaroos, opossums, and wild cats.

'Why, one day,' the shepherd replied, 'I was out looking for a working-bullock in this direction, and I lost my way and had to sleep in the bush all night. Next morning, when daylight appeared, I wandered about, almost starved to death, when suddenly I came upon the print of a horse's foot. This I followed, and at last I came upon a path, where I lost sight of the print of the horse's foot, and came upon the print of a dog's foot, which was quite fresh. Hulloa, says I, I can't be far off some cattle station; and I followed the track for about three mile, when I came to a creek, where I saw a horse drinking. Now that horse belonged to a gentleman who had it stole. It belonged to one of Billy Wentworth's overseers, and

there was the W.C.W. branded on the shoulder, plain enough. Oh, oh, thought I, the sooner I go back the better, for, mind you, these fellows make pretty short work of anybody who happens to get a scent of where they are: they think nothing of tying a fellow to a tree and leaving him there till his skeleton is discovered.'

'Nonsense!' cried out Drohne, who had twice performed this cruel operation, when the gang was short of powder, and could not afford to throw away a single charge in destroying an enemy; for every man who knew of the den's whereabouts could be regarded in no other light.

'Well, go on,' said Millighan.

'Well, while I was looking at the horse, and thinking that I'd make the best of my way back, I saw smoke about a hundred yards off, and heard the barking of dogs—'

Drohne cocked his carbine, took it from the socket, and looked fiercely at the shepherd; but Millighan frowned at his comrade, and checked his impetuosity.

'Just as I was going away I saw three men coming along. I was in an awful fright, and I crouched down behind a big piece of stone, and they passed without seeing me.'

'Should you know them again?' asked Drohne, once more placing his hand on his carbine.

'Oh yes,' said the shepherd. 'They were drest in jackets and caps made out of the skins of flying squirrels, and were talking about a robbery they had committed only a few days before. But we had better talk quietly now, for we are not far from the creek, where I saw the horse. As I live, there he is, lame as a cat in the fore shoulder.'

'Who's to do it?' shouted Drohne to Millighan. 'I long to get rid of the charge in this piece.'

'Hold your tongue,' said Millighan, in reply.

'What are you about?' screamed Flower to Drohne, who was now taking an aim at the shepherd's head. 'Hold hard! If you pull that trigger I'll send a charge into you.'

The shepherd was rather bewildered. He fancied that Drohne wanted to shoot him, in order to prevent his receiving any share of the reward; and he addressed himself to the whole party touching the unfairness of such a deed.

'Answer me one question,' said Millighan. 'Is there any one else who knows the road to this den?'

'Not a soul,' was the reply.

'Did you mention it to no one?'

'No; I was not such a fool. I told master that I knew where the den was, but I would not tell him even the direction it was in. But let us not make a noise, for look, there's the smoke! And don't you hear the dogs bark? You go on, and I'll wait here. Give me something or other to defend myself with, for they'll be sure to show fight.'

Drohne was still disposed to immolate the shepherd, and could not understand on what principle Millighan and Flower objected.

'Come along,' said Millighan to the man. 'You'll find there will be no fighting.'

What was the shepherd's astonishment to find that the dogs recognised this curious branch of the police, and frisked around their horses in an agony of delight at their approach. The shepherd's want of comprehension on this head, however, was soon supplied, when he found himself in irons, and was requested to polish them with sand and a piece of leather, for the purpose of keeping (so Millighan said) the devil from obtaining 'an undue ascendancy over his weak mind.'

PLAYS AND THEIR PROVIDERS.

IF the records of the stage speak truth, they are among the most melancholy of chronicles, since, according to them, acting is always declining and the theatres on the verge of insolvency. It is scarcely possible to conceive, if we credit these narratives, how any class of mortals can embrace so disastrous a profession, or how any man, not being a proven lunatic, should of his own accord undergo the drudgery and disappointments of manager-ship. From Colley Cibber to Mr. Alfred Bunn, the annals of the theatre are one long Jeremiad of vexations from without and from within; so that we are led to think that, in comparison with the sceptre of the green-room, the treadmill must be a pleasant recreation, and Norfolk Island a comfortable retreat.

Yet doubtless such cares must have their attendant consolations; for otherwise it could not be that, 'like leaves on trees,' the generations of actors and managers should succeed one another, and even increase and multiply in the regions of perpetual embarrassment. Who ever yet found an actor willing to quit the stage, or having quitted it, not casting a longing, lingering look behind? And even as the stoutest protectionists continue to buy and hire land, although they affirm that land and loss are become convertible terms, so is it common for an actor who has providently saved money, as improvidently to turn manager and lose it. We are unable to reconcile these contradictions, and are driven to the conclusion that the theatrical world, unlike the real world, is composed of self-devoted persons who immolate themselves on the altars of public entertainment.

But are the chronicles true?—is it indeed the fact that actors, like certain doomed races of mankind, are always degenerating, and that management and insolvency are inseparable? May not the premises on which these suppositions rest be false; or, if partially true, may not the circumstances of decline and

embarrassment be traced to other than the commonly assigned causes? It appears from a useful little book now before us—an attempt at theatrical statistics which deserves encouragement*—that during the year 1852 no less than twenty-seven theatres and saloons opened their doors to the public within the boundaries of London, Westminster, and Southwark; and that no fewer than two hundred and twenty theatrical entertainments were produced at them, 'for the first time.' This account implies, though it does not expressly state, that many hundred persons, during that period, found it worth their while to devote their time and their intellects to pursuits which the chroniclers of the stage represent as in the last degree vexatious and unremunerative. On the other hand, and in direct opposition to the said chroniclers, the daily and weekly bills of performance vie with one another, and exhaust language for superlatives expressive of 'unbounded success,' 'rapturous applause,' and 'numbers numberless' of spectators. The truth of the matter is indeed, like Samson's riddle, 'hard to hit—though one should three days musing sit.'

For our parts, we believe neither the prophets who prophesy smooth things, nor those who run up and down, crying 'woe, and threefold woe;' neither that acting is always deteriorating, or that managers are for ever on the brink of insolvency. We are, however, persuaded that the one might become more attractive by rejecting a good many foolish stage traditions, and by a different system of discipline; and that the others increase the risks of a necessarily hazardous speculation by attempts beyond the power of the stage to realize, and by an insane rivalry of one another. We will first glance at the difficulties incident to managers.

These have doubtless been increased by the greater number of theatres. We believe that the Act of William IV., 1833, abolishing or considerably modifying the old limitations of the patent theatres, was a

* *Dramatic Register* for 1852.

measure called for by the exigencies of the case and the increasing population of the metropolis. Yet it is in vain to deny that the extended privileges have operated, in some respects, unfavourably upon the histrionic art. With twenty-seven theatres of more or less importance, open nearly at the same time, it has become next to impossible for a manager to collect, or if collected to keep long together, an efficient *troupe* of performers. The second-rate actor of a west-end theatre, especially if he excels in 'Hercles' vein,' is the 'magnus Apollo' of a city establishment, and by merely crossing 'the bridges' earns golden opinions, and an advanced salary to boot. His praises indeed are not sung in the columns of the *Times* or *Morning Chronicle*, but his pudding is sure, and he is probably not nice as to the discrimination of his audiences. But from this it results, not only that the lucky emigrant to the east has less urgent motives to study the details of his art, and to raise himself by just gradations in his profession, but also that his duties at a superior theatre devolve through his absence upon still less competent performers than himself, and both by what it loses and what it keeps the general character of the *troupe* is impaired. And even in the case of better performers than the one we have supposed, the number of theatres of a higher order is adverse to the stability of a company, unless the manager buys his monopoly at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice. At the patent theatres the same company played for years together, in the winter at Covent Garden or Drury Lane; in the summer season at the Haymarket, or at most varied their engagements by 'starring it' in the country. They thus acquired both a distinctive position in their respective circles, and a corporate interest in the company generally. Each in short became a part of a well-organized whole. Even to actors of the first order this was no inconsiderable advantage. It was a kind of regimental discipline, or rather such a training as two 'elevens' at cricket gain by playing customarily on the same ground. To inferior performers, again, it was a decided

benefit to perform frequently with the acknowledged masters of their art. Whereas under the present system there is no such principle of collision; an actor flits from the Haymarket to the Adelphi, from the Adelphi to the Olympic theatres without attaching himself to any one of them. By frequency of change the general discipline is slackened; and managers, vexed with the uncertainty of their *troupes*, come to regard their scenery and wardrobe as the only permanent forces of their establishment.

Another source of managerial difficulty in collecting a company arises from the circumstance that provincial theatres have nearly ceased to be the nurseries of the metropolitan stage. In the provinces, for a theatre to pay the expenses of keeping it open is now almost as great a prodigy as if an ox should speak. The rural frequenters of the playhouse, whom a few hours and a few shillings will convey to the Strand, think scorn of the performances that contented their simpler and less locomotive sires. Even in Race or Assize weeks the stewards' and sheriffs' 'bespeaks' do not half fill the boxes. The country manager consequently has neither the means nor a motive for training or seeking out histrionic talents; and if his company should possess a performer better than ordinary, the world of London is all before him where to choose. In the days of the patent theatres he would have been a hardy *débutant*, and most probably a luckless one, who had ventured to meet a metropolitan audience before he established his provincial character at Bath, Norwich, or York. At one or other of those cities, and sometimes in all three, he served his apprenticeship; at York especially, under the well known Tate Wilkinson, the aspirant was sure to receive a sound education in his art, somewhat roughly administered. Whereas now, under the regimen of theatrical free-trade, the city theatres have taken the place of the provincial, and the *terra incognita* of Shoreditch or Whitechapel intercepts many a recruit who would otherwise have been cleaving with horrid shout the general ear at Plymouth or Southampton. This, however, is but a poor

substitute for the more regular discipline of an established provincial theatre, for although the 'legitimate drama' (Shakspeare included) is much encouraged by the men of the east, as yet no Roscius has 'stepped westward' from those regions, nor indeed is the style of acting favoured there like to recruit more westerly theatres with many efficient members.

Doubtless among the stock pieces in vogue fifty years ago there were many which the present age would no longer endure, and which have been most rightfully consigned to that valley of dust and dry bones—the library of the theatre. Our grandsires were contented and even edified by performances which we, accustomed to more stimulating species of literature, account utterly stale, flat, and unprofitable. Another generation may very possibly designate the bulk of our present dramatic compositions by even harsher names. But let them look to that matter: we are now neither absolving nor condemning. Many, however, of these flat and unprofitable stock-pieces, as we now esteem them, are really better adapted to the conditions of histrionic art than the broader horrors and humours of the present stage. They attempted, in the first place, no rivalry with literature—as literary productions, indeed, they are for the most part below contempt—and by abstaining from such competition their authors proved themselves wiser in their generation than many of their successors; for though the spheres of the drama and literature may occasionally touch, they can never coincide without respective forfeiture of their proper natures. In some respects, indeed, the literature of the day acts unfavourably upon the theatres.

We can take tea and scandal, or sup full with horrors at home, through the medium of our novelists, without exposing ourselves to the disasters of heated rooms, narrow benches, crowds, or unjust cabmen. But these domestic and untroubled delights impose upon authors, actors, and managers a necessity for providing us, if they would live by their callings, with something yet more stimulating abroad. We

Englishmen are often twitted with being an uninventive people; and assuredly, though we occasionally produce a startling murder, yet in devising stage horrors, or in conceiving intricate, yet cunningly evolved plots, we come very far behind our neighbours in France. 'To convey'—as the wise call it—a drama from Paris is now, with a few striking exceptions, our only practice. We notice it, however, on this occasion, merely to remark upon its relations to acting. We admit the frequent excellence of the plots so conveyed; yet we are persuaded that they both lose considerably by the transfer, and impose new burdens on the actors. They lose by the transfer, because our ways are not as their ways, our manners and morals—be they better or worse is not now the question—are not French manners and morals; and, accordingly, the actor can no longer copy from the life which he sees, but is constrained to transcribe a model with which he is unacquainted. Neither is our language—so superior in many higher respects—adapted to the conversational tone of French comedy; and, therefore, in most of the adoptions, while the plot remains nearly intact, the lightness and grace of the dialogue is, in many cases, sacrificed. As far as regards the diction alone, we succeed better with the French melodrama. Yet, even in this case, the actor is forced into undue exaggeration, in order that his impersonation may not sink below the unnatural situations or terrors of the scenes. In the older farces—those veterans which sufficed our simpler ancestors—the humour was, at least, English; and in the older tragedies, the part was generally to be made by the performer. In the modern farce and melodrama, the actor has little more to do than to accommodate his idiosyncrasy to the part. It would be useless for him to study actual life for the purpose of representing sentiments or situations that occur only in the teeming brains of the writers.

It would be easy for us to mention the names of English writers for the stage to whose productions none of these objections will apply, and English actors who, in the midst of

improbabilities and extravagances, retain the love of their art, and model themselves upon the realities of life. But our censure, such as it is, refers exclusively to the general aspect and conditions of the stage at the present moment, to the taste which the public at once fosters and imbibes, and to the causes which, in our opinion, render the provinces of both managers and actors peculiarly difficult and embarrassing. We refrain, therefore, equally from blame or praise of individuals. The faults we note are simply those of the system.

When Garrick, after much justifiable coyness and reluctance on his part, produced, at great expense, and, as it proved, with very indifferent success, Glover's stupid tragedy of *Agis*, the chorus were robed in surplices, and looked like the choristers of a cathedral. Horace Walpole detected the absurdity, but in matters of art and costume he stood almost alone in his age. Had the play been endurable, the surplices would have been deemed orthodox. We have passed to the opposite extreme, and represent the drama of Elizabeth and Charles with all the anxious precision of an archaeological society. We apply to Shakespeare and his contemporaries the test for correctness of accessories which our shrewd satirist has noted in the collectors of coins.

With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.

The passion, the poetry, the plot of *King John* and *Macbeth* will not now fill pit or boxes, unless the manager lavishes a fortune on pictures of high Dunsinane, or on coats of mail and kilts such as were actually worn by the Earls and Thanes of the English and Scottish courts. We write this with all honour to the enterprising manager who has set these dramas on the stage so gorgeously and accurately accoutred. Yet we take leave to doubt whether, by this excess of decoration, they have not imposed new difficulties on the actor, whether, indeed, they have not made the substance of the drama less important than its accessories. In representations of the highest tragedy or comedy the poet

himself should, in our opinion, occupy the first place; to him the actor is, or should be, wholly subservient. Again, the actor, if he be one really capable of embodying the highest moods of passion, should be independent of the antiquary and robe-maker; and although we would not send the representative of Macbeth back to the modern uniform in which Garrick played, we would not regard archaeological precision of garb as an indispensable condition of success in the character. We do not echo the objection which we have frequently heard that the upholsterer is called in to veil the defects of the actor, but we would submit that theatrical decoration has its limits, and that recently there has been a tendency to overstep them. The conditions of scenic effect are, it appears to us, not difficult to define. They are the frame-work of the picture, not the picture itself. So much then of pictorial art—and under this head we include costume—as is really needed for illustration, is a legitimate adjunct. We do not think that exact copies of the swords, helmets, and mantles of any given period are required for proper dramatic effects. We do not attach much importance to scenes representing the real localities of the dramatic action. It is enough that time and place be not confounded by anachronisms. The object of pictorial illustrations on the stage is not so much the historical as the poetical element of the drama. We would not, were it possible, return to a green-baize curtain, labelled 'This is a street in Padua,' or 'this is the wood of Ardenne;' neither would we insist upon a representation of the actual street or the actual wood. It is sufficient that there be no disharmony; it is enough that the adjuncts be as local as the poetry of the particular drama. Above all things, an artistic sense of the beautiful should preside and predominate over scenic representations. The verse of Shakespeare should not be married to grotesque pictures of semi-barbarism. We confess that Mr. Kean's arrangement of the banquet scene in *Macbeth* was displeasing to us. It was too much like a booth at an agricultural meeting, with the ban-

ners of the county militia hoisted over the Lord-Lieutenant's chair. It was doubtless correct, and as undoubtedly ugly. It seemed like Puseyism out of place.

Decoration, then, has its limits as regards the beautiful; it has also its limits as respects the actors. Although, as we have remarked already, they are subservient to the poet, they are on the other hand of primary consequence in relation to the scene. So much of the costume or the scenery as calls off attention from the actor is excess; and if an audience be attracted to *Lear* or *Othello*, because in the one drama they will find an exact representation of British life, and in the other of Venetian magnificence, the purpose would be better answered by a panorama. In fact, our present managers seem unwittingly hurrying into an error which both the Athenians and the Romans committed in such matters, centuries ago. At Athens, no expense, latterly, was thought too great for the service of the theatre. In the midst of wars, the public treasury was heavily taxed on behalf of the Dionysiac festivals; private fortunes were squandered upon the equipment of the choruses; gold, and ivory, and silk were lavished upon the proscenium, the altar, and the players' dresses. Yet in the very same age an act was passed forbidding the master works of the three great Athenian dramatists to be acted, and commanding them to be read at the Bacchic solemnities. Tragedy was buried under its own pomp; money could not supply the dearth of befitting actors: the Athenians had not resolution enough to check scenic excess, though they had taste enough to guard Æschylus and Sophocles from its consequences.

At Rome, where the artistic sensibilities of the people were blunt and coarse, for the most part, decoration, as might be expected, more rapidly surpassed its limits, and the drama degenerated into pantomime. After Roscius and Æsopus quitted the stage, we find no records of either comic or tragic actors of eminence. In less than one generation these excellent artists were succeeded by Bathyllus and Pylades, who, surrounded by crowded groupes

and dazzling draperies, danced the parts of Hercules and Agamemnon to thunders of applause.

In the days when the drama attempted less and succeeded better, elocution was a regular branch of an actor's education. It may be so still; but we rarely discover traces of the art of speaking being taught, or at least acquired, to any purpose. Except, indeed, at the only two theatres where Shakspeare is still represented, elocution, for any ends to be answered, may as well drop into the rank of *artes perempta*. But even at what may be termed our only classical theatres, we miss the careful modulation of voice and rhythm which we can remember as generally prevailing at Covent-Garden under the Kemble dynasty. To it has succeeded, where any system at all is followed, an inharmonious mode of declamation which causes prose to be undistinguishable from verse, and even prose itself to forego its proper cadences and proportions. It is called, we believe, a more natural manner of speaking. But do those who term it so weigh well their own designation? When men and women in ordinary life and upon ordinary topics speak in harmonious numbers, it will be right for the actor to hold the mirror up to life, and imitate them. But as men and women do not, and never will speak in the melodious cadences of heroic verse, the actor has no right to consider their common speech as his rule for enunciating the lofty and passionate thoughts of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. His strain is cast in a loftier mood, and while keeping clear from vulgar rant and bombast, should be resonant of the harmonies with which he is entrusted. It requires, as it has been well said, a man of genius to introduce and make current a popular fallacy. Mr. Macready was unquestionably a man of genius, and as unquestionably, in our judgment, inoculated his profession with a style of elocution which sets poetry, music, and nature alike at defiance.

We have been oftentimes puzzled to account for the principles upon which this much-admired actor founded his theory and practice of enunciation. For that it was a theory, however erroneous and per-

verse, must be obvious to all who, like ourselves, remember the earlier and better representations of that gentleman. His voice was then full, free, and undisturbed by affectation; the sentiments or passions to which he gave utterance seemed in those days to spring from genuine emotions of his heart: the rhythm of verse was distinctly marked: the cadence and the meaning of prose were carefully conveyed. Whereas in his latter years he adopted a manner of which the only merit was distinctness of utterance. To grace, to verisimilitude, or to harmony it made no pretensions; indeed, it seemed carefully to shun these qualities as so many needless excrescences of declamation. Nor was he content with practising his theory himself; his brother actors were sedulously trained in the same school, and many of them very effectively copied their master. Unfortunately, his disciples are yet extant, and we must await another generation of actors before this heresy of the tongue shall have run out its sands.

One of the most disheartening circumstances of the modern drama to all parties really interested in its conservation as a rational entertainment is, the present fashion for parodies of sterling plays. We know not whether the manager, the actor, or the public at large be the greater sufferer by this epidemic nuisance. Of the authors of such monstrosities we cannot write with sufficient contempt; the most successful, and at the same time, the most hideous of parodists are monkeys, and we rate no higher the preposterous block-heads who convert into mirth and laughter the solemn and serious scenes of Shakspeare. To a manager, who entertains higher notions of his art and position than that of a mere snare or trap-fall for audiences, they are directly injurious; for, on the one hand, they divert from his house the just remuneration of his pains and outlay, and on the other, they operate as temptations to him to forego his efforts in the right path, and to become a mere caterer for one of the vulgarest of tastes—a taste for the low and ludicrous. The right place for managers who so cater for the

public is Greenwich Fair. To the actors, again, burlesque is baneful, inasmuch as it accustoms them to regard under a distorted aspect the very highest matters of their art. Above all, it is prejudicial to the public. Let us imagine, for a moment, the effect of a gallery of caricatures, either in painting or sculpture, or rather the indignation which such an affront to the national judgment would, it is to be hoped, elicit. Yet what would be justly resented in the case of the other arts, is as unjustly applauded and caressed in scenic representations. An Aristophanic sketch, such as Mr. Planché or Mr. Tom Taylor provide for the Saturnalia of Christmas is indeed legitimate. It shoots folly as it flies: is a lively comment upon current absurdities, and frequently speaks wholesome truths in the accents of timely jest. But burlesques, of which it is the formal purpose to convert into laughter what was meant to exalt and purify the soul, are offences against public tastes and morals equally; and that such offences, instead of being promptly silenced, should be applauded and caressed, and that Shakspeare should be especially selected as the butt of these barren wittlings, appears to us one of the most decisive symptoms that the Drama, in our generation, is really on the decline.

Our indignation at these foul excrescences of the present stage has led us aside from the main question—namely, whether the drama be truly, as we are so often assured, in a consumptive condition, and whether its revival on any large and liberal scale be no longer practicable. We have enumerated sundry causes adverse to its general prosperity—the dispersion of the actors over a wider area; the partially antagonistic influences of literature in supplying some of the excitement which, at a time when readers were comparatively few, the theatre alone afforded: the rash and often unjust rivalry of managers with each other; and the decay of the provincial schools that formerly fed the metropolitan stage. Under the present system we believe these causes of disadvantage to be irremediable. But is the present the only practicable system, and is it indeed too late to devise or apply

some efficient remedy. Of the three parties concerned in the welfare or rehabilitation of the drama, one—the actor himself—is nearly powerless, and must be put nearly aside. By his very articles of agreement he must do the manager's bidding, and to do that bidding effectually as well for his employer as for his own reputation, he must humour the fancies of the public. The possible cure of the alleged evils, therefore, rests with the managers and their audiences, and we are of opinion that some terms of accommodation may be discovered for their common and respective advantage.

Numerically considered, we do not think that the race of play-goers is diminished. This indeed is a subject for statistics. Relatively to certain classes, their number has undoubtedly declined, since, although we comfortably plume ourselves upon possessing the most magnificent dramatic poetry in the world, we rather inconsistently eschew its representation, and flock to entertainments imperfectly understood by two-thirds of the spectators. Does any reasonable being affect to think that the opera is much more than a splendid pantomime to at least half its frequenters, or that Rachel and Devrient are verily and indeed appreciated by all who applaud them, and at the same time invidiously contrast them with English actors? To answer these questions affirmatively demands faith bigger than a grain of mustard seed, and more than, we confess, we individually own to having. Yet from the practice of the Opera House and the St. James's Theatre, we discern some hopes of recovery for our own. The hours observed by these establishments are better adapted to the usages of society; the performances are not overloaded by quantity; the actors are not tasked and jaded beyond their strength. Our proposal has not indeed novelty to recommend it; the novelty would consist in a fair trial whether a later hour for commencing performances, a more strict adhesion to separate classes of performance at different theatres, and, above all, a shorter period of detention in a heated atmosphere, might not be found more attractive to the public and more

remunerative to the manager. Three hours of recreation may be pleasant, or at least may well be endured. By eight o'clock in the evening dinner might be comfortably concluded, and even the process of digestion as comfortably commenced. By eleven o'clock both eye and ear would be satiated with seeing and hearing, and some appetite left for a future gratification of those senses. The cost and cares of the manager would be lessened by twelve hours in each week—no inconsiderable relief, one would think, in the course of a year—while the actor by such curtailment would also be less physically wearied, and acquire leisure for a maturer study and elaboration of his characters—As all previous plans, according to the chroniclers of the stage, have failed in securing any long course of dramatic prosperity, it would be running no great risk to make one experiment more—an experiment which, whatever its demerits or disadvantages, would have at least this recommendation, that by shortening the time it would abridge the sufferings of all the parties concerned.

Dramatic authors, brazened, we suppose, by custom, make no scruple, now-a-days, of avowing their debts to their French originals, and even seem to take a certain degree of pride in publishing their importations from the opposite shore. We find no fault with the practice, provided always that our home-born authors are really as impotent as they make themselves out to be, since it is better to borrow than to be quite penniless. This, however, is a matter on which they, not we, are the best judges. Meanwhile *habemus confitentes reos*, and live in an age of adaptation. We incline to think, however, that our actors might, in some respects, and with general advantage to themselves, take a leaf now and then from their authors' books, and import a few hints from their foreign brethren. From the French comedians they might learn that the art of acting is not a mere outline, but a careful *fig*-ling-up of character; and from the Germans, they might copy a conscientious earnestness in presenting their author's sense in appropriate

artistic forms. In these respects, more than in any actual superiority of gifts, external or internal, consist, in our opinion, the real advantages of foreign artists above our own. And, in confirmation of our opinion, we would cite the example of that excellent performer, Mr. Alfred Wigan, who renders even trivial parts important and instructive, by his careful manipulation of all their details.

We do not, however, belong to that comfortless race of beings, whose delight is to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and to cry, All is barren: neither would we invidiously refer to an exotic stage alone for all that is excellent in dramatic art, and to our own merely to find fault. Could our performers be more efficiently concentrated than they are, our managers be induced to aim at the discipline of their companies, rather than at the novelty or variety of their productions, and the public be led to regard the stage itself as one among the schools of art, we should not despair of the English Drama becoming once more an amusement of the more refined classes of society, even as it was when Ministers

of State complimented Booth from the side-boxes, or the circles at Holland House assisted at the performances of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. We have tendered these imperfect suggestions with an earnest wish that the theatre may one day be restored to the position it once occupied among the pleasures of refined and instructed persons, instead of being, as it now too commonly is, regarded as a trivial or a dull employment of an evening. The nation which boasts of Shakspeare and his great contemporaries, and which produced the family of the Kembles, should continue to boast of its stage. But in order to become a subject of legitimate pride, the stage itself must retrace many a long and heedless step in the path of error, and by assuming to itself a vocation to guide rather than follow the caprices of the public, regain the grounds at least of self-respect, before it can re-acquire its true position among the arts which minister to the instruction as well as to the amusement of an age. As matters are now, the scene-painter and the upholsterer have become our Bettertons and Garricks.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CINGALESE.

By DR. BOWRING.

HAD the creative Power which forms the rainbows,
And dwells among them, but the gift of motion—
That would be Buddha!

Better one cultivated son
Than many—how many! a silly one;
Better one moon that shines afar,
Than many—how many! a twinkling star.

As one lamp kindled may convey
To thousands more a living ray,
So one man's virtues may create,
Like kindling lamps, a virtuous state.

You may stretch out a helping hand,
To a stick floating from the strand;
But never fancy that you may
Arrest the wicked on his way.
Though bathed in milk from morn to night,
You cannot wash black charcoal white;
Nor, though you whelm them o'er with good,
Teach the ungrateful gratitude.

Whene'er deformity hath dared aspire
To beauty's proud possession, what is born
But bitter misery to the deformed?

As the morning sun displaces
All heaven's lamps with brighter day;
So the sun of Buddha chases
Every sceptic star away.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF RAJAGAHA.

SHALL I describe the charms of Rajagaha?
Its borders shine with silver, gold, and gems;
Ten thousand chariots crowd its peopled streets,
O'er which gay banners wave, amid the smiles
Of women, beautiful as angels are;
And roaring elephants, and neighing steeds,
And groups of joyous peasants, and stout men
Clapping uplifted hands—and streaming flags—
Drums beating—viols playing—athlete youths
Struggling for victory. Palaces of gold,
Where pearl-nets are suspended, and small bells
Of gold are tinkling, and the *kalpa* trees
Felicity-conferring.* All is wealth,
All is prosperity: delightful scene!

Pradepekawa.

At the great temple-shrine of Jetawana,
In Sewat's mighty city (second only
To Alaka, throne of the mighty king),
Buddha presided; it o'erflowed with wealth,
Was filled with potent armies—troops of foot,
And horse, and elephants—chariots, bearing men
Able to cope with demigods, and conquer.
The swiftest steeds, the strongest elephants—
Double-tusked elephants, whose flapping ears
Drive off the swarms of bees, which drink the ichor
Exuding from their cheeks.† What spacious buildings
In rows and squares harmonious! Hills as high
As Himalaya! Porticos and towers,
Arches and gates, and forts and batteries strong—
There Buddha sat presiding.

Dewadhuta Sutra Sama.

The virtuous live promoting others' bliss,
Which in promoting they secure their own;
Just as a lamp which, when enkindled, is
Th' enkindler of a thousand, losing none
Of its own splendour.

When the nocturnal spirit saw the goddess
Of evening sip the honey of the moonbeams,
Swift, but indignant, she approached, and smiling,
Exposed her glowing teeth. Night's iron staff
Waving, she made the evening flee—who fled,
Treasuring her scarlet jewel of a sun
Wrapt in the crimson mantle roll'd from clouds

* In the garden of Nidra are five heavenly trees, one of which produces as its fruit whatever is the object of desire to the person who approaches it.

† The fancy that a fragrant perspiration flows from the cheeks of the elephant, and attracts the bee, like the odours of flowers, is frequently referred to by Cingalese poets, one of whom represents a swarm of bees as exhausted by pursuing, in search of honey, the elephants through a forest.

Of scarlet ; and while yet departing, she
 Flung back a silver salver into heaven,
 From which fell honey-drops ; and as they fell
 They brightened into moons and spangled stars.
Gangarohana.

The Spirit of Night appeared—the world was dark :
 Then came the Sun, with his attendant beams,
 Smiling in mercy from the orient gate,
 And pining, died the Night ; but dying, shed
 Her tears around in multitudinous dew.
 A million lotuses awoke to birth
 From pregnant ponds, to welcome day's approach,
 And humming bees sang songs of victory.

Perfection is not mortal's dower ;
 The lotus—fairest, sweetest flower—
 The water's pride, the garden's gem,
 Hath yet a thorn upon its stem.

The greatness and the grandeur of the city
 Must captivate all eyes and win all hearts ;
 In it the wealth of all the world is centred ;—
 Chant, then, the glories of the illustrious King,
 Of Siri Rajah Sinha and his virtues :
 Chief of th' illustrious city. Lo ! his feet
 Are like the lotus, beautiful, adorned
 With rich-gemmed chaplets from all neighbouring chiefs.
 Glory be his, and victory ! for his name
 Shall equal Siva's, and the King of Stars.
 Of Manu's royal race,—a lion he,
 Who, when like furious elephants, his foes
 Th' adjacent kings attack, doth, lion-like,
 Triumph!

Sewulsandaia.

O, when I mourned his absence most,—
 Most longed for his returning day,—
 The chosen of my heart I lost,
 By death's dark angel spatch'd away.

The peacocks are hid in the tree-covered mountains,
 Where they range in their beauty, and sport as they will ;
 They meet and disperse, where the streams and the fountains
 Pour forth their sweet music—hill echoing to hill.

As the blown lotus worshipped by the bee,
 A fairer lotus, king-adored, is she ;
 Sweet, flowery wreaths her forehead shadow o'er,
 Than beauty's goddess beautiful far more.

Having learnt that thou wert coming,
 All my heart was brimmed with bliss ;
 Now that very heart's consuming
 With a misery, such as this,—
 That thou comest not. Thus bereft,
 Nought for me but death is left.

If Nidra's thousand eyes could see, and make
 The thousand mouths of Anantaya speak
 Of one of Pawa's thousand charms, their art
 Could not discover even the thousandth part.

Long life be thine, fair pigeon! Friendly bird!
 Thy white plumes blending into gold; thy feet,
 So brightly red, resemble the smooth conch,
 With corals hung, which milky ocean forms;
 Or the autumnal sky, with suns and stars
 Bespangled. When upon a gentle breeze,
 Slow moving in the heavens, thou didst appear
 Like a full-blossom'd lily from the skies,
 Dropping to earth. Some said a lotus-bud,
 Fallen from the stream celestial.* Others vowed
 Thou wert a ray that beamed from Buddha's throne,†
 And worshipped thee with incense. Goddesses
 Kissed thee, and hailed thee as a heavenly flower,
 Born in Nandana's‡ garden. Come, fair bird!
 Come whence thou mayst, thou'rt welcome. Come in peace,
 Come safely, for thy presence bringeth bliss.

'Learn to forgive'—so said the ancient rules
 Of wisdom, taught in wisdom's highest schools—
 'The faults of wives and children—bards and fools.'

He left his stately elephant, and sped
 With springing feet among the forest trees;
 Their flowers were musical with buzz of bees,
 And jessamines and oleanders spread
 Through the cool air their odorous fragrances.

Who shall resist me when I wear
 My beautiful robes, so deftly wove—
 When I wreath with odorous flowers my hair,
 And dance and sing the songs of love?

The forest-bee wrapt in the flowret at night,
 Escaped when its petals admitted the light;
 And the lotus-eyed beauty, till morning had risen,
 Held in sleepless delight the charm'd prince in her prison.§

* The river that waters the gardens of Nidra.

† The rays emanating from Buddha are said to be of dazzling beauty, and to exhibit six of the seven prismatic colours. There is a belief in Ceylon that such rays sometimes proceed from the tooth of Buddha, and are also now and then emitted from the most sacred of the temples of Buddha.

‡ The garden of Nidra.

§ King Kumaradas conceived an attachment to a lady of great personal attractions, and during his visit one evening at her house, which was situated on the borders of a beautiful pond overgrown with lotuses, the King observed that a bee which had alighted upon a lotus, and 'sat on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet,' was insensibly imprisoned within the fading petals of this flower of the oriental bard. A felicitous poetical idea, having reference to the danger of his own situation, was the result of the observation, and the Royal poet, not wishing to give utterance to the whole of his sentiments, left the two following lines on the walls of the apartment which he then occupied, with the addition of a promise to grant the request of any one who should complete the stanza:—

'The forest-bee, which reached its sweets without bruising the flower,
 Escaped with life when the flower had expanded.'

The poet Kalidas being on a visit to the lady, read the inscription, and completed the verse by superscribing these two additional lines:—

'As the relation of the sun (the King), in company with the lotus-eyed beauty,
 Was without sleep to his eyes.'

The original is full of alliterations and double meanings.

Alivis Sidath Sangarawa, Colombo, 1852.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

IF there are certain existences more complicated, more romantic, more improbable, in a word, than any imaginary romance ever spun from the prolific brain of modern novelist, we may cite in the very first rank those of the French actresses of the past century. In this golden age of frivolity the fair daughters of Thespis knew how to live; they might be likened to the grasshoppers of the sunny hour, which sing and dance through the live long summer's day, without reflecting that November will come. November, with its cheerless days, its dreary, endless nights, its fogs, and rains, and frosts. The present race of actresses are of an entirely different stamp; they have learned by heart La Fontaine's fable, and more than one among them, like the ant, thinks only of winter during her golden days of spring. Like all moralists, La Fontaine has preached falsely so far as the stage is concerned; there it is not the ant, but rather the grasshopper, whose example is taught and followed, while the disciples of the fabulist form only the exception to the general rule.

It would require the pencil of a Watteau or a Vanloo faithfully to depict the careless frankness of Mademoiselle Clairon—that queen of the French stage—who stripped off all the petals from the flowers of life with regal ardour, who was charming even in her follies, and who, after having lived for years as the spoilt and prodigal child of fortune, taking money with one hand to scatter it with the other, died at length as a sage, poor, aged, solitary, and forgotten.

A few years before her death Mademoiselle Clairon wrote her '*Mémoires*,' *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, since they were not intended to appear till after her death. A faithless friend, however, having published a German translation of these reminiscences, Mademoiselle Clairon in consequence, on the 28th Thermidor, year VI. of the Republic, wrote as follows to the editor of the *Publiciste*:—'Since my book has appeared in a foreign country, the fear of failing in the

gratitude and respect I owe to the public and to my nation determines me to print myself this essay. Signed, La Citoyenne Clairon.'

By following the career of the celebrated actress in her *Mémoires*, in the newspapers and journals of the day, and in the various published letters of the time, it is easy to discover, word for word, her strange and ever-shifting life, such, in short, as love and chance had made it. Let this article, then, be regarded only as a patient study over which fancy will not once come to shake the golden dust from off her radiant wings. But who knows if, in studying the life of a French actress, there is not more philosophy to be gleaned than in the history of a queen consort of France. For, whether the queen of the theatre or the queen of France is the more royal, who will venture to determine?

Mademoiselle Clairon (Claire, Hippolyte, Leyris de la Tude) was born at Condé, in Hainault, in the year 1723. We will leave her to relate, in her own words, the circumstances attending her birth, which circumstances, it must be allowed, were highly significant of her future career:—'It was the custom of the little city in which I was born, for all parties to meet together during the carnival time at the houses of the wealthiest citizens, in order to pass the entire day in dancing and other amusements. Far from disapproving of these recreations, the curé partook of them in company with his parishioners, and travestied himself like the rest. During one of these *fête* days my mother, who was but seven months advanced in pregnancy, suddenly brought me into the world, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. I was so feeble that every body imagined a few moments would terminate my career. My grandmother, a woman of eminent piety, was anxious that I should be carried at once to the church, in order that I might there receive the rite of baptism. Not a living soul was to be found either at the church or the parsonage. A neighbour having informed the party that all the city

was at a carnival entertainment at the house of a certain wealthy citizen, thither was I carried with all possible despatch. Monsieur le Curé, dressed as harlequin, and his vicar as Giles, imagining from my appearance that not a moment was to be lost, hastily arranged upon a sideboard everything necessary for the ceremony, stopped the fiddle for a moment, muttered over me the consecrated words, and sent me back to my mother a Christian—at least in name.

It is amusing to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in her old age, philosophizing over her past life, and giving utterance, upon the sayings and doings of her early years, to certain profoundly serious reflections. As an old woman she is as sentimentously grave as she was inconsiderately gay in her youth; she lends an attentive ear to the whispered reminiscences of her heart, and she writes; she demands the secret of her life, and she endeavours to reply. After eleven reflections, each worthy of Socrates, she comes to this, the twelfth one: 'In order to fulfil the duty imposed upon me by reason, to be in a state of judging myself, must I not go back to the principle of all? What am I? What have I done? What have I been in a condition to effect? Providence deposited me in the bosom of a poor bourgeoisie, free, feeble, and ignorant; my misfortune preceded my birth.'

From this point starts old Hippolyte Clairon, with all the gravity of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to relate, in good set terms, the history of her past existence. In this narrative of her life we ever find philosophy predominating; we feel that she had too frequently 'assisted,' as the French have it, at the suppers of the encyclopedists. Her manner of writing recalls, also, her manner of acting; she preserves throughout the solemn, pompous accent of the stage; in short, from the title to the conclusion of these singular memoirs, which, far from displaying, rather masks the writer, we discover not a single ingenuous expression, nor hear a single cry which seems to spring from the heart.

We are already acquainted with the circumstances attending the

birth of Mademoiselle Clairon. Her mother, it would appear, had not only the misfortune to be poor, she was also ill-tempered, bigoted, and superstitious; a rigidly strict Roman Catholic, she endeavoured to beat religion into her daughter, and would torment her youthful mind with pictures of hell, and its endless torments. Poor little Hippolyte, although now a girl of eleven years of age, had never been allowed to play about out of doors with children of her own age; she was a little, pale, thin, Cinderella-like creature, debarred of all the amusements suited to her years, her sole distractions being limited to the perusal of two books—the catechism and a prayer book.

Madame Clairon, in order to get rid of her daughter during certain hours of the day, was accustomed to shut her up by herself in an unfurnished room at the top of the house, where she would leave her, with strict injunctions to ply her needle diligently. But Hippolyte, who was born a queen, as others are born servants, could never by any chance keep a needle between her fingers. What, then, was she to do in her prison? 'Suppose I open the window?' thought she. She made the attempt, but was unsuccessful—she could not reach the fastening; in despair, she climbed upon a stool, and pressed her face close to one of the panes: as she was on the fourth story, her view was limited to the roofs and chimney-pots and garret-windows of the opposite houses. All at once a large window in front of her was thrown open, and a magical spectacle struck her childish eyes: it so happened that the celebrated Mademoiselle Dangeville lived in the opposite house, and she was at this precise hour taking a dancing lesson. 'I was all eyes,' writes Clairon in her *Mémoires*; 'not one of her graceful movements escaped me. She was surrounded by the members of her family. The lesson over, every one applauded, and her mother tenderly embraced her. This contrast between her lot and my own filled me with grief, and my fastflowing tears shut out the scene from my view. I descended mournfully from my perch, in order to give full vent to

my sorrow; and when the throbbing of my heart had in some measure subsided, and I was able to regain my position, all had disappeared.'

At first she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses; she imagined that all was a dream; she pondered in her mind what she had seen, and was sad and happy at the same time, in the thought that there were daughters in the world who were not beaten and locked up in garrets by their mothers, with no companions save a catechism and a prayer book. At these thoughts her tears would flow afresh; but soon, without wishing it, she began involuntarily to copy what she had seen, and she would dance and jump about her little chamber, in humble imitation of the sylphlike motions of the beautiful Mademoiselle Dangeville. From this time forth her prison chamber became a paradise for her. She would get herself locked up, on some pretext or other, every day; and as soon as the key was turned in the door, she would climb joyfully up to her post of observation at the window, and remain there a motionless, silent, but enthusiastic spectator of the dancing lesson of her fair neighbour.

One evening, when there was some company at her mother's, she said to a gentleman who was chatting with her—'Tell me, sir, are there women who pass their lives in dancing?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'actresses. But why do you ask?' She then related to him mysteriously what she had lately seen from her garret window. 'I understand,' said the visitor, 'you have seen Mademoiselle Dangeville, who lives opposite.' The gentleman turned then to her mother: 'Madame Clairon,' said he, 'I must take your daughter, Hippolyte, with me to the theatre to-night.' 'To the theatre!' exclaimed Madame Clairon, in horror, 'you might as well ask me to let her go to the kingdom of darkness at once.' 'Pardon me, madam, the mischief is already done; you have yourself unwittingly taken your daughter to the theatre by shutting her up in the garret, from the window of which she has

heard over the way.' Scarcely had the visitor ceased speaking, when little Hippolyte, carried away by the force of her reminiscences, bounded into the middle of the room, and reproduced, with a fidelity absolutely astonishing, the pirouettes and entrechats of her fair original. Loud was the applause; and even her mother, who never laughed with her daughter, could not keep her countenance. It was arranged that Hippolyte should go to the theatre the following night.

It was at the Comedie Française that Mademoiselle Clairon made her entry into the world. For her the theatre was the universe entire; so great was her joy, so excessive her delight, so lively her astonishment, that, as she herself expressed it, she was afraid of going mad. Three weeks afterwards, this little girl, who was then but twelve years of age, made her *début* on the stage of the Theatre Italien, under the protection of Deshayes. But the famous Thomassin, who had daughters to bring forward, ere long opposed the increasing success of our miniature debutante; and, strange as it may appear, a cabal was actually formed against the child, in order to obtain her dismissal from the 'Italiens,' where her delicate beauty and artless grace were the themes of universal admiration. On leaving the 'Italiens,' she obtained an engagement in the company directed by La Noul, at Rouen, to sing and dance, and play all the characters suited to her age.

After relating circumstantially this first period of her life, our philosophical actress pauses for reflection, and writes at the head of a page—RECAPITULATION. We should fail in our duty as historians were we to omit reproducing a portion of this curious page. 'So far,' she writes, 'I have nothing to reproach myself with: I knew nothing, I could do nothing; I blindly obeyed a destiny of which I have seen myself all my life at once the spoiled child and the victim.' We are accordingly to understand from this that Mademoiselle Clairon could not escape those frequent deviations from the path of rectitude of which her career exhibits so many deplorable examples. According to her view of the matter,

destiny—that convenient scapegoat of the worldly-minded, the extravagant, and the gay—led her, despite herself, into all the faults and follies of which she in after life was guilty.

At Rouen, Mademoiselle Clairon had her laureate and her libellist united in the person of an individual by name Gaillard. As she herself expresses it, he possessed in an eminent degree the art of rhyming and supping-out, two indispensable qualifications in the eighteenth century. The salary of our heroine having been raised to about a thousand crowns a-year, her mother, Madame Clairon, began to ape the airs of a mistress of the house; she instituted a supper every Thursday night, to which were admitted all the wealthy admirers of her daughter. Gaillard used to season the *gigots* with madrigals, in which Venus and Vesta were treated in the light of ragged adventuresses when compared to Mademoiselle Hippolyte Clairon. Gaillard, however, did not content himself with singing the praises of the pretty actress; he dared to love her. After sighing for about six months, he succeeded in gaining over an old duenna, who, for a consideration, put him up to all the turnings and windings of the house. One morning, while Mademoiselle Clairon was studying in bed, Gaillard penetrated to the chamber door, and exclaimed, in impassioned accents, that he was going to cast himself on his knees before her. Our actress, highly incensed that any one should dare to appear in her presence at such an unseemly hour, without more ado sprang out of bed, and armed with her anger and a trusty poker, unceremoniously drove the audacious madrigalist not only out of the room, but out of the house also. Gaillard, indignant at being thus treated by an actress whose adventures were already matter of public notoriety, wrote his famous book—a book, it must be admitted, utterly destitute of either style, wit, or vigour—entitled, *Histoire de Mademoiselle Fretillon*. Gaillard was amply and cruelly avenged for his ignominious treatment at the hands of Mademoiselle Clairon, for this

disgraceful libel saddened her fairest years. His victim, however, was herself in turn avenged, for so violent was the outcry raised by the public against the author of the pamphlet, that Gaillard was compelled to seek safety in a hasty flight from the kingdom.

It would take a 'forty-author power' to follow our heroine through all the scenes, adventures, and follies of her early years, a faithful narration of which would fill at least a dozen volumes, and would moreover, we fear, but little edify our readers. From Rouen, Mademoiselle Clairon proceeded to Lille, and from thence to Ghent, from which last-named town she was obliged to make a nocturnal flight, in order to escape from the power of a British General, who wanted, right or wrong, to marry her, and carry her off with him to England. At Dunkirk, whither she had sought shelter from her ardent lover, she received, through the commandant of the place, an order to appear on the Parisian stage. Much had been spoken of Fretillon, and the gentlemen of the chamber judged in their wisdom that so pretty a girl should belong by right to the Parisians only. At the Opera she accordingly appeared as *Venus* in the opera of *Hésione*. Although an indifferent musician, she was much applauded, for in those days people applauded beauty as well as talent.

Shortly afterwards Mademoiselle Clairon quitted the Opera, and made her first appearance at the Comedie-Française in the part of *Phédre*. In the provinces she had played chiefly the *soubrettes*, and at the Comedie-Française she was engaged to double Mademoiselle Dangeville. Previous, however, to signing her engagement, she declared, to the great surprise of the comedians, that it was her intention to perform the great tragic parts; to this request the comedians assented, stipulating merely that she should sing and dance in the musical pieces. They were all thoroughly convinced that she would be hissed on her *débüt*, and hence be compelled to sing and dance only. It so happened that during her provincial career she had played four or five tragic parts. Marshal Sar-

razin having accidentally seen her play the character of *Eriphile*, at Rouen, had predicted that she would one day be the ornament of the French stage. She was anxious most probably to show the world that Sarrazin's judgment was a correct one. Previous to her *début* the comedians had indulged in many a hearty laugh at what they deemed the absurd pretensions of the proud Hippolyte. She disdained to rehearse her part; and on the morning of her *début* she sent a message to the theatre to say that she was ready to appear, and only awaited the rising of the curtain. All Paris flocked on that evening to the Comedie-Française in the expectation of having a good laugh at little Fretillon; but scarcely had she given utterance to the first few lines of her part when the entire audience rose enthusiastically; it was no longer little Clairon, the charming Fretillon who played the *soubrettes*, it was *Phedre* herself, in all her sovereign splendour, in all the majesty of passion. 'How tall she is!' 'How beautiful she is!' were the exclamations heard on all sides. From this time forth Mademoiselle Clairon was surnamed *Melpomene*, and became the idol of the Parisians.

The Comedie-Française was at that period so well administered, it possessed such intelligent protectors, that even the first subjects of the troop could scarcely live on their salaries. 'We were poor,' writes Mademoiselle Clairon, 'and unable to await the payment of what was due to us, and every week we would vainly solicit M. de Boulogne, then Comptroller-General, for the payment of the arrears of the king's pension.' But no one paid then, and Louis XV. less than all the rest. Thus we find that Mademoiselle Clairon—the star of the Theatre Française—owed to her beauty, and not to her talents, the Indian robes and diamonds which she wore. As she was fond of changing both her finery and her lovers, it would frequently happen that she would be left without either lovers or finery. One day Marshal Richelieu called upon her to request the honour of her presence at one of his *fêtes*. She

refused. 'Why?' demanded the Marshal. 'I have no dress to wear!' Richelieu burst out laughing. 'You have dresses of all countries, of all tastes, and all fancies.' 'No more, I can assure you, than one single dress besides the one you now see on my back. Our scanty receipts have compelled me to sell everything valuable I could spare, and what remains is in pawn; I can only show myself on the stage.'

Like all true talents, Mademoiselle Clairon had more than one enemy who denied her influence over the public. The critic Freron declared that her stentorian tones deafened the ears without moving the heart. Grimm, who came to France during the height of the actress's triumph, spoke of the squeakings of her voice. 'Squeakings, if you please,' said Diderot, 'but these squeakings, as you call them, have become the accents of passion.'

It was about this period that Mademoiselle Clairon hired, at the rate of 12,000 livres a year, the little house in the Rue des Marais, formerly inhabited by Racine. 'They tell me,' she writes in her *Mémoires*, 'that Racine dwelt there for forty years with all his family; that it was there he died; and that after his time it was there lived and died the touching Adrienne Lecouvreur. 'The walls alone of this house,' I said to myself, 'ought to suffice to make me feel the sublimity of the poet, and enable me to reach the talent of the actress. It is in this sanctuary that I ought to live and die.' All the poets of the day visited Mademoiselle Clairon in 'this sanctuary,' which we very much fear was on several occasions somewhat profaned. The quiet family dinner which Racine had showed his good sense and taste in preferring to the dinner spread on the king's table, was now replaced by the licentious *petit souper*; and the gay but frequently impure, and even blasphemous *chanson*, was now heard in spots consecrated by the genius of Racine, where the poet had so frequently let fall his Alexandrines as from a golden harp.

Mademoiselle Clairon, however, had become the heroine of the Comedie-Française. She had, if not

eclipsed, at least in some measure cast into shade Mesdemoiselles Dumesnil, Gaussin, and Dangeville. She maintained her sceptre until 1762. This, it must be said, was the golden era of the French stage, for in addition to these four celebrated actresses, such names could be cited as Molé, Grandval, Bellecour, Lekain, Preville, and Brizard. Mademoiselle Clairon, with her solemn air and majestic gait, was the presiding genius of this brilliant republic—a republic of kings and queens. Others, it might be said, possessed either more talent or more beauty, but Mademoiselle Clairon possessed renown.

She reigned fifteen years.

In the year 1762, although now approaching her decline, Mademoiselle Clairon was still spoken of as a theatrical marvel. We find the following lines referring to her in Bachaumont's *Mémoires Secrets*, under the date of January 20th:—'Mademoiselle Clairon is still the heroine; the mere announcement of her name is sufficient to draw a crowded house; so soon as she appears the applause is enthusiastic; her acting is a finished work of art. She has great nobility of gesture in the head; it is the Melpomene arranged by Phidias.' The same journalist afterwards passes the entire troop in review with exquisite delicacy of touch. Take for example this note on Mademoiselle Dumesnil:—'This actress drinks like a coachman; on the night she plays, her lackey is always in attendance in the coulisses, bottle in hand, to slake her insatiable thirst.'

In place of a lackey and a bottle of wine, Mademoiselle Clairon had in the coulisses an entire court of dissipated marquises, licentious abbés, and chirping poets. Marmontel, one evening, during a tavern supper, found her sublime. Marmontel was then a young scholar, rhyming tragedies, which the actors deigned to play and the public to applaud, out of respect for Voltaire, who had granted him a certificate of genius. He supped silently beside the eminent actress, thinking much more of composing a part for her than of speaking to her of love. 'What ails you?' said Clairon to him all at once; 'you are sad; I hope you are not

offering me such an affront as to be composing a tragedy during our supper?' Marmontel had the wit to reply that he was sad because he was in love. 'Child,' replied Clairon, 'is that the way you receive the gifts of your good genius?' 'Yes, because I love you.' 'Well, then, fall on your knees; I will raise you, and we will love each other as long as we can.' History does not inform us how long this attachment lasted, but it was not of very considerable duration. Marmontel has related, with the utmost complaisance, all the details of his follies with La Clairon, in that whimsical book of his, entitled *Mémoires d'un Père pour servir à l'instruction de ses Enfants*.

The Marquis de Ximenes was also one of the adorers of the great comedian; they loved like the Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, but a single *mot* put Cupid to flight for ever. Some one happened to say one night in the green-room of the Comédie Française, that the Marquis de Ximenes had turned Clairon's head. 'Yes,' replied she, arriving at that instant, 'on the other side.' The Marquis's love was not proof against this insult; the following day he returned the portrait of his innamorata, with these words written in pencil beneath it:—'This crayon drawing is like human beauty; it fades in the sunshine. Do not forget that your sun has long risen.'

Mademoiselle Clairon was not celebrated in France alone; all the foreign theatres summoned her by the voice of kings and queens. Garrick came to Paris expressly to see her play in *Cinna*. So delighted was he with the talent of the actress, that he caused a design to be engraved representing Mademoiselle Clairon arrayed in all the attributes of tragedy, her arm resting upon a pile of books on which might be read the names of Cornelle, Racine, Crebillon, and Voltaire. By her side stood Melpomene, crowning her with laurel. Beneath the design were inscribed these four lines, composed by Garrick himself:—

J'ai prédit que Clairon illustrerait la
scene,
Et mon espoir n'a point été déçu,
Longtemps Clairon couronna Melpo-
mène,
Melpomène lui rend ce qu'elle en a reçu.

These lame verses quickly made the circuit of the fashionable world. The enthusiastic admirers of the actress were not, however, contented with this homage paid by one sovereign of the stage to another; they instituted the order of the medallion; medals were struck, bearing Garrick's device, and with these they decorated themselves as proudly as though they had borne the Grand Cordon itself.

Our heroine had now attained the culminating point of her renown. She ruled with despotic sway, not only the stage, but the world of fashion; and in speaking of Madame de Pompadour, the reigning favourite, she even dared to say that '*she* owed her royalty to chance, while *I* owe mine to the power of my genius.' In vain did her numerous enemies strive to oppose her triumphs by all the means in their power; she had only to show herself in order to baffle all their machinations. 'In the world,' wrote Diderot, 'those who wished to ridicule her could not refrain from admiring her majestic eloquence.' She carried her sceptre, too, with a high hand. One day, when she was playing at the Theatre Française, on the occasion of a free performance, given by order of the king to the Parisians, she came on the stage between the two pierres, and threw handfuls of money into the pit. The worthy Parisians were gulled by this piece of theatrical quackery, and cried with enthusiasm, as they scrambled for the silver, *Vive le Roi! Vive Mademoiselle Clairon!* She had braved Madame de Pompadour; she dared to brave the king himself, under the impression that the public would revolt rather than lose her. At her table she received the cream of Parisian society—such as Mesdames de Chabillant, d'Aguillon, de Villeroy, de la Vallière, de Forcalquier, &c.; she was also a frequent guest at the tables of Madame du Deffant and Madame Geoffrin, who deigned occasionally to gather the pearls of her wit. The celebrated Russian princess, Madame de Galitzin, amazed at the talent of Mademoiselle Clairon, desired to leave her a regal souvenir of her admiration. 'What will you have, Clairon?' asked she, one evening at supper.

'My portrait, painted by Vanloo,' replied the actress. The painter, flattered by this preference, was anxious that the portrait should be worthy at the same time of Madame de Galitzin, Mademoiselle Clairon, and himself; he painted the actress as *Medea*, holding in one hand a torch, and in the other a poniard still reeking with the blood of her children. Louis XV. expressed a wish to see this picture; and if we are to believe one of the newspapers of the time, he paid a visit one morning for this express purpose to the atelier of Vanloo. His Majesty highly complimented both the artist and his models. 'You are fortunate,' said he to Carl Vanloo, 'in having such a sitter;' and turning to Mademoiselle Clairon—'You are fortunate, Mademoiselle, in having such a painter to immortalize your features. It is my earnest wish to bear a share in this work; I am the only person who can put a frame on this picture worthy of it, and I desire that it may be as beautiful as one as possible; and further, it is my wish that this portrait be engraved.' The frame cost five thousand livres, and the engraving ten thousand.

In the foregoing pages we have endeavoured to chronicle the rise and progress of our heroine's grandeur; we must now, as faithful historians, relate the history of her decline and fall. Mademoiselle Clairon counted among her enemies Laharpe and Freron; Laharpe, because she had obstinately refused to play in his tragedies; Freron, because she had preferred Voltaire to him. Laharpe avenged himself with his tongue, Freron with his pen. About this period, a certain actress, by name Mademoiselle Doligny, was attracting notice at the Theatre Française; Freron protected her; he judged that the moment was a favourable one to delineate her portrait in contradistinction to that of Mademoiselle Clairon, and he did so accordingly. The first, in the opinion of the journalist, was a model of grace and sensibility; the second, an abandoned woman, destitute alike of heart, soul, or intellect. In Freron's journal, Mademoiselle Clairon was not alluded to by name, but she had the bad taste to reco-

gnise herself in the portrait drawn by the critic. Filled with shame and rage, she hurried to the gentlemen of the chamber, and threatened to withdraw from the theatre unless instant justice was executed upon that horrible Freron. All Paris was in commotion; the king hastily summoned a meeting of his privy council, and a warrant was signed for the committal of Freron. The police-officers, according to order, came to seize his person. What could he oppose to the strong arm of the law? Our critic imagined a violent fit of the gout; he uttered cries of anguish, and declared that he could not move a finger without suffering tortures. This momentous affair occurred on the 14th of February, 1775; in a journal of the 16th, we find the following notice: 'The quarrel between Freron and Mademoiselle Clairon, *alias* the pamphleteer Aliboron and Queen Cleopatra, makes a great noise both at court and in the city. Monsieur l'Abbé de Voisenon, having, at the solicitation of some friends of the former, written a very pathetic letter to M. le Duc de Duras, gentleman of the chamber, the latter replied to the abbé, whom he highly esteemed, that it was the only favour he believed it his duty to refuse him, that this request could be granted only at the personal solicitation of Mademoiselle Clairon.' Glorious times these, truly, when a journalist, a man, moreover, possessed of more than one title to respect, should be threatened with imprisonment for expressing an opinion about an actress, or, what was an alternative much more humiliating, that he should owe his pardon to the actress whom he had offended. Sooner than submit to such degradation, Freron declared that he would suffer a thousand deaths. Strange as it may appear, this ridiculous affair was not only debated before the king, but was carried to the feet of the queen also. Marie Leczinska, who loved to show clemency, ordered that Freron should be pardoned, but Mademoiselle Clairon would not abide by the queen's decision; she declared to the gentlemen of the chamber that if Freron were not punished, she would certainly withdraw from

the theatre. Awful was the commotion. Mademoiselle Clairon demanded an audience of M. le Duc de Choiseul, prime minister, which was graciously acceded. 'Justice!' cried she, with her stage accent, as soon as the minister appeared. 'Mademoiselle,' replied the duke, with mock gravity, 'we both of us perform upon a great stage; but there is this difference between us: that you can choose your parts, and you have only to show yourself to be applauded; whilst I, on the contrary, have not this privilege, and what is still worse, as soon as I make my appearance I am hissed; let me do my best or my worst, it is all the same; I am criticised, ridiculed, abused, condemned, yet for all that I remain at my post, and if you take my advice you will do the same. Let us then, both of us, sacrifice our private resentments to the good of our country, and serve it, each in our own way, to the best of our power. And, besides, the queen having parlooned, you can, without compromising your dignity, imitate her majesty's clemency.'

In a journal of the 21st of February we read as follows:—'The queen of the stage has held a meeting of her friends, presided over by the Duc de Duras, at which it was determined that M. de Saint Florentin should be threatened with the immediate desertion of the entire troop unless speedy justice were done to the modern Melpomene for the insolence of Freron. This line of conduct has greatly disturbed M. de Saint Florentin, and this minister has written to the queen, stating that the affair has become one of the vastest importance; that for a length of time matter of such serious import has not been discussed at court (!) that in fact the court is divided into two factions on the question, and that, despite his profound respect for the commands of her Majesty, he much fears he will be compelled to obey the original orders of the king.' In the end, however, Freron was saved from imprisonment by a combination of three circumstances, viz., the gout which he had not, the clemency of Marie Leczinska, but chiefly because, *mirabile dictu*, Mademoiselle

Clairon herself was sent to For l'Evêque!

In the annals of the French stage there are few stories more supremely ridiculous than that of the comedians in ordinary to the king, who, at the moment of commencing the performance refused to play because his Majesty had added to the troop an individual whom they judged unworthy of being a member of their aristocratic body. Mademoiselle Clairon was at the head of this revolt also, but her star was beginning to pale in the theatrical firmament, her crown of roses was beginning to show its thorns. On this occasion, the pit, exasperated to the highest point at not having its accustomed entertainment, angrily shouted aloud *La Clairon à l'hôpital*. Her fate was sealed! The pit of a theatre is for the actors the Prætorian guard. This momentous event occurred on the 15th of April, 1775; on the ensuing day the papers contained the following announcement: 'Astonishing fermentation in Paris! A special Privy Council has been held at the house of M. de Sartines, at which it was determined that the culprits in the late theatrical *emute* should be sent to For l'Evêque. Mademoiselle Clairon receives the visits of the court and city.' That very day, however, she went to For l'Evêque *before that rascal Freron*, to use her own expression to the Intendant of Paris. Next morning Sophie Arnould related the story of her capture in almost these words: 'Fretillon was in the height and glory of her receptions, playing the grand lady to the admiration of all, when an unannounced visitor made his appearance, in the shape of a police officer, who very unceremoniously desired her to follow him to For l'Evêque, by order of the king. 'I am submissive to the commands of his Majesty,' said she, with her usual pompous stage accent; 'my property, my person, my life are in his hands; but my honour will remain intact, for even the king himself cannot touch that.' 'Very true, Mademoiselle,' replied the alguazil, 'for where there is nothing the king necessarily loses his rights.'

At For l'Evêque Mademoiselle Clairon found not a cell, but an

apartment, which her friends, the Duchesses of Villeroy and de Duras and Madame de Sauvigny, had furnished for her with great magnificence. We read, in a journal of the 20th of April: 'Mademoiselle Clairon converts into a triumph a punishment which was intended as a humiliation. A crowd of carriages besiege the gates of the prison; she gives, we understand, divine suppers; in short, is leading, at For l'Evêque, a life of princely luxury.' This method of imprisoning actresses was not, it must be admitted, a very cruel one. One might say they kept open house, for there they received their lovers and friends, and supped from night till morning; and then, as the finishing stroke to this luxurious captivity, so soon as their incarceration became a little wearisome there was always to be found some accommodating physician, who would seriously declare that their lives were in danger. So it was in this instance, for, after a week's feasting, Mademoiselle Clairon was authorised, thanks to the certificate of the jail doctor, to return to her own house, where she was directed to consider herself a prisoner, for the space of thirteen days more.

A deputation from the king and the gentlemen of the chamber, shortly afterwards waited upon her, to solicit her re-appearance on the stage of the Comedie Française, but she had still at heart the terrible words: *La Clairon à l'hôpital*. 'It is not,' she said, 'the king who ought to solicit my re-appearance at a theatre he never visits,—it is the public; I await the orders of the public.' But the fickle public had had time, during the short absence of its former sovereign, to choose another queen; it chose two, indeed—Mademoiselle Dubois and Mademoiselle Raucourt—queens of a day, it is true, but still sufficiently regal to dethrone the ancient one. Mademoiselle Clairon, dreading forgetfulness like death, no longer willing to appear before a public that had adored her for twenty years only, had horses put to her carriage one day, and took her departure from Paris. 'I am ill,' she said; 'I am going to consult Tronchin; but it was to Voltaire she went, and the

little theatre of Ferney ere long rang with her stentorian accents.

She returned to Paris in the winter, and found winter everywhere: in her deserted house, among her forgetful friends, and also among her scattered lovers. She resumed, however, her former train of life, but the grain of sadness sown in her heart had germinated. In vain did she summon the *élite* of Parisian society to her exquisite *petits soupers*, in vain did she receive the oaths and protestations of M. de Valbelle, and line her carriage with silk, in an attempt to vie in luxury with the brilliant Guimard. She suffered deeply, for she had lost, at the same time, both her youth and her glory; she was fated to live, from henceforth, upon two tombs.

We will pass over in silence that portion of our heroine's life which she spent at the court of the Margrave of Anspach, a petty German prince, fashioned upon the model of Louis XV., who was accustomed to leave to his mistresses the care of his dominions, and who had offered her his heart and a share of his palace. Though her position at the Margrave's court was an equivocal one enough, it cannot be denied that during her sojourn there she did a great deal of good: debts, old and new, were gradually liquidated, taxes reduced, agriculture usefully protected, and the city of Anspach adorned with a monumental fountain; while the Clairon Hospital, one of her last gifts to the community, put the crowning grace to her numerous benefactions, and rendered her name universally beloved, by the poorer classes especially. Born thirteen years before the Margrave, she might almost have been his mother, and he, indeed, used to give her this title; but court intrigue was brought into play to dethrone the grey-haired Egeria, and, after a reign of seventeen years, she quitted for ever the scene of her diplomatic labours, and returned, once more, to Paris, poorer, by a great deal, than when she had left it. The illustrious actress, who formerly had a coach and four, and had seen all Paris at her feet, now fell into the extreme of poverty. But such is ever the end of those

charming butterflies which shine only in the morning of life. Mademoiselle Guimard, for example, who, in the spring time of her success, when she had in her magnificent hotel a private theatre and a winter garden, had refused the hand of a prince, was very glad, in after life, to marry her dancing-master. Sophy Arnould, again, after having spent her early years in almost unexampled luxury and profusion, went, uncomplainingly, when her winter had set in, to seek shelter and a morsel of bread at the hands of her hairdresser. Mademoiselle Clairon, who had lived as a queen and a sultana, who never deigned to hold a needle in her fingers, and had seen all the grand seigneurs of an entire generation humbly kissing the dust of her feet, found herself, at the age of sixty-five, reduced to the necessity of mending, with her own hands, her ragged dresses, of making her own bed, and sweeping out every morning the dust of her poor and solitary chamber. But, ever a woman of strong mind, she bore her poverty bravely; she turned philosopher, like all the rest of them, in those days, and, when some old friend or acquaintance chanced to call, she would, in conversation, live all her bright days o'er again.

By degrees, however, she met with some friends, and managed to scrape together some small portion of her scattered wealth. A worthy *bourgeois* family took her under their protection, and a few rays of wintry sunshine illumined her declining years. Entirely engrossed with her philosophy, she wrote much, and more than one of her works is worthy of being placed beside those of J. J. Rousseau. In addition to her *Mémoires*, Mademoiselle Clairon wrote a prodigious number of letters; the Comte de Valbelle had received for his own share alone the enormous quantity of fifteen hundred. The loss of this correspondence is much to be regretted, if we may judge of it by the style of the small number of letters which remain, wherein the most captious criticism can scarcely discover a fault, either as regards expression, sensibility, or purity of style and language.

Her *Mémoires*, however, have had the widest circle of readers, and yet even this book, which was given to the world by the actress as a faithful narrative of her life, is far from being the accurate mirror she evidently intended the public to suppose. Whether through delicacy, or through a fear of speaking the whole truth, she has concealed many acts of her life, and glided hastily and superficially over others. What made the most noise, however, in her book was the celebrated history of her ghost. She relates circumstantially in her *Mémoires* the various malicious pranks played upon her for some years by the ghost of a young Breton, whom she had pitilessly left to die of love. In this recital, given by our authoress to the world with the utmost seriousness and good faith, we can easily recognise the natural effect of those visions which modern physiology has so clearly explained and accounted for; and as she quoted witnesses at the same time, we doubt not that her friends had humoured her weakness, either for the purpose of pleasing her, or for their own amusement. She wrote, moreover, fifty years after the event, and could at best only translate the feeble impressions of an irreflective youth. This tale, besides, would not, we are firmly persuaded, have ever seen the light had not narratives of spirits and apparitions been at that period all the rage in the fashionable circle of Paris.

An actress who dies a devotee always resembles in our idea a boatman pulling lustily toward an unknown shore, upon which he ever keeps his back most pertinaciously turned. The actress rows all her life among shoals and quicksands, even in the heyday of her youth nourishing a most unaccountable and petrel-like love of storms and tempests; but when in the evening of her days she finds that her poor frail bark, in its shattered and leaky condition will no longer sustain her, but is ready at every wave to sink and leave her to her fate, she returns if there is yet time, and falls a kneeling suppliant on the shore. But Mademoiselle Clairon had another method of thinking; she did not wish to die a devotee on the plea that she dared not offer to her Maker a heart profaned during half-a-century by every human passion. One day a priest having set before her the example of Mary Magdalen, she replied that Mary Magdalen had repented in her youth, she could still sacrifice at the foot of the cross many worldly thoughts, and hopes, and passions. She persisted then in dying as a philosopher; believing in God as the philosophers did: by the mind that reasons not by the heart which feels, and believes, and loves. How true it is that 'the world by wisdom knows not God!'

She died on the 11th Pluviose, in the year XL of the Republic and indivisible, in the parish of St. Thomas Aquinas. May she rest in peace!

APRÈS MOI.

OH! earlier shall the rose-buds bow
In after years—those happier years;
And children weep, when we lie low,
Far fewer tears—far softer tears.
Oh! true shall boyish laughter ring
Like tinkling chimes—in kinder times;
And merrier shall the maidens sing,
And I not there—and I not there!
Like lightning in the summer night
Their mirth shall be—so quick and free;
But oh! the flash of their delight
I shall not see—I may not see.
In deeper dream, with wider range
Those eyes shall shine—but not on mine;
And oh! unblest by worldly change
The dead must rest—the dead shall rest.

W. J.

THE SESSION AND THE MINISTRY.

THE Session of 1853 will have a very distinct character in our parliamentary annals. Some sessions possess no marked features whatever, and leave a vague impression upon the memory; others have been loud and exciting while they lasted, but have left little or no results behind them; others, again, stood out as eras in history, like that of the Reform Bill or of Corn-Law Repeal, and wear a dramatic and almost romantic aspect, such as that memorable year when Peel fell from power, like a great captain after a great victory. The session which has just closed will not be famous for fiery debates or close divisions, neither can it rank with those periods of peaceful revolution, which mark from time to time the course of our constitutional government. Yet it will have a history, and, we may add, a hero, of its own. Its history will record an extraordinary amount of good work well done, and the hero of the tale will undoubtedly be Mr. Gladstone. The last, and indeed the only great political conflict since the fall of Sir Robert Peel, was the struggle of December, 1852. None who were present will ever forget the excitement of that debate, and the encounter between the then Chancellor of the Exchequer and his successor which closed it; the one so desperate, the other so commanding; the one dying so game upon the Treasury bench, the other so strong in the confidence of victory. As Mr. Gladstone was the champion of the victorious party upon that occasion, so, as the author of the Budget of 1853, has he been the foremost figure in this year's House of Commons. Although others have played their parts well, no one has contributed so much as he has done to the success of Lord Aberdeen's Government. About the reality of that success there can hardly be two opinions. For ourselves, we hold, that if the Ministry were not to survive another year, it would have amply justified its formation, by the services which it has already rendered to the country. Its origin and its progress have been equally

remarkable — the latter unprecedented in the history of politics. A 'coalition' government, it had the misfortune of a bad name to begin with—a name associated in English minds with want of principle and want of permanence, with factiousness and failure—a name ready-made to point the sneer of every scribbler in Opposition newspapers, of every ranter on Opposition benches. That disadvantage, which is as embarrassing to a government as to an individual, it has already outlived. We now hardly meet with the word 'coalition,' even in the columns of the *Herald*. Mr. Disraeli has thrown away the pointless weapon, and even Colonel Sibthorp has not picked it out of the dirt. But the Aberdeen Government has outgrown the weakness of its birth as well as the calamity of its baptism, and has attained to a degree of health and strength surprising to friend and foe. Starting with no party that it could call its own, it has carried great measures with a high hand, and by majorities in both Houses almost equal to those wielded by Sir Robert Peel. Composed of heterogeneous materials derived from different regions of the political world, it has rivalled in vigour that compact administration which, in 1841, passed over as one body from the Opposition to the Treasury bench. Nay, it seems to have gained strength from the individuality of its members, like the faggot in the fable; let us say, like the 'bundle of sticks,' for we defy the joke of a gay weekly contemporary, well-known to our club-room and May-Fair readers, whose political *badinage* reminds us more of the pleasant small-talk at *Mr. Coxingaby's* table, than of that vulgar tongue generally employed by the Press, as being more easily 'understood of the people.'

But if the growth and progress of the Government has been rapid and remarkable, equally so has been the decay and dissolution of the Derbyite party. The compact array on which Lord Derby reckoned last December, as about to follow him into

Opposition, has dwindled to a number difficult to estimate, but certainly far below that of which he then boasted himself the leader. Nothing can be more curious than a comparison of the two divisions of the 16th of December and the 2nd of May, which decided the fate of Mr. Disraeli's and Mr. Gladstone's Budget, respectively, the one being rejected by a majority of 19, the other adopted by a majority of 71. Of those who voted with Mr. Disraeli upon the former occasion, 64 did not vote with him upon the latter, while of these no fewer than 47 supported by their votes the financial policy of Mr. Gladstone. The conduct of these gentlemen is very intelligible. In December, they supported a Government recommended to them at least by the traditions of party, while they doubted or disbelieved in the possibility of a better, or perhaps of any other, being found to succeed it. In May, they supported a Government which had not existed a few months before in any definite shape, but which since that time had proved itself fitted for the occasion, able to do the nation's work well, and worthy of their confidence, while the Ministry which they had endeavoured to maintain in December was not only dead and gone, but so discredited and disorganized as to make many of its former friends little anxious for its resurrection. Many things have contributed to that discredit,—the breakdown of the Disraeli Budget, the lamentable disclosures at the Admiralty and elsewhere—the very contrast of the present Administration. Men see clearly now, as they look back, that in spite of the estimable character of some of its members (let us mention with respect the name of Mr. Walpole), and the genius of the leaders in either House, the Derby Government was feeble in capacity, without a trustworthy policy, and terribly wanting in true patriotism, because driven by the temptations of a false position, itself the consequence of former political sins, to struggle by unworthy means for mere existence. The disorganization of that official body is equally evident. It has betrayed itself by many incidents, in and out of

Parliament, by many a division-list, by many a speech, and by many a silence.

The adverse vote or absence of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley on more than one occasion when bigotry and dulness demanded the aid of genius,—the hand which the former gallantly stretched out to Mr. Keogh, in a way as creditable to himself as it must have been provoking to those who sought to blacken the politician with whom they had coquetted, the liberal-minded pamphlet on church-rates courageously put forth by the other,—the desertion and revenge of angry Derbyites who stayed away from the India Bill division,—the disavowal by Lord Derby and Lord Hardwicke of their Chancellor of the Exchequer's projected tax upon successions,—these are among the signs and tokens to which we allude. But indeed they are sufficiently visible everywhere, in every society, in every club, most of all on the front Opposition bench. There may be seen, not 'side by side,' but at a respectful distance, 'the mighty chieftains' of the Opposition,—the bold Baronet, who in these degenerate days represents the 'bold barons' of better times, and the 'gentleman of the press' (or *The Press*), representing himself, and a certain number of the younger or hotter spirits on that side of the House. Mr. Disraeli was once fond of writing about the 'Venetian' constitution of England. We wonder whether a new parallel between the habits of the two States has ever struck him of late, drawn from the peculiarity of his own position. Has he ever read of a gallant *Condottiere*, suspected and mistrusted by the 'grave and reverend signiors,' whose battles he had fought? 'We have had quite enough of your men of genius,' said one of the 'country party,' the other day. It is impossible not to contrast with the disorganization of the late Ministry the excellent understanding which seems to prevail among the members of the present one. They have proved that, so long as personal pretensions and jealousies are kept in check, politicians may act together in doing the work of the time on which they are agreed, although not

bound by the ties of former party association, although differing in their habits of thought, and although there may be questions beyond upon which they do not agree. Several incidents of the Session have marked the good feeling existing between these once rival politicians, and have shown how well they understand the terms upon which alone such a combination as theirs can be either useful or honourable. Such was Lord John Russell's cordial and generous tribute to Mr. Gladstone at the close of the Income-tax debate, his only answer to Mr. Disraeli's taunt about 'the subordinate of a subordinate of Sir Robert Peel,' and of a piece with the true patriotism of his conduct throughout. Such was the frank avowal of Lord Aberdeen's difference of sentiment from the leader of the House of Commons with respect to the Roman Catholic Church, on the occasion of the resignation of the Roman Catholic officials. It must indeed be admitted that the union of the Ministry has not been tried by the strain of those great and weighty questions which bind the most closely or divide the most widely the minds of men,—the questions of organic change in Church or State, the relations of the Clergy and Laity, of the Establishment and Dissent, of the enfranchised and excluded classes.

How far the Aberdeen Cabinet could agree in dealing with such subjects, or in what sense, more or less popular, more or less progressive, such agreement would be attained, we will not now inquire. The system of open questions is, of course, an expedient suited only to proposals of an isolated character, or not yet ripe for decision, such as the Ballot and the Church-rate motions of this year. But, although Parliamentary reform has been put off, and English Church reform has not disturbed the harmony of public men, and the *status quo* of the Irish Church is preserved, yet, in other directions, a vast deal of work has been done. Taxation and finance have been the great subjects of the Session. A Budget of unexampled magnitude and importance has gained a large support in Parliament, and a yet larger in the country, and has been carried in

almost all its parts, in the teeth of a protracted though not powerful Opposition. There never was a more genuine success than that of Mr. Gladstone's financial scheme, because there never was one less owing to the mere influences of party. Instead of finding a party eager to support any proposal they might make, the Government had to create a majority, by its own exertions. We do not mean to imply that the political combinations of this year bear much appearance of permanence, but, for the present, the Ministry has certainly made its party by its policy, and mainly by the financial policy of its Chancellor of the Exchequer. His great achievement has been the Succession-tax, a measure of historical importance, closely connected with the whole course of our recent commercial legislation, and very significant of the present relation between the two great classes, which now share and struggle for political power among us,—the old interest of feudalism and land, the new interest of trade and manufacture. Nothing can be more interesting than to observe the manner in which these contests have been hitherto conducted and terminated. Nothing can be more hopeful for the future, fortunes of England. The commercial class, with us, has always, indeed, been the aggressor, because, as the younger and rising body, it has naturally fought its way towards equality of power and privilege with the ancient territorial interest, which once occupied almost the whole region of the Constitution. But these victories have never degenerated into the dangerous triumphs of class over class, which less fortunate times and countries have so often seen. The aggressors have always been aided and welcomed by a strong party in what may be called the conquered territory, and the very struggle itself has formed new ties between the contending interests. Thus the Reform Bill was a political victory gained by the commercial class, with the aid of popular excitement from below, but also by the alliance of the Whig aristocracy from above. The repeal of the Corn-Laws was a great triumph of trade over a commercial system established for the supposed advan-

tage of the land, but it was gained not merely by the concurrence or submission of that section of the aristocracy which had adopted the cause of reform, but actually under the leadership of that statesman who had headed the 'Country' and Conservative party itself. The termination of a fiscal exemption enjoyed by the territorial interest, by the extension of the tax upon successions to the land, has come about in a manner precisely similar. The combination of parties which has carried Mr. Gladstone's Succession-tax in 1853, is identical with that which repealed the Corn-Laws in 1846, the only difference being that statesmen who acted together from opposite sides of the two Houses on that occasion, now act together as colleagues in the same Ministry. But the Opposition now, as then, consisted of the 'Country Party,' though deserted to a greater degree by their best men, and worse officered than before, while the majority was made up of the Radical and Commercial representatives, the Whigs, and a section of 'Conservatives,' including large numbers of that landed noblesse, titled and untitled, who thus wisely joined in laying the burden of the new tax upon their own shoulders. How characteristic the whole proceeding is of English society and English politics! No mere triumph of Plebeian over Patrician, or of Trade over Land; no insolent victory of the New, no humiliation of the Old. The author of the measure is a man, sprung like Peel, from the ranks of commerce, adopted by the ancient governing class; the head of the Ministry which carried it, is a noble who rebukes the petulance of some of his brethren, and tells them plainly that 'they seem disposed to act on the principle which actuated the 'bold barons' of old,—that of feudal exemption from burdens borne by the rest of the community,' and that 'the object of the present measure is to extend to them a system of taxation applicable to their fellow subjects.' Certainly, if sharp and settled distinctions between class and class have their charm and their blessing, as they undoubtedly have, especially in calm and stationary times, our shifting system

of complexity and compromise is far more favourable to the peaceful settlement of political questions in an age of turmoil and change. Such an age has evils enough of its own in the very attitudes of aggression and self-defence; which different classes assume, in false pride and exclusiveness on one side, in vulgar insolence or imitation on the other; in that mutual jealousy and estrangement which underlies even political combinations. But if there must be such a struggle, it cannot well be more safely and hopefully conducted than in our own country and times. May we not hope that the world will yet regain some of the better feelings of an earlier age, along with that greater individual freedom and social justice, the craving for which goes far to justify the restlessness of our own.

But we must turn from the more remote reflections which legislation so characteristic of the present state of parties and classes amongst us not unnaturally suggests, to the immediate effects of the measure itself. The tax upon successions having secured the wise acquiescence of Income-tax reformers, that great impost has been renewed for seven years (a feat which, before Mr. Gladstone made his great speech, we should have pronounced impossible), and, under many difficulties, in the teeth of bitter opposition, extended to Ireland. The finances thus placed upon a most stable and powerful footing, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been able to accomplish all those fiscal remissions and reforms which he had conditionally promised. The Tea duties have been lowered to 1s. in the pound, and a foundation thus laid for that extended commerce with China which the strange events now going on in that empire seem to foreshadow. The stamps have been reduced; the Assessed Taxes reduced and improved. The taxes upon Soap and Advertisements have been abolished; and the tariff in general has been revised, the changes including a reduction of duty upon many articles of food which enter largely into the comforts and necessities of the people. So much for this great financial scheme, which has been carried through with a patient and

sustained ability equal to that which conceived it.

The second great work of the session, the renewal of the government of India, is to us, we must confess, a far less satisfactory piece of legislation than that which we have been describing. The Bill has been carried with an ease which proves the strength of the Government, but it does not owe its success to the courage or wisdom of its provisions. Having expressed so recently our opinion of the measure, we will only repeat here that it leaves the Indian question unsettled, which is at least some consolation for Indian reformers, whilst the opposition which it provoked and deserved has had the good effect of rousing public attention to a great subject upon which public opinion is miserably uninformed. At all events, demands for peace, and the works of peace, are likely to be more strenuously pressed than heretofore upon the rulers of India. We cannot quit this subject without calling the attention of our readers to the masterly pamphlet of Mr. Cobden on the Burmese war—a war which appears to us to have been one of the most unnecessary contests in which the Indian Government ever engaged.

In the other departments of Government a great deal of work has been done, as might have been expected from the strong hands in which almost all of them are placed. Sir James Graham has carried into law the recommendations of the Naval Commission for manning the fleet, has established a system of coast volunteers, and has maintained his reputation as an administrator in that department which has not, for many years, engaged the interest or excited the just pride of the nation to such a degree as at the present moment.

Mr. Cardwell has, in an unpretending but effectual manner, relieved the shipping interest of those grievances with respect to pilotage, light dues, &c., about which Mr. Disraeli made such a flourish of trumpets in his financial statement. The free admission of foreign seamen to employment in British ships is remarkable, as the finishing blow to the old mercantile system.

In law reform less perhaps has been accomplished than the public had a right to expect. But the Charitable Trusts Act is a great achievement, and must gladden the heart of every one who has ever thought of the provoking abuses which have long shackled or buried those widely-distributed funds, and of the wearisome and almost hopeless crusade against them begun years ago by the heroism of Lord Brougham. We may hope that those foundations, when once set free from obsolete obligations, and economically administered, will aid in supplying means, so hardly obtained on a sufficient scale, for the great work of national education. Lord John Russell's bill upon that subject, which is a step in the right direction, has been postponed from sheer necessity. Whether the Reform Bill of 1854 will leave room for any other great subject next year may be doubted; but certainly the present Government is likely to conciliate both the Church and the Dissenters to an unusual degree, and so ought to use its advantages by making education a leading object in its future policy.

The principal subjects with which the Colonial Office has had to deal have been the Constitution of Jamaica, the Canada Clergy Reserves, and, in conjunction with the Home Department, that of Secondary Punishments. The question of ecclesiastical endowments in Canada is so closely connected in many minds with similar questions at home, and so much alarm has been felt lest principles admitted there should be imported here, that it seemed doubtful whether the British Parliament would consent to leave the right and responsibility of decision in this, as in other domestic matters, to the colony itself. It is well that we have had a Government able and willing to induce the two Houses to take that wise course—advice in which men like Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Gladstone conscientiously concurred, however much they might differ in the disposal of the Reserves if they sat in the Parliament of Canada.

The almost entire abolition of transportation was another work waiting to be done, which the pre-

sent Government has accomplished. It implies, no doubt, a great and critical change in the disposal of our criminals; and some part of the new system, such as the domestic ticket-of-leave plan, must be regarded as a doubtful experiment. Yet, whatever may be our embarrassment in finding a substitute for transportation, we plainly had no right to sacrifice the interests, or even the feelings, of the colonists to our own; and the very increased difficulty of the cure of crime may make us more earnest in its prevention. The 'simple rule, the good old plan' of Government in dealing with offenders was, 'Hang them;' since then, it has been 'Transport them;' just as the idle or ignorant school-master prefers the rod or the black-hole to the trouble of a more enlightened discipline. But the State will assume one of its highest offices if it undertakes to watch and check the growth of youthful crime, a difficult problem, but one which the labours of zealous men have fortunately, at this very moment, gone far to resolve.

The abolition of transportation is not the only labour which the youthful Hercules of the Home Office has performed. That personage, who in many parts of Europe is as much a mythical character as any hero of antiquity or paladin of romance, after a long life of knight-errantry in foreign parts, has turned his arms with undiminished vigour against the hydras and chimeras of society at home. Seriously, Lord Palmerston, with his enterprising spirit and good-humoured obstinacy, was just the man to assault successfully such social nuisances as betting houses, metropolitan burials, and smoke; but his heaviest task must have been that of completing the organization of the militia. It is impossible not to admire the energy and love of work which carries a man long used to the more exciting sphere of foreign affairs through the dull drudgery of the Home Office—the dreary deputations, the perpetual vestry-men, and country squires. Mr. Fitzroy has shown himself worthy of his chief in his crusade against the cab, just one of those useful, troublesome tasks which public men in this land of *laissez faire*, are shy

of undertaking, and which the *Economist* actually condemns as a gross violation of the principles of free trade.

The most important Irish question besides the budget which has been before Parliament is that of the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland. A series of bills upon that subject, prepared by Mr. Napier, and adopted by the Government, after discussion and modification in a very laborious select committee, were carried through the Commons. They are intended, so far as the legislation they contain is new, to provide some remedy for admitted evils, which continue to supply a fund for mischievous agitation. Mr. Napier, sitting upon that side of the House where landlordism and tenant right, orangeism and ultramontaniam are so strangely jumbled together; where Sir William Verner elbows Mr. Duffy, and Mr. Spooner fraternizes with Mr. Lucas, possessed advantages in dealing with his inflammatory subject which no one upon the other benches could have enjoyed. He was able to keep his hot landlord friends tolerably cool, while his neighbours of the brigade were more gracious to a Derbyite than they would have been to a member of the Government. He, as well as the Government itself, deserves great credit for an able and liberal attempt to settle a dangerous question. But the bills reached the Lords too late for effective discussion, and indeed provoked there an outbreak of landlordism which makes their future success very doubtful.

With respect to foreign affairs we will only say that if the angry language which we have heard used by the friends of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston represented any real division in the Cabinet, such difference has not betrayed itself in Parliament. The policy of the Government has secured a close and cordial union with France, has gained—what could hardly have been expected—the co-operation of Austria, and seems to have saved Turkey from humiliation without a war, while our preparations for that terrible alternative have been of the most imposing kind. Ministers have declared their intention of insisting

upon the immediate evacuation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian armies; and Lord Palmerston closed the session by an assertion of his confident belief that such would be the case.

We have said enough to show that the session of 1853 has been peculiarly a session of work, and of work mainly done by Government. The most important private enterprises were Lord Blandford's Episcopal and Capitular Estates Bill, which was postponed, and Mr. Milner Gibson's renewed attempt to reform the system of county taxation and administration; another herculean labour which Lord Palmerston has gallantly undertaken. The work has been accompanied with a vast deal of talk, but there have been fewer remarkable speeches than usual. Since the 'coalition' topic has broken down, and Sir John Pakington has assumed the leadership of the country gentlemen, Mr. Disraeli's vocation seems to be gone. His principal objects have been, to play the Foreign Minister of the Opposition, and to avoid committing himself as to the future. Mr. Macaulay delighted the House, containing so many men who only knew him as a writer, with two interesting and vehement essays, one upon the history of the judicial element in Parliament, apropos of the Judges Exclusion Bill, which he defeated at its last stage; the other upon the Government of India. But, next to Mr. Gladstone, the foremost figure in the Parliamentary *mêlée* has undoubtedly been that of John Bright. Often wanting in taste and

ever a most powerful and ready debater, and, evidently growing out of the trammels of the narrow school in which he was bred, he has raised and improved both the form and substance of his speeches, and has gained considerable influence over a large and varied section of the House of Commons.

Besides public committees upon such important subjects as India, railway legislation, assurance associations, criminal and destitute children, the National Gallery, rural police, &c., private business and election petitions have consumed a vast deal of time and labour. For some days in the height of the session, some forty committees filled all the rooms along the corridors of the Palace, and occupied even the division lobbies of the House itself.

The mention of the election committees, which have done their work so thoroughly, and have had so great an influence on public opinion, reminds us of that promised reform of the representation which their revelations have rendered more than ever imperative. Many may doubt whether Lord Aberdeen's Ministry will be able to agree upon a question of so organic a kind; Liberals may fear that it will be too conservative, Conservatives, that it will be too radical; but we have great hopes that it will be of such a stamp, neither timid nor onesided, as shall satisfy the reasonable expectations of the country, and leave Parliament a freer and fitter instrument of that social improvement which ought to be the end and object of every change in our representative system.

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FOR

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M DCCC LIII.

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A FEW WORDS FROM BELGIUM.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1853.

MORALS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[SECOND ARTICLE].

NOW, however, for the charges in detail. The first person alluded to is undoubtedly Leicester, or Lord Robert Dudley: as we shall first meet with him, and, as his case is altogether the most important, we are glad to begin with it. The character of this nobleman, as it has come down to us, is so objectionable, that the regard which Elizabeth is known to have felt for him has been of itself considered to be almost a presumption of the truth of the intrigue between them. From an early time those who most admired her felt a difficulty in accounting for it, and Camden is even driven to have recourse to a conjunction of the planets. But if Camden's judgment of Leicester's real character be anything near the truth, there is no occasion to look so far, and modern historians would find it difficult to recognise their own idea in the portrait which he has left us. Elizabeth had been the companion of the young Dudleys in her childhood; she had grown up with them at the court of her father, and in later years Lord Robert had been her companion in imprisonment in the Tower. She had thus been long and closely acquainted with him, and, in addition to the associations of early friendship, she knew him to possess many high qualities which would be valuable in a public servant. While he was the most accomplished gentleman in England, he was second only to Cecil in the strength of his understanding, and second neither to him nor to any one in his attachment to his mistress. No one really competent to form an independent opinion can question this, and he had as yet given no cause either to her or to the world to suppose that he had qualities of a less creditable kind. What he afterwards became it is less easy to ascertain, but it is not undesirable to notice a few of the more glaring misconceptions about him which are

generally prevalent, and which are wholly without authentic support. His marriage with Amy Robsart, which is supposed to have been secret, was a public and splendid ceremonial, and is recorded in Edward the Sixth's diary as having taken place at Sion House before the Court. She lived ten years with him, and not an authentic syllable has transpired to show that the connexion was either unwelcome to her family or unhappy in itself. It is true that her death in 1560, before the circumstances of it were known, provoked injurious reports against Dudley, and Mr. Lever, an eminent Protestant clergyman, wrote earnestly to Cecil, telling him the rumours which were current, and begging that an inquiry might be made. The suspicion naturally arose from Dudley's favour with Elizabeth, which had tempted him, it was supposed, to remove the obstacle which lay in the way of his ambition; and this suspicion the reading and writing public, always disposed to believe the worst whenever it is possible, have been generally agreed to accept for an acknowledged fact obviously and certainly true. It still remained incredible, however, to some persons, that if Dudley was really at the time believed to have been guilty of such a crime, and if the suspicion had clung to him, he could have been allowed to remain on terms of confidential intimacy with Elizabeth; and recent discoveries have now justified their incredulity and placed his innocence beyond question. The Government had anticipated Mr. Lever's request. An inquest was held at Cumnor, which was purposely made as strict as possible; the jury were composed of substantial Oxfordshire country gentlemen, and amongst them personal enemies of Anthony Foster, at whose house Lady Dudley died; the result was a distinct declaration that the death was 'a very mis-



fortune.* There was no unwillingness in the jury to find foul play, if there had been foul play to find, as may be seen in the report of the investigation; and Dudley, with an evident consciousness of the liability to suspicion to which his position exposed him, urged them by every means in his power to be as strict and as careful as possible. He had no reason to fear that inquiry would convict him, but he had every reason to fear the want of inquiry, which might leave him open to calumny.

It is remarkable that every one of the heaviest charges against Leicester breaks down in the same manner. There is not one which will bear investigating; both this story of the murder and all the rest are taken from a pamphlet, written by Parsons the Jesuit, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, otherwise *Father Parsons' Green Coat*, which acquired an infamous notoriety as the most lying of all the lying publications of the day; and it is hard to know why, what was then infamous, should, by mere lapse of time, have become honourable and credible. A circumstantial reply to it was published by authority, and a volunteer answer, which is one long blaze of scorn and indignation, by Sir Philip Sidney. According to Sir Philip Sidney, who knew him long and intimately, the Earl of Leicester was a cavalier *sans reproche*, a noble and gallant gentleman, and we cannot tell why Sidney's word is not as good as that of Father Parsons. The latter we know could lie, and Sidney has always seemed to us a man who could not if he had tried. Lord North, writing to Burleigh on Leicester's death, speaks of him as having 'in his life advanced the glory of God, loyally served his sovereign, and lived and died with honour;' and regards his death 'as a great and general loss to the whole land.' What a mockery if he were the monster which he has been described! We have not the slightest hope of convincing the English public that a fact of which they are so indignantly certain, is no more than a mistake; we shall be satisfied if they will acknowledge that there

is something to be said on the other side of the question, and will take some occasion hereafter (such of them as are disposed to write or publish anything on the subject) to read the account of Lord Leicester which they will find in the *Sidney Papers*. In the meantime what we now most desire is to discover the real footing on which he stood with Elizabeth; and with a view towards discovering what it was, to find out, as we easily can, in what light it was regarded by such a man as Sir William Cecil. If we find Sir William Cecil's conception of it probable, consistent in itself, and consistent with the accounts of other persons who had near and constant opportunities of observing, this will go far to satisfy us that Cecil saw it truly; at any rate it will be a substantial counterweight to what we may find afterwards brought forward to the contrary. And here our difficulty is rather with the abundance of our materials. Perhaps the following is the most explicit. It is a letter from Cecil to Christopher Mundt, political agent at Maximilian's Court:—

Negare haud possum quin is nobilis noster, de quo apud nos non mediocriter extitit expectatio, nimirum Dominus Robertus tantâ eximiatione est dignus ut merito possit esse Reginae maritus. Verum hoc unicum illi fore impedimentum, quod natus sit subesse Regina; solumque eo nomine propter ortum suum impar esse videatur Reginae ut sit maritus. Attamen propter virtutes, propter animi et corporis egregias et heroicas dotes, ita merito suo est charus Reginae, ut ne fratrem germanum plus amare possit. Ex quo qui Reginam non ut par est sincere nōrunt, soleant sæpenumero coniecere eum futurum maritum. Ego vero video et intelligo, eam solummodo delectari illo, propter honestissimas suas et raras virtutes. Nihilque magis exerceri in illorum colloquio, quam quod cum virtute cohereat ac a turpi amoris genere alienissimum est.

Nothing can be more distinct or more clear. The Queen was very fond of Lord Robert, his qualities, in the opinion of Cecil, fully deserving such fondness. She had thought of marrying him, but it was not for the interest of the State that she should do so, and she loved him as a very dear brother. It is at least pos-

* See *Romance of the Peerage*, vol. i. Appendix A.

sible that this may have been true: the question is, Was it true?

On the 4th of June, 1565, the Austrian ambassador in London, referring to the proposed treaty of marriage between Elizabeth and the Archduke, writes to Maximilian:—

Et cum totius hujus negotii maximus author et promotor sit et erit Illustrissimus Dominus Comes Leicestrensis Majestati vestre Cesarea, et Archiduci Carolo ac toti domui Austriacæ affectionatissimus (sic) et deditissimus, et qui a serenissimâ Reginâ sincero et castissimo atque honestissimo amore tanquam frater germanus semper amatur, summo opere conducere meo judicio videretur, ut Majestas vestra Cesarea, et serenissimus Archidux Carolus præfatum Illustrissimum Dominum Comitem, fraternis litteris salutarent et gratificarentur.

Here is the opinion of an ambassador on an important and delicate errand, who would naturally be jealous for the honour of his master, and least of all would dare to deceive him on a point so critical; who was evidently aware of the rumours which had gone abroad, yet who deliberately speaks of the Queen's feeling as 'the most chaste and honourable affection of a sister for a brother;' and of Leicester himself as having exerted himself in the highest degree to promote the marriage. This is in perfect keeping with what we quoted from Cecil.

Again: in the winter of 1564-5, Elizabeth, notwithstanding Mary Stuart's pertinacious refusal to withdraw her *present* claim to the English crown, had determined to acknowledge her for her successor if she would marry some English nobleman in whose loyalty she herself had confidence. Mary had affected to acquiesce, and Elizabeth fixed on Lord Robert Dudley as a proper person. Melville, then on a semi-official visit to the English Court, tells us in his memoirs that Elizabeth—

said she esteemed Dudley as her brother and her best friend, whom she would have herself married had she minded to have taken an husband; but, being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished that the Queen her sister might marry him as the meetest of all others. For being matched with him, it would best remove out of her mind all fears and suspicion. And that the Queen, my mistress, might have the higher esteem

of him, I was required to stay till I should see him Earl of Leicester and Baron of Denbigh, which was done at Westminster with great solemnity.

Once more: in 1571, when it was proposed that Elizabeth should marry the Duke of Anjou, and Walsingham had gone to Paris to negotiate the treaty, he told the Queen Mother that—

in this matter her Majesty had made choice of two counsellors, the one the Earl of Leicester, whom she findeth well to allow of any marriage which her Majesty liketh, though otherwise wrongfully doubted, the other the Lord Burleigh. . . . To this she (Catherine) answered, that those two counsellors being of her Majesty's choice she could not but very well allow of; and, as to my Lord of Leicester, she had many ways good cause to judge him as a furtherer of the match. *Digges*, p. 69.

In a previous letter to Walsingham, Leicester had himself alluded to Catherine's doubts of Elizabeth's sincerity in desiring the marriage, and had added—

I do verily believe her Majesty's mind is other than it hath been, and more resolutely determined than at any time before. God's blessing upon her for us all, that we may live and see her bring forth of her own body such as may hereafter succeed as well in that happiness as in the enjoying of her kingdom.

We might multiply these extracts indefinitely, but there is no occasion for it. The general conception, as it was formed by competent persons, is sufficiently intelligible. Here is a nobleman, valuable as a minister, and attractive as a man. His Queen, under pressure to marry, and casting her eyes round her in her difficulty, allows them for a time to rest upon him. Satisfied that such a marriage would be of no advantage to the State she does not pursue it, but continues to regard him as a brother. He remains a valuable member of her Council, and appears taking an active interest in furthering more promising alliances, contented for himself to surrender whatever ambitious hopes he may have been led to entertain. This view of the matter has no internal difficulties that we know of, and is in keeping with the other history of the time and of his employments in it. He was engaged in the most arduous public service which has ever fallen to Eng-

lish Ministers. He was Chancellor of Oxford, and the first introducer there of the collegiate system; and wherever he is spoken of in the correspondence of the time by high dignitaries of Church or State, it is always with a respect proportioned to the character of the writer. The question which we have to ask ourselves is, Whether it was possible, notwithstanding all which we have said, that he was living through the whole of this period in culpable intimacy with the Queen. On the surface of it we should answer, impossible; but it is a matter of evidence, and Dr. Lingard shall prove it in his own words:—

The woman who despises the safeguards must be content to forfeit the reputation of chastity. It was not long before her familiarity with Dudley provoked dishonourable reports. At first they gave her pain, but her feelings were soon blunted by passion; in the face of the whole court she assigned to her supposed paramour an apartment contiguous to her own bedchamber, and by this indecent act proved that she was become regardless of her character and callous to every sense of shame.—*Lingard*, viii. p. 406, fourth ed.

To this passage he attaches a note giving his authority—no less a person than a bishop and an ambassador—and he adds further particulars from the bishop's own despatches:—

Qualra, Bishop of Aquila, in the beginning of 1561, informs the King, that, according to common belief, the Queen lived with Dudley; that in one of his audiences Elizabeth spoke to him respecting this report, and, in proof of its improbability, showed him the situation of her apartment and bedchamber. But in a short time she deprived herself of this plea; under the pretext that Dudley's apartment in a lower story of the palace was unwholesome, she removed him to another contiguous to her own chamber.

The story is repeated by Miss Strickland as a proof of Elizabeth's delicacy, if it need not imply anything worse; and, as it stands, not without appearance of reason; although, indeed, few of us will be disposed to accept Dr. Lingard's first position, and admit that, because a woman despises impertinence, she is justly exposed to it. For the arrangements of the palace there may have been a thousand excellent reasons, with which it is impossible that we can be acquainted. What

would any one of ourselves think of a foreigner presuming to draw conclusions on the morality of one of our own households from the disposition of the sleeping rooms? But in this case we are not thrown upon our charity for conjecture. Dr. Lingard did not carry the best of figures in his last charge, and we shall not find him faring any better with this.

The Bishop of Aquila, as Lingard perfectly well knew, was again and again detected in treasonable intrigues. He had protected a murderer in his house, and furnished him with the means of escape from justice, and was in notorious correspondence with the most disaffected persons in the country. In consequence of such continued 'abuse of his place and privilege,' Elizabeth was again and again obliged to apply for his recall, and Philip, not thinking proper to comply, and the misconduct of which she complained continuing, it was found necessary to confine him to his house, where he died. This much about him is to be found in all the common authorities, and is of itself sufficient to throw suspicion on any statements made by him which run counter to the general contemporary evidence. It so happens, however, that we possess a very curious piece of information with respect to the identical set of despatches out of which this bedroom story is taken, and we regret to be obliged to say that Lingard had seen the collection in which this information is to be found before making the latest additions to his History. In Wright's *Elizabeth*, vol. i. pp. 95-100, there is a long letter from Sir William Cecil to some unknown person (the address, we believe, has been torn off or destroyed), the whole of which will well repay the trouble of examining it, but from which we must content ourselves with the following extract:—

Now I will touch the matter of the Ambassador's Secretary here unto you, who, as you write, is not born under the dominion of King Philip. The whole circumstance of that matter is very long, but yet I will write some part thereof. It seemeth that the Secretary hath some spark of conscience, and finding the Ambassador so fully bent to diminish the reputation of the Queen and this realm by multitude of practices and lies, con-

tinually sent over both into the Low Countries and Spain, and also to Rome and other places, could not longer contain, but gave some signification thereof. And because divers things written by the said Ambassador were known to be manifest slanders and lies of the Queen, the party was contented to have avowed the same to the Ambassador. But the matter could not be so used; for the Ambassador being partly told thereof, would in no wise have any recital made, but only required to have his Secretary being gone from him to return again, who, declaring himself to be in fear of his life, would not do so; but alleging himself to be no born subject of the King, nor otherwise bound to the Ambassador, he departed from hence to his own liberty; and at this day, as I hear, rather presseth the Ambassador to have his wages and certain sums of money which the Ambassador oweth him, than otherwise that he is demanded by the Ambassador to be restored to him.

The truth is, this Ambassador is a man very unmeet to nourish amity betwixt that King and the Queen, for his chief travel and labour is to disorder our estate by his Popish practices.

We do not wish in the least to appeal to Antipapal prejudices. Roman Catholic bishops may be and often are very honest men; but when a man's secretary first protests against being made to write 'manifest lies,' and, when his protest is not listened to, runs away in fear of his life that he may not be compelled to write them, it is really rather too much to expect that we are now to admit these very lies into court as good evidence, merely because the bishop found a less scrupulous amanuensis, or else wrote them himself with his own fingers.

It is possible that one of these despatches having come to light containing some scandal about the rooms, Elizabeth may in her disdainful way have desired that he should be shown over the palace; and that he revenged his disgrace with hammering a fresh weapon out of it. And it is possible that Lingard may have believed in Episcopal as well as papal infallibility; but as far as we are concerned, it seems as if there was nothing for us to do, but to dismiss the Bishop of Aquila, and call up the next witness.

Let us take James Melville, a great authority both with Lingard and all the scandal-mongers, although

his assertions indeed fall infinitely short of what they require.

Melville, *se ipso teste*, came into England on purpose to deceive Elizabeth; he flattered and wormed his way into her confidence, and if he is to be believed, she was exceedingly kind to him. The reward he gave her was in keeping with his character, for he asserted as much as he dared against her, and he insinuated what he could not assert. He says that she showed him Dudley's picture in her bedroom; that she spoke of him with an affection, which to his unclean ears appeared ambiguous; that he could not think she was sincere in intending to surrender him to Mary. A more favourite story is the scene which he describes in Westminster Hall, and which he was detained to witness. We quoted him above, because his obvious ill-feeling gives weight to words, which he was certain to make as unfavourable as possible. . . . Dudley, we remember, was created Earl of Leicester to qualify him for a marriage with Mary. It was 'done at Westminster with great solemnity, the Queen herself assisting to put on his ceremonial robe;' when he was on his knees before her, adds Melville, 'she could not restrain herself from smilingly tickling him, myself and the French ambassador standing by.' This once or twice repeated soon became, 'she tickled Leicester,' simply, and then perhaps when it got beyond books into conversation, 'she used to tickle Leicester,' and so on till it becomes a stereotyped part in the imagination of mankind. Conceive what might be made by a similar process out of an installation of a Knight of the Garter. We are unacquainted with the forms observed in creating Earls, but Elizabeth was never wanting to herself on such occasions, and we have no doubt that she did whatever was proper. In the meantime, how far Melville is likely to have been a truthful witness in this and the many other stories which he tells against her, these few facts may help us to form an opinion.

He acknowledges that at this very time he had a secret mission to bring Darnley into Scotland, when to Elizabeth he ridiculed the idea, and boasts of having outwitted her.

He assured her that Mary had no dealings with the Irish rebels, and in consequence sent word to Scotland that, 'In future my Lord Argyle must entertain O'Neal, the Queen not appearing to know thereof,' while Mary herself, he says, wrote at once to Elizabeth confirming what he had said . . . and then he concludes, himself again the witness, against himself, with this most unparalleled piece of effrontery—

'These kind of writings (his own to the Scottish Court, and Mary's to Elizabeth) did seem to overthrow some intelligence which had been discovered. By this means my brother was suffered to remain in England, whereby the Queen's (of Scotland) friends so increased, that many whole shires were ready to rebel, and their captain named by the election of the nobility.

With a singular consent, the popular writers on these matters appear to have fastened on every most worthless authority. Another witness:—

In the autumn of 1560, a certain Arthur Gunther, groom to some noble lord or other, was pilloried, 'for scandalous talk touching the Queen and the Lord Robert Dudley,' one of his stories being, that 'the Queen had been at supper at the Lord Robert's house, and walking home with the link boys 'fell in talk with them, and said that she would make their lord the best that ever was of his name.' It is only just to Miss Strickland to say, that she treats this as it deserves.

In 1570, a man called Marsham was convicted of having said that, 'My Lord of Leicester had two children by the Queen, for the which he was condemned to lose both his ears.'

In 1572, Archbishop Parker, writing to Lord Burleigh, says that he had heard that some man—

In his examination before the Mayor of Dover and Dr. Simmons, uttered most shameful words against the Queen's Majesty, namely, that the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Hatton should be such

towards her, as the matter is so horrible, that they would not write down the words, but would have uttered them in speech to your lordship if ye had been at leisure.

About the same time was the conspiracy of Berney and Mather to murder Elizabeth and Burleigh. In the confession of the former before the Council (*Burleigh Papers*, Murdin, p. 194) we find that 'Mather upon the talk of the Queen's Majesty gave such vile words as are detestable to be told:' (pp. 203-4), that the same Mather said to him—

What pity it were that so noble a man as the Duke of Norfolk should die now in so vile a woman's days, that desireth nothing but to feed her own lewd fantasy, and to cut off such of her nobility as were not perfumed, and place such as were for her turn, meaning you my Lord of Leicester and one Mr. Hatton, who as he said had more recourse unto her Majesty in her privy chamber than reason would suffer, with such other vile words as I am ashamed to speak.

After Berney's confession follows Mather's; pleading guilty to the slanders which he had spoken of the Queen, and begging her to pardon him for them, before his execution; laying his fault upon the Spanish Ambassador, who, he said, had repeatedly exhorted him to make away with Burleigh, and whom he speaks of as 'the seedman of my mischief, and chief cause of all my wrecks.'

It is in keeping with the general manner in which historians have treated this question, that Sir Harris Nicolas quotes the words of the slander from Berney's confession, and does not add Mather's acknowledgment that he had lied.

Lastly (for we need not again mention the *Ferias*) come our old friends Cardinal Allen and Dr. Saunders, Allen with his 'natural issue,' Saunders with his Anne Boleyn, daughter of Henry the Eighth, and both of them with their prayers to Elizabeth forming part of the English Liturgy, and then we have pretty nearly exhausted the producible witnesses.* The writer in the

* In 1586 a person appeared at Madrid, calling himself the son of Elizabeth and Leicester. The story which he told was unsupported, except by his own pretension, and was in itself incoherent and improbable. It suited Philip's purpose to show him some sort of countenance; but if his claim could have been plausibly maintained we may feel certain that some larger display would have been made with so important a personage.

Cabinet Cyclopædia quotes Osborne's *Memoirs*, and Gregorio Leti is also pressed into the service. But neither Osborne nor Leti professed to know more than that a great deal of scandal was floating about Europe; and that we know as well as they. They both wrote some century after the time to which the scandals belong, and neither of them offers so much as an opinion as to their truth. Osborne did not believe them, he did not disbelieve them. He was one of those men to whom belief in anything on earth or in heaven was alike impossible and indifferent; and Leti, a foreigner, in some instances we know was imposed upon with fictitious documents; while in support of the scandals he does not, as well as we recollect, so much as offer any evidence at all. We may therefore dismiss these, and review our list.

A countess whose 'nature' was notorious, and who at least on one occasion made a public confession of lying.

An ambassador whose secretary ran away from him that he might not be forced to lie.

A Scotch courtier, who was on the whole proud of his success in lying.

A groom who was pilloried for lying.

An unknown rogue whose ears were cut off for lying.

Another whose words were so shocking, that the magistrates were ashamed to write them down.

Two murderers; and finally our cardinal and our doctor.

There are the witnesses. Would that we could say that Dr. Lingard was the only writer who has found them worthy of credit. For him there is some faint shadow of an excuse; theological antagonisms work wonders with human credulity. But that men, not members of the Roman Church, nor interested in the strife of the creeds, *gentlemen* and *English gentlemen* should have so polluted themselves, this would go beyond belief, if we were not too certain of it. It is very strange. Is there indeed, then, no more evidence? There may be possibly: Europe, as we have seen, was well supplied from the Spanish slander manufactory. Paper is long-lived,

and there may be much more of the kind; but of the same kind, and of only that, there is not a fragment, not a hint, not a word, except what can be immediately connected with domestic traitors and assassins, or with the league of the foreign courts to crush the liberties of England. Shall we be told that only from them the truth in such a matter could be heard? There were thousands of Catholics in England, of rank and reputation; can nothing be found subscribed with an honourable English name? Pius V. was not the man to stop at trifles; yet the bull of excommunication is silent. And all those Puritans, Nonconformists, Anabaptists, Independents, they had reason enough of quarrel with Elizabeth. They were pilloried, exiled, imprisoned. In their moments of provocation did no syllable ever drop from them? Not one. Poor Stubbs, when his right wrist was cleft in two in Palace Yard, waved his hat over his head with his remaining hand, and cried, 'God save Queen Elizabeth!' thanking God that he had strength to say it. Under James the truth might have been told, and there were many ears wide open which would have been well pleased to listen to it. There was Hayward, he had no cause to love her. She had imprisoned him in the Tower, and left him there till she died; and when, nine years after, he undertook to write her history, there was an opportunity for him to retaliate. What does Hayward say of her?—

Her virtues were such as might suffice to make an *Æthiop* beautiful, which, the more a man knows and understands, the more he shall admire and love. In life she was most innocent, in desires moderate, in purpose just; of spirit above credit and almost capacity of her sex; of divine wit, as well for quick conceit as speedy expedition; of eloquence, as sweet in the utterance, so readily and easy to come to the utterance. . . . She was religious, magnanimous, merciful, and just; respective in the honour of others, and exceedingly tender in the touch of her own. She was lovely and loving—the two principal bands of duty and obedience.

Excellent Queen! what do my words but wrong thy worth! what do I but gild gold!—HAYWARD'S *Annals*.

We will finish this aspect of the

matter with a letter, showing how a good man, who lived in the middle of all these things, felt about them. Lord Burleigh had not escaped slander. He, too, had been called 'the Queen's darling;' and the enduring pertinacity of the system at one time almost broke his spirit. One of the libels (from France, and written perhaps by one of the Seminary priests) fell into his hands, and he sent it to Archbishop Parker, who returned it with the following words, dated Sept. 11, 1573:—

SIR,—I return your lordship your book again. It is so outrageously penned, that malice made him blind. I judge it not worthy an answer. Some things were better put up in silence than much stirred in. Your conscience shall be your testimony to Almighty God. It is no new matter for such as take pains for the good government of the commonwealth to be reviled on. In my opinion these be very comfortable words which be uttered by our Saviour Christ, who shall be our Judge:—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil of you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven. In these and like words I for myself repose my hearty quietness, beseeching Almighty God to comfort your mind in the blasts of these devilish scorpions. Your lordship's assured in Christ,
MATT. CANT.

And now, happily, notwithstanding Sir Harris Nicolas's 'discoveries,' we are over the worst: we have done with murderers, traitors, exceptionable countesses, and priests 'made blind by malice,' and emerge into a less tainted atmosphere. Of the little band of statesmen who were chosen by Elizabeth in the first few years of her reign, the one who in recent years has been held in lightest esteem is Sir Christopher Hatton. His name has already appeared in the libels which we have quoted; but even persons who have not believed his relation to the Queen to have been of an immoral kind, have looked upon him merely as a favourite and courtier, distinguished for nothing except an elegant form and certain external accomplishments. It has been desired to depreciate Elizabeth by all available means; and, because Hatton was handsome and was accomplished, it served the purpose to assume that he was nothing else,

and that these qualities were all-sufficient to command her affection. As it was with Leicester, so it has been with him; she was known to have liked them both, and therefore, before all things, it has been necessary to believe them unworthy of liking. We do not intend to fly from extreme to extreme; and, because Hatton has been robbed of his own feathers to re-decorate him from the plumage of his other great contemporaries; we will not say that he was as keen as Walsingham, as sagacious as Burleigh, &c. It was a remarkable time, and the greatest men in it were very great indeed. But to speak of him as nothing but a courtier is to speak ignorant nonsense. It is impossible to read his many despatches, or his speeches in Parliament, or generally to consider the position and the influence which he held in the country, without seeing that he was a genuine sound man, with a businesslike understanding and a generous heart. It is true that the lawyers complained when he who was not a lawyer was made Chancellor; but so they might now complain if Lord John Russell were made Chancellor; and yet it would be absurd to make that a reason for challenging the greatness of Lord John Russell's powers. In other respects (except in this matter of the Queen) Hatton was a man of unblemished character. He was the patron of distressed clergymen, and particularly of bishops who were in difficulties; of mild, gentle character, deserving, and apparently receiving, the good word of every one, except of the anti-national Catholics. Elizabeth, who had nicknames for all her ministers, used to call him her Mouton. Leicester was her Turk; Burleigh was her Spirit; Walsingham was her Moon. Hatton was her Mouton—an expressive title, and doubtless a characteristic one: the meaning of it is to be seen even now in his face, which is indeed, though very handsome, yet sweet and sheeplike; not without a touch of humour, but with gentleness predominating; the face of a very gentle, slightly humorous, good-looking sheep. We have heard of the chemical affinities of opposites; and, as Elizabeth was at no time remarkable herself for sheeplike qualities,

it was possibly the presence of them in Hatton which attracted her to him. The sweetness of his nature had not impaired the soundness of his faculties; and there is no reason, therefore, why she should not have liked him, and every reason why she should. Of all men we ever heard or read of, he is about the last whom we should expect to meet with as the hero of a tale of scandal. He was rather, we should have thought, one of those very rare persons to whom even impure feelings would be unable to suggest themselves. However, as we do within our own experience find often human nature appearing in unexpected attitudes, the *a priori* improbability must not be allowed to pass for much.

In the case of Leicester, though we found scandal in abundance, we found no honest vouchers for it. In this of Hatton the witnesses (whatever it be to which they witness) are the supposed offenders themselves. In searching the State Paper Office for another purpose, Sir Harris Nicolas alighted by accident on some eight or ten letters, one from Sir Edward Dyer to Hatton, several from Hatton to the Queen, and two, or fragments of two, endorsed as written by the Queen, whether to Hatton or not is uncertain, but which will do as well as if they were, and which, in the words of the discoverer, 'will probably raise a strong doubt upon her Majesty's right to her favourite and well-known designation.' He has published them in his *Memoirs of Hatton*, and Lord Campbell has transcribed them (as we said) into the latest edition of his *Lives of the Chancellors*, this being almost the only use which he has made (a little to our surprise) of Sir Harris Nicolas's otherwise valuable volume.

Whatever they prove, the letters are exceedingly curious; and as the subject is really critical, we shall insert the most important of them entire:—

Edward Dyer to Hatton, Oct. 9, 1572.

SIR,—After my departure from you, thinking upon your case as my dear friend, I thought good to lay before you mine opinion in writing somewhat more at large than at my last conference I did speak. And I do it of good will;

for you need no counsel of mine I know right well; but one that standeth by shall see more in the game than one that is much more skilful, whose mind is too earnestly occupied. I will not recite the argument or put the case as it were, for it needeth not; but to go to the reasons such as they be:—First of all, you must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; who though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet may we not forget her place and the nature of it as our sovereign. Now if a man of secret cause known to himself, might in common reason challenge it, yet if the Queen mislike thereof, the world followeth the sway of her inclination; and never fall they in consideration of reason as between private persons they do. And if it be after that rate in causes that may be justified, then much more will it be so in causes not to be avouched—a thing to be had in regard; for it is not good for any man straitly to weigh a general disallowance of her doings.

That the Queen will mislike of such a course this is my reason, she will imagine that you go about to imprison her fancy and to warp her grace within your disposition and that will breed despite and hatred towards you and so you may be cast forth to the malice of every envious person, flatterer, and enemy of yours. Out of which you shall never recover yourself clearly, neither your friends so long as they show themselves your friends.

But if you will make a proof (*por verrano*, as the Spanish phrase is) to see how the Queen and he will yield to it and it prosper, go through with it; if not to change your course suddenly into another more agreeable to her Majesty, I can like indifferently of that; but then you must observe this, that it be upon a bye occasion, for else it were not convenient for divers reasons that you cannot but think upon.

But the best and soundest way in mine opinion is to put on another mind; to use your suite towards her Majesty in words, behaviour, and deeds; to acknowledge your duty declaring the reverence which in heart you bear, and never seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as though they were in her indeed—hating [?] my Lord of Ctm. in the Queen's understanding for affection's sake, and blaming him openly for seeking the Queen's Majesty's favour.

For though in the beginning when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner), she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she

fancied, yet now after satiety and fullness it will rather hurt than help you. Whereas behaving yourself as I said before, your place shall keep you in worship, your presence in favour; your followers will stand to you; at the least you shall have no bold enemies, and you shall dwell in the ways to take all advantage wisely; and honestly to serve your turn at all times.

Marry thus much would I advise you to remember, that you use no words of disgrace or reproach towards him to any; that he being the less provoked may sleep thinking all safe while you do awake and attend your advantage.

Otherwise you shall as it were warden him and keep him in order; and he will make the Queen think that he beareth all for her sake, which will be a merit in her sight; and the pursuing of his revenge shall be just in all men's opinions, by what means soever he and his friends shall ever be able.

You may perchance be advised and encouraged to the other way by some kind of friends who will be glad to see whether the Queen will make an apple or a crab of you, which as they find, will deal accordingly with you—following if fortune be good; if not, leave and go to your enemy; for such kind of friends have no commodity by hanging in suspense, but set you a fire to do off or on. All is one to them; rather liking to have you in any extremity than in any good mean.

But beware not too late of such friends, and of such as make themselves glewe between them and you, whether it be of ignorance or practice. Well, not to trouble you any longer, it is very necessary for you to impart the effect of this with your best and most accounted friends, and most worthy to be so—for then you shall have their assistance every way—who being made privy of your fortune will and ought in honour to be partners of your fortune, which God grant to be of the best.

Your assured poor friend to command,

EDWARD DYER.

We shall throw all the letters together, and reserve what we have to say till we have the whole—or the whole which are important—before us. At present we only remark, that if the circumstances alluded to were of a questionable character, the effrontery of the English Court exceeded the worst we have heard of that of Catherine of Russia. Certainly no secrecy was observed, or thought in any way needful. Hatton had proposed to

himself publicly to call the Queen and his rival to question; and Dyer himself recommends him to consult all his friends, making his own and her dishonour the subject of public conversation. But to go on with the letters. In consequence of what Dyer had advised, Hatton wrote thus to the Queen:—

MADAM,—In striving to withstand your violent course of evil opinion towards me, I might perhaps the more offend you, because the cause of my truth disagreeeth with the rigour of your judgment; but the bitterness of my heart in humble complaints I trust you will hear for your goodness and your justice sake—may it therefore please you, my faults are said to be these, unthankfulness, covetousness, ambition.

To the first I speak the truth before God that I have most entirely loved your person and service, to the which I have without exception everlastingly vowed my whole life, liberty, and fortune. . . . To the second, I have ever found your largess before my lack. . . . God knoweth, I never sought nor wished more wealth, than to live worthily in your most sacred service, without mixture of any other opinion, purpose, or matter; I trust that in your holy heart this truth shall have its settled place. God for His mercy grant it may be so. . . . To the third, God knoweth I never sought place but to serve you; though, indeed, to shield my poor self both nature and reason would have taught me to ask refuge at your strong and mighty hand. These late great causes that most displeased your nobles as of the Duke of N. and the Q. of S., the Acts of Parliament for religion, and other strange courses in those things taken, were all laid on my weak shoulders—under which when I shall fall, behold then the wretched man how he shall pass all pointed at. But to my purpose; if ever I inordinately sought either honour or riches, place, calling, or dignity, I pray God that Hell may swallow me. Believe not for your wisdom and worthiness the tale so evil told of your most faithful, be not led by the lewdness of others to lose your own that truly loveth you. . . .

We do not trace the immediate effect of this appeal; but in the following spring we find Hatton seriously ill, and his mistress evidently relenting. Young Gilbert Talbot, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury—introduced for the first time to the great world—writes a letter

with the news of the day to his father, dated May 11. 1573, from which we extract what is necessary.

My Lord Treasurer ever after the old manner dealeth with matters of the State only, and beareth himself very uprightly. My Lord of Leicester is very much with her Majesty, and she sheweth the same great good affection to him that she was wont. Of late he hath endeavoured to please her more than heretofore. . . . My Lord of Oxford is lately grown into great credit—for the Queen's Majesty delighteth more in his personage and his daring and valiantness than any other—I think Sussex doth back him all he can. If it was not for his fickle head he would surely pass any of them shortly. Lady Burleigh (Oxford had married Burleigh's daughter) unwisely hath declared herself, as it were, jealous—which is come to the Queen's ears; whereat she has been not a little offended with her; but now she is reconciled again. At all these love matters my Lord Treasurer winketh; and will not meddle any way. Hatton is sick still; it is thought he will very hardly recover. The Queen goeth almost every day to see how he doth. Now is these devices, chiefly by Leicester as I suppose, and not without Burleigh's knowledge, how to make Mr. Edward Dyer as great as ever was Hatton—for now in this time of Hatton's sickness the time is convenient.—*Shrewsbury Papers in Lodge.*

A fortnight later Hatton had recovered sufficiently to move, and an Order of Council was made out, allowing him to go abroad for his health. On the 3rd of June he took leave of the Queen, and on the 5th he wrote to her the first of his 'Extraordinary Letters,' in answer to one of hers.

If I could express my feelings of your gracious letters I should utter unto you matter of strange effect. In reading them with my tears I blot them. In thinking of them I feel so great comfort that I find cause, as God knoweth, to thank you on my knees. Death had been much more my advantage than to win health and life by so loathsome a pilgrimage. The time of two days hath drawn me further from you than ten when I return can lead me towards you. Madam, I find the greatest lack that ever poor wretch sustained. No death, no, nor hell, nor any fear of death, shall ever win of me consent so far to wrong myself again as to be absent from you one day. God grant my return; I will perform my vow. I lack that I live by—the more I find this lack the further I

go from you. Shame whippeth me forward—shame take them that counselled me to it. The life, as you well remember, is too long that loathsomely lasteth; a true saying, Madam, believe him that hath proved it. The great wisdom that I find in your letters, with your country counsels, is very notable, but the last word is worth the Bible—Truth—Truth—Truth; may it ever dwell in you—I will ever deserve it. My spirit and soul I feel agreeth with my body and life, that to serve you is a Heaven, but to lack you is more than hell's torment unto them. My heart is full of woe. Pardon, for God's sake, my tedious writing; it doth much diminish for the time my great griefs. I will wash away the faults of these letters with the drops from your poor *Lyddes* (another nickname it appears), and so enclose them. Would God I were with you but for an hour. My wits are overwrought with thoughts; I find myself amazed. Bear with me, my most dear, sweet lady. Passion overcometh me, I can write no more. Love me, for I love you. God, I beseech thee, witness the same on behalf of thy poor servant. Live for ever. Shall I utter this familiar term, farewell—yes, ten thousand thousand farewells. He speaketh that most dearly loveth you. Once again I crave pardon; and so bids your own poor Lids, farewell,

Your bondman, everlastingly tied.

There is a complete letter for a specimen. The rest are in the same style, following at various dates:—

The time is hallowed with me wherein I may, in this sort, exercise my devotion towards you. . . . Let it not be labour to read these few lines that proceed from me, with so firm and holy a thought. This is the twelfth day since I saw the brightness of that sun. . . . Give me leave to remove myself out of this irksome shadow, so far as my imagination with these good means may lead me towards you, and let me thus salute you, *Live for ever, most excellent creature, and love some man to show yourself thankful for God's high labour in you.* I am too far off to hear your answer to this salutation; I know it would be full of virtue and wisdom, but I fear, for some part thereof, I would have but small thanks. Pardon me, I will leave these matters because I think you mislike them.

Still later,—

It might glad you, I speak without presumption, that you live so dearly loved, with all sincerity of heart I love yourself—I cannot lack you.

Then she appears to have sent

him a few lines, enclosed in a letter to her Chamberlain, Sir Thomas Heneage, whom she had sent abroad to take care of him. He answers—

The lining of Mr. Heneage's letter warmeth the heart's blood with joys above joys. Full sweet will such a life be that by so noble and sweet a creature is, with so glad and kind devotion, asked at the Almighty's hands (*she had been praying for him then*). God grant it you, not for myself I ask it, but that your everlasting bondman, with pure love and careful diligent faith, may everlastingly serve you.

There is a great deal more of the same sort. Love-letters are always long, and, to others than the parties interested, are often tedious. We will add but one more, for Sir Harris Nicolas draws particular attention to it. It was written long after, but in the old mood, for the smiles were vanishing again:—

April 3, 1584.

Would God I had deserved your former goodness, for God knoweth your good favour hath not been ever, or at any time, evil employed on me, your poor disconsolate wretch. I will leave all former protestations of merit or meaning; only I affirm in the presence of God, that I have followed and loved the footsteps of your most princely person, with all faith and sincerity: with a mind most single and free from all ambition, or any other private respects. And though towards God and kings men cannot be free of faults, yet, willfully or wittingly, He knoweth that made me, I never offended your most sacred Majesty. My negligence towards God, and too high presumption towards your Majesty, have been sins worthily deserving more punishment than these. But, Madam, towards yourself leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered; and though you find them as unfit for me as unworthy of you, yet, in their nature, of a good mind they are not hatefully to be despised.

'If,' thinks Sir Harris Nicolas, 'the expressions in these letters are to receive their usual signification, it is difficult to disbelieve the reports which were then so generally prevalent.' He should rather have written 'which are now prevalent,' than 'which were prevalent then,'—the sort of persons among whom the reports to which he alludes prevailed *then* we have seen. But we will take his words to mean what he meant by them; and perhaps we shall be able to show that it is pos-

sible to receive these expressions even 'in their usual signification,' without being driven to a conclusion so unwelcome; unless what is the usual signification is to be determined for us by young ladies and gentlemen who have been reading Balzac and George Sand. Unwelcome, indeed, such a conclusion ought to be, however small, unhappily, the unwillingness to welcome to it in these modern sceptics of human virtue.

But before entering on what the letters really do mean, let us see what we shall be obliged to believe if we accept the Editor's interpretation.

Hatton, it is evident from Dyer's letter, had consulted him on a difficult and delicate question. He supposed himself to have received certain favours from Elizabeth, which had led him to fancy that he held a near and peculiar place in her regard, and he was mortified and miserable at finding himself supplanted by a rival. This much is perfectly clear.

Now, supposing these 'favours' to mean what are technically meant by the word in the language of profligate persons, Dyer himself, who bears the reputation of having been a remarkably noble-minded person, is reduced to the common level of infamous young men who share the secrets of each other's profligacy. No person of tolerable character could have been trusted with such a secret. This, however, is of little consequence; if Hatton was the Queen's paramour his friends are not likely to have been much better. Neither Hatton nor he, however, were absolutely insane. Secrets of this kind are dangerous. If they are spoken of at all, it is with hushed breath; and letters, if by accident or rashness they contain such things, pass from the eye of the reader into the fire. Elizabeth's temper, too, was critical, and she was known to be proud of her title of Virgin Queen, whether she deserved it or not; yet Dyer writes, and adds no caution to destroy what he writes; Hatton keeps his letter; and of all places in the world it is found in the State Paper Office. Not only this; but Hatton is to consult all his friends. We know

what young men are, and what such secrets are; they burn the lirs till they are out. All London would have rung with it in two days. It must have been public, scandalous, notorious. Perhaps it was then—and if it was anything it certainly was. Burleigh looks 'arough his fingers. One statesman openly backs one lover, another backs another; the backer being himself a discarded lover. Such a scene of profligacy was not to be found at Caprée. At Caprée, at least, there were no daily services, solemn court prayers, appeals on all occasions to God or the gods. No high priest that we hear of wrote to Macro or Sejanus, comforting him under the ill words which were spoken of him or of his master; calling them the blasts of devilish scorpions, and promising him a reward in Heaven. Let the English Church look to it. It was to this Queen of courtesans, and the infamous circle which pandered to her appetites, that in a human sense the English Church owes its present existence.* Scarcely, if Tiberius in a laboured oration had desired that on his marble urn might be written 'the unspotted Emperor,' would the Roman Senate have shouted applause. Scarcely could a Roman poet have been found who, standing in imagination beside his cradle, in the person of some inspired soothsayer, would have uttered over him such a prophecy as this:—

Let me speak, Sir,
For Heaven now bids me, and the words
I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find
them truth.
This royal infant (Heaven still move
about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand
blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness; she
shall be
(But few now living can behold that
goodness)

A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was
never

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely
graces

That mould up such a mighty piece as
this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall
nurse her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel
her:

* * * * *

She shall be to the happiness of England
An aged princess: many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more—but she
must die,

She must: the saints must have her—
yet a virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground. And all the world shall
mourn her.

So Shakspeare's Cranmer prophesied
what Shakspeare saw and knew;
and words so strong as these are
scarcely to be set aside on the
ground of any supposed privilege of
poets to lie.

Well, then, what do the letters
mean? We can only say what
they appear to us to mean. Whether
our interpretation or that of Sir
Harris Nicholas is the more prob-
able, others, not we, must decide.

They are not the only writings of
the time which have suffered in
their interpreters. It is, unhappily,
certain, that by some persons of
vicious imagination, Shakspeare's
sonnets also have been supposed to
bear a meaning of a detestable kind.
Unable to conceive that emotions of
a passionate affection could possibly
be felt by friend for friend, they
have either thrown aside his 'extra-

* 'But the gracious providence of Almighty God hath, I trust, put these thorns of contradiction in our sides, lest that should steal upon the Church in a slumber, which now I doubt not but through His assistance, may be turned away from us; bending thereunto ourselves with constancy—constancy to labour to do all men good, constancy in prayer unto God for all men—her especially whose sacred power joined with incomparable goodness of nature, hath hitherto been God's most happy instrument—by Him miraculously kept for works of so miraculous preservation and safety unto others, that as, 'by the sword of God and of Gideon,' was sometime the cry of the people of Israel, so it might deservedly be at this day the joyful song of innumerable multitudes, and (which must be eternally confessed even with tears of thankfulness) the true inscription, style, or title of all churches as yet standing within this realm, 'By the goodness of Almighty God and His servant Elizabeth, we are.'—HOOKER. *Epistle Dedicatory to Whitgift, ad fin.*

ordinary language' as a poetical rhapsody, or else discovered in it impure allusions. And so in our own immediate time, the grief of the living poet for his lost friend has been called overstrained and unreal. It would not be real in ourselves, and, therefore, cannot be real at all. And, indeed, in this instance there is some form of excuse, for the emotions which breathe through *In Memoriam*, like that old 'wonderful love passing the love of women,' are now, unhappily, as rare as they are beautiful. But the age of Elizabeth was more fertile in generous feeling: Shakspeare's sonnets were then no more than the exquisite expressions of an affection which all understood and many experienced; and Hatton's letters, too, would then have needed no laborious exegesis; and, except to some Cardinal Allen or Count of Feria, would have worn no ambiguity of meaning.* Poor Hatton! he little dreamt when he sat writing those words in his room at Antwerp, to what uses they would by-and-by be turned. There is a fatal power in these symbols of thought; saying to every one pretty much what he desires them to say; revealing themselves just so far as the reader's heart qualifies him to understand.

Once upon a time—for it is almost like an old tale—there was a real thing called chivalry—not in poetry and romance, but in real practical life. Once upon a time there was such a thing as an intense and reverent devotion, most pure, and yet most passionate, of man for woman, which no breath of sensual thought ever so much as sullied. Such was Dante's love for Beatrice. Such was Petrarch's for Laura—however modern critics are perplexed and scandalized to learn that Dante was married happily elsewhere, and

Laura was a wife and mother when Petrarch first looked upon her. The noble ladies of the feudal courts counted the knights by hundreds who were fighting far away in the Holy Land, or on other gallant enterprises, and who, next to God, had vowed fidelity to them. It was no jealous, no exclusive propriety which these knights desired. In Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful words, 'Love fellowship maintained friendship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity.' If there was rivalry, it was only which should offer the loftiest service; and if there was jealousy, it was but which should be acknowledged as having deserved the best. Chivalry, like everything else which is human, had its extravagant tendencies: on one side it became idolatry in the worship of the Virgin; on the other, it became at times ridiculous. But who does not see that with Don Quixote the extravagance is not in the feeling, which is nobleness itself, but in the object, which an extravagant fancy had idealized? The peerless Dulcinea was never more to him than his bright particular star in the ideal heavens, unattainable, unapproachable, except by reverence from far off, and reverent service. He has no personal claims on her beyond the claim to adore her incomparable beauty; and if he had heard, that instead of being shamefully enchanted, she had married the village schoolmaster, he would only have been certain that the schoolmaster was the Emperor of India in disguise, and Dulcinea would have been more ideal, more glorious than ever. It is not the feeling which is ridiculed, but the form which it assumed. Through a long cycle of human history, the character which we call chivalrous was everywhere recognised as noble, as excellent, as

* Lord Bacon would have even thought them admirable; at the close of his Tract, *In felicem Memoriam Regine Elizabethæ*, he writes, 'Quod si quis ex tristioribus leviora illa exaggeret quod coli, ambiri, quin et amoris nomine se celebrari et extolli sinebat atque volebat, eaque ultra sortem ætatis continuabat, hæc tamen si mollius accipias admiratione et ipsa carere non possunt, cum talia sint qualia in fabulosi narrationibus inveniuntur de reginâ quâdam in insulis beatis ejusque aulâ atque institutis quæ amoris administrationem recipiat sed lasciviam prohibeat; sin severius habent et illa admirationem eamque vel maximam quod hujusmodi deliciæ non multum famæ nil prorsus majestati suæ officerent nec imperium relaxarent, nec impedimento notabili rebus et negotiis gerendis essent. . . . Verum ut sermones nostros claudamus fuit certe ista princeps bona et morata; etiam talis videri voluit vitia oderat, et se bonis artibus clarescere cupiebat.'

the highest which human nature could attain. The best men had most of it; the rest in their degrees aimed at it, imitated it, affected it, counterfeited it; all acknowledging it.

The Elizabethan age lies at the close of the era; the world was passing through a transformation, no one could tell into what; and, as is invariably the case at such times, the forms, the language, the affectations of the expiring period, are forced into an artificial prominence. The beauty of the old is felt more and more as it is passing away: and men cling to it, and hold fast by it, and labour to persuade the spirit to remain with them by fond imitation of the shell. There were more tournaments under Elizabeth than under Cœur de Lion; and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* remains a perpetual instance how much that is noble, even heroic and sublime, may be imprisoned in the most unreal of forms. In many respects this book is a type of its time. There perhaps never was a period in the history of this country in which there was so noble a generation of men, so much self-sacrifice and devotedness. And there never was any queen or woman, with such high qualifications as those of Elizabeth, placed in circumstances to call out in so high a degree that real chivalry of the heart which we will hope never utterly dies at any time or place.

A young woman—for she was young when it all began; beautiful, too—for she was beautiful; standing alone against Europe, the perpetual mark of the assassin, yet never quailing; greatest ever in greatest danger; she, the one champion of what in England, at least, every best and greatest man believed to be the cause of God; what young, generous-hearted man could help devoting himself to her? Even in these dispassionate days there are hearts enough which would leap at such a call, and forget for a while their private love-makings and money-makings. And now let the affectations of the age have furnished all this feeling with a language, and we see the young English chivalry crowding round Elizabeth's throne, throwing at her

feet themselves, their fortunes, and their lives; imploring with all manner of passionate extravagance—from the most singleminded devotedness to the most conceited euphuistic coxcombry—to be allowed to live for her and to die for her. In a few it was hollow, but with the many it was sound. They did what they said. These were the men who fought her battles, who did give their lives for her, and—what was perhaps less easy—gave their money; equipping armies, paying campaign expenses, furnishing fleets, fighting, cruising, intriguing; at her work, whatever her service required, and three times blessed when she paid them with a smile or a kind word. This, as we understand it, was the Court of Elizabeth, and here, if anywhere, is the clue to the mysterious letters. Let us try whether it will lead us through them. We will suppose the poor Mouton to have been one of these young enthusiasts, and one of the simplest and truest of them. He 'calls God to witness that he has everlastingly vowed his life, liberty, and fortune to his mistress's service;' and till we see better reason to distrust him, we must believe that he said what he meant. He was proud to serve her—proud as the Knight of La Mancha to serve his Dulcinea, and proud of the especial notice with which she distinguished his devotion. Let us suppose further—for Elizabeth was no ideal Queen of Fairyland, but a very flesh and blood woman, with as many great gifts and as many little weaknesses as were ever united in a single mortal body—let us suppose that she liked to have all those handsome young men about her: that a personal enjoyment of their devotion to herself mixed itself with her admiration of their loyalty (she was forty at the time when the letters were written, and it is an age when ladies set especial value on such attention); that she liked to see them round her, to receive their homage, and to chain them to her, one after the other, by particular favours. Nothing is more likely; but Mouton could not see it so, or could not bear it if he saw it. He had given her all he had: he had given her his heart and soul; and, after a little, it appeared to be but a child's toy to his unfaithful mistress,

to be trifled with for an hour, and thrown by for a newer amusement. And then he is heartbroken, dreams passionately of expostulating and reproaching, fashions fluent speeches of indignant despair, believes that the sun is gone out in heaven, and at last consults his friend, who tells him that after all it is no such great matter; let him be himself again, 'put on another mind,' and do his duty like a man and a faithful servant, and all would be well. That was what the Queen really valued, and that was the way to recover her truant affection. And Mouton takes the wise advice and does his duty: does it so well that in trying times he draws on himself the especial hatred of the disaffected and the traitors, narrowly escaping a plot laid to murder him, and he finds that this answers better than reproach, and that after all the Queen had never ceased to love what was truly to be loved in him. He falls ill; she goes to inquire for him every day, and though modern writers may sneer, her subjects loved her for it then. She sends him abroad, and sends her own chamberlain to take care of him; she writes to him kindly and affectionately, telling him among other things that she prayed for his recovery. Why should he not love such a woman? How could he help loving her? Why should he not write, as he did, of that prayer of hers—

Full sweet will such a life be, that by so noble and sweet a creature is, with so great and kind devotion, asked at the Almighty's hands. God grant it you; not for myself I ask it; but that your everlasting bondman may, with pure heart and diligent faith, everlastingly serve you.

Not for himself. There was little thought for himself in poor Hatton, as common reflection ought to have convinced any one. What is the first use which he makes of his returning favour—but, at the risk of her displeasure, to urge on her the never-ceasing prayer of her Ministers, that she would marry. 'Live for ever,' he says, 'excellent creature, and love some man to show yourself thankful for God's high labour in you.' It is the echo of Shakespeare's entreaty to his friend:

Dear my love, you know

You had a father; let your son say so.

Elizabeth wrote many beautiful things in her life, but scarcely, perhaps, anything more beautiful than this. There is no particular reason to think it was written to Hatton, but it shows what in all such relations her real feelings were:—

A question once was asked me thus: Must aught be denied a friend's request? Answer me, yea or nay. It was said, Nothing. And first it is best to scan what a friend is, which I think nothing else but friendship's harbour. Now it followeth what friendship is, which I deem to be one uniform consent between two minds, such as virtue links and naught but death can break. Therefore I think that the house that shrinketh from his foundation shall down for me; for friend leaves he to be that doth demand more than the giver's grant may with reason yield, and if so, then my friend no more—my foe. God send thee menel, and if needly thou must will, yet at the least no power be thine to achieve thy desire; for when minds differ and opinions swerve, there is scarce a friend in that company. But if my hap have fallen in so happy a soil as one such be found that wills but that he seems, and I be pleased with that he so allows, I bid myself farewell and then I am but his.

Sir Harris Nicolas allows that this letter does something towards doing away the injurious impressions which he had gathered from the rest. But even here he finds traces that 'the Queen sometimes repressed improper wishes'—Truly to the unclean all things are unclean;—but we will leave him now, noticing but one more of his comments, in which he outrivals even Cardinal Allen. Alluding to the last of Hatton's letters, 'It is remarkable,' he says, with little-minded significance, 'that though this letter is full of humility and contrition, and though he admits his too high presumptions towards her Majesty, yet he prays her to remember the causes, which were,' as he says, 'as unfit for him as unworthy of her.' He supposes that Hatton is reminding the Queen that she once had done a discreditable thing. It is very like the 'natural issue.' In one of the most ordinary of the Elizabethan antitheses, he tells us that her kindness to him had been as much above his merit as she had stooped below her dignity in showing it.

And now need we say any more?

Let us lay the two interpretations side by side, and choose fairly which ever offers the fewest difficulties. Shall we suppose Queen Elizabeth to have been an infamous woman, who, with a circle continually round her of those who alternately shared her favour, turned as she pleased from courtier to courtier, changing them as her appetite tired, as she might change the dishes at her table; that, in a manner too shocking to be conceived, all this went on without disguise or concealment, winked at by the statesmen, passed by with indifference by the clergy—a thing so notorious as never to be even mentioned in the enormous mass of correspondence, private and public, which remains to us; or, if the rumour of such a thing is mentioned, mentioned with a hypocritical affectation of horror, which is still more detestable? Shall we take this? It is what Cardinal Allen tells us was the real truth; and if we take it at all we must take the picture complete, for there is no feature of it which can be softened. Shall we take this? or shall we take the other, in which there is no shame at all—no shame, but rather beauty? Surely if we hesitate at all it will be because it is so hard, when we fancied that we had detected a disgrace, to find that it is but a new virtue. We can bear to retire upon a smaller fault, where before we had supposed a great one. But it is humiliating to our discernment to acknowledge so vast an error.

Well, then, we must make the fall a soft one. It is cruel to be obliged to think so very well of our fellow-creatures, and we must contrive to leave some loophole for a depreciating word. There is Bacon's alternative; we may consider such love toy-

ing beneath the dignity of serious times and persons. We may comfort ourselves, too, with recollecting that we have discovered genuine traces of weakness, vanity, and perhaps littleness. All this is something, and may serve in a measure to reconcile us. From our foreign ambassadors, too, we will not part without a word of palliation. It is true that they were all engaged in conspiracies to assassinate the Queen and revolutionize the kingdom; but we must remember that Elizabeth was excommunicated, and therefore the first was permitted, and the second had the promise of a blessing. And we must say seriously for them that they were strange to English manners, and may perhaps have been only mistaken, when at first we thought them wicked. Sir Philip Sidney describes the court 'as the marriage-place of love and virtue,' and the Queen as 'a Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus.' It is quite possible that they mistook the costume for the reality, and interpreted what they saw by their experience of Paris and Madrid.

So, therefore, let us leave them: with the stories which remain, stories in which the names appear of the Duke of Anjou, Simier, Raleigh, Essex, Oxford—we have no intention of proceeding. We have seen what the evidence has been for those which we have examined—for the rest there is really none. Their feeble title to be believed is presumptive probability from the truth of the first; and when these fare so badly at the trial, why should we tempt the patience or disgust the good feeling of our readers with any more of it? Rather let us drive it all out of our memory and forget that it has ever been.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO NEW SOUTH WALES IN 1853.

WE sighted the low line of coast about Sydney Heads, at ten A.M., took a pilot at three, and came to an anchor in Sydney Cove at six. We were agreeably surprised by the beauty of the harbour, of which, though we had heard a good deal, we had not heard enough. It is a winding inlet, about seven miles long from the Heads to the Cove, and varying from half a mile to two miles broad. It is diversified by islands and headlands innumerable, all covered with wood, though now unfortunately the wood is low scrub only, the tall forest trees having been almost all cut down. The shores rise into low hills, without any great boldness or beauty of outline, but still very pretty and picturesque, from being covered with villas and gardens, peeping in every direction through the 'bush.' The life and animation which is almost essential to beauty of landscape, are supplied by the numerous shipping with which every part of the harbour is studded. The town of Sydney does not appear to great advantage from the sea, the only remarkable building being the Government House, a rather fine baronial-looking edifice, though of a style (the Tudor Gothic, not very well carried out) which is not suited either to the age or to the country. It is beautifully situated in a large, well-wooded park, called the 'Domain;' the rooms are capital. The harbour is, I should think, unrivalled for commerce. Its peculiar excellence consists in the numberless coves and bays, the uniform depth of water, which enables the largest merchant ships to lie alongside the shore, the goodness of the anchorage, and the absence of all hidden dangers, except one reef, where a light-ship is moored. The number and movement of the shipping are wonderful; the day before we came in, eleven ships, with 700 people on board, arrived from Melbourne alone; and the departures are of course proportionate. We landed as soon as the vessel came to an anchor, bent on buying peaches, and taking a walk in the 'Domain,' all but a small part of which is open as a place of public

recreation. As it was Sunday evening, too, we went to service in the first church we came to, a most queer looking building, which we were told was the first permanent Anglican church erected in the southern hemisphere, and which was comically enough, as we were told, called St. Phillip's, because Governor Phillip was in office at the time. We observed nothing very remarkable in our walk, except that there were two tame emus at the gate of the 'Domain,' which the soldiers at the guard-house were feeding with bread, and that all the people, especially the women, whom we met, seemed to be very smartly dressed. During the night we had our first taste of the Sydney mosquitoes, which we found to constitute a plague to new comers hardly to be described.

Next morning we landed again after breakfast, and went to the Botanical Gardens, with which we were delighted; they are justly the pride of Sydney. Almost every country and climate in the world has its vegetable representative there. There is the oak, the lime, and the pine, beside the banana, the mango, and the bamboo, all flourishing in nearly equal luxuriance. I never regretted so much before not being a botanist, and I thought how — would give the best year of his life for an evening's walk here. However, even an ignoramus like myself could admire and enjoy the picturesque situation of the gardens, on the shores of one of the lovely inlets of the harbour, the taste with which they are laid out, and the extreme beauty and variety of the plants, trees, and flowers. I left — on some benches close to the water, while I started to look for lodgings. It would be endless to recount the adventures and disappointments of that search, which lasted two whole days; I visited, I should think, fifty houses, including the chief hotels, and was rejected everywhere. At one place where I thought I should be successful, the negotiation was peremptorily closed when the landlady heard I had children; at another, the landlord, a cross little

man, who asked me six guineas a week for two small rooms and the use (along with the other lodgers) of a parlour, finally repulsed me by announcing that his servants could not cook for us, although we might have the use of his kitchen to cook in for ourselves. At most places, however, the answer was prompt and decisive—'We have no room,' till I really began to think I should have to beg or borrow a couple of tents, and get leave to pitch them in the 'Domain.' In the end, however, I fared better than I could possibly have expected; for, having gone into a shop to buy a hat, and mentioning by chance my forlorn situation to the hatter, he said perhaps he could manage to accommodate us; so I took him at his word, and carried him off to get his wife's consent, and see the house. To make a long story short, we got a good large sitting-room and two bedrooms for the comparatively small sum of 4*l.* a week. This was on the third day of our travels in search of a lodging, and during the whole time I had done hardly anything but search. My belief at the time was, that I had got precisely the last decent lodgings which were to be had in Sydney, and that the next comers must sleep in the streets. As soon as we got into them I proceeded to deliver the letters of introduction I was armed with, and we soon found ourselves embarked in a 'vortex of dissipation,' receiving and returning visits, dining out, and driving. I was made, too, an honorary member of the Australian Club, a very comfortable and gentlemanlike establishment, with some seventy or eighty members. Nothing could exceed the kindness and cordiality with which we were received everywhere.

Our first drive was to the 'South Head,' where the lighthouse stands, about nine miles from Sydney, along the shore of the harbour. It is a beautiful drive, on a pretty good road, up and down hills, and presenting various most lovely views of the sea, the shipping, the town, and the wooded hills skirting the harbour. The road is lined with the grounds of villas, which are generally built close to the water; every now and then you pass through a bit

of the original forest, which is as unlike as possible both to that of New Zealand and that of Europe. It has neither the dense foliage, luxuriant creepers, and impenetrable underwood of the former, nor the green glades, alternating with cover, of the latter. The Australian woods, composed chiefly of different species of the eucalyptus, or gum-tree, are sparse, scanty, and altogether destitute of shrubs and parasites. The gum-tree's leaves are hung perpendicularly, not horizontally, so as to present the sharp edge to the sun, and the consequence is, that the shadow even of the thickest of the trees is hardly perceptible. They stand, too, so far apart, that it is easy to ride, and even to drive, amongst them in every direction. Another peculiarity is, that every summer they cast their bark, which falls off in strips, leaving the wood bare and white, till the young bark forms and covers it again. I understand that on the alluvial flats, trees arrive at a great size; but they never equal those of New Zealand or Van Diemen's Land; indeed, if the stories I have heard, from apparently good authority, be true, no country in the world can in this respect be compared to Tasmania. One tree was described, in a paper read before a literary society in Hobart Town, as forty-two feet in diameter three feet from the ground! and one hundred and eighty feet to the lowest branch. No wood anywhere, I believe, equals in hardness some of the Australian timber, especially what is called the 'iron bark,' upon which, when seasoned, the sharpest axe makes no more impression than on marble. Some of it has lately been exported to England, with the idea that it may be used in ship-building. It is too heavy for the beams, ribs, or planks, but it would probably be suitable for keels, the main pieces of rudders, &c., where great strength and hardness are required. The best native wood used at Sydney is what they call 'cedar.' It is very handsome, resembling mahogany. The only pine I saw (except a few Norfolk Island pines) was the 'Moreton Bay,' the wood of which is brittle, so that New Zealand timber, being softer, less liable to shrink, and easier to work than the gums, is in

great request throughout Australia. I will just mention here an extraordinary instance of rapid vegetation which came under my own knowledge when I was last at Wellington, in New Zealand. I saw in the garden of a friend, in whose house I was living, a Van Diemen's Land gum-tree, which he assured me was exactly six years old, and which, on being measured, was found to be rather more than sixty feet high. It was sufficiently large in the trunk to have made four posts in an ordinary rail-fence, and what made it more remarkable was, that the wood was of a very hard kind. We were much struck with the beauty of the vegetation in the little gardens with which a large proportion of the houses in Sydney are furnished. Among the trees, the most remarkable are the Norfolk Island pine (tapering upwards like a sugar-loaf, with wonderful regularity of outline, and feathered with fan-like foliage to the ground) and the weeping willow, the idea of which we are accustomed at home to connect exclusively with the neighbourhood of water, but which flourishes all over the arid, rocky, and sandy hills in and round Sydney with a luxuriance and vigour which I never saw elsewhere. Of the shrubs, I admired most the bananas, pomegranates, nancias, vines, and, above all, oleanders, which were in full flower when we were in Sydney, and, with their bright pink blossoms, made the most dusty streets look gay.

There are not many pretty drives about Sydney, the neighbourhood consisting chiefly of low, sandy, barren hills, which require a great deal of care and cultivation to make them productive. For miles along the western and southern roads you see nothing but paddocks, fenced in and laid out in foreign grasses for the use of the stock sent down to the Sydney markets. But except market gardens, for which the sandy soil seems not ill adapted where water is to be had, there is no cultivation near Sydney.

It was rather lucky that there was not much to tempt us to drive into the country, for we found the hire of the hackney coaches (cabs they call them) ruinously expensive. The first day we were to dine at Govern-

ment House, I sent my servant to call one off the stand, and when he brought it he told me the man asked 15s. for taking us there (not back), a distance of about a quarter of a mile. On my informing him I should not pay so much, he very coolly drove away, leaving us, at the last moment, to walk. The fact is, these cabmen dislike having anything to do with gentlemen and ladies: they prefer diggers, who will give one of them a 5*l.* note and tell him to drive till it is worked out.

I think the thing that struck me most on going into society was the depreciating, complaining tone in which people in general talked of the colony. Every one seemed longing to leave it; and most of those whom I met expected to do so, after a longer or shorter ordeal of money-making martyrdom. This tone impressed me particularly by its contrast with that which prevails in New Zealand, where you meet with comparatively few people who don't stand up for their adopted country, and look forward cheerfully to living and dying there. No doubt the discontented spirit which is so apparent among the Australian gentry is in a great measure attributable to the effect of the gold-diggings, which have grievously interfered, if not with their pecuniary interests, yet with their comforts, luxuries, and still more with their importance and relative position. It is difficult, by quoting statistical figures, to convey an idea of the extent and consequences of the social revolution which this wonderful discovery has brought about. It is not merely, or chiefly, that wages have risen from seventy-five to one hundred per cent.; but that, in fact, speaking generally, the masters and servants have changed places; the former are dependent on the latter, must humour them, bear with them, get them to do as much as they will, and be thankful as for a favour. The labouring classes have become, too, not only independent, but thoroughly restless. Few servants will stay in one place more than a month or two, not, perhaps, because they are dissatisfied, or because they expect a better, but for the sake of a change. They know they can get another place

directly. No one thinks now of asking or giving a *character*. You are only too glad to get a 'distressed needlewoman,' or an 'Irish orphan,' or even an 'old lag' from Tasmania. Society, so far as it is connected with entertainments, is, in consequence of all this, comparatively speaking, at an end in Sydney. People have not servants to entertain with. I was surprised to see so few smart equipages in Sydney, having heard a good deal of the wealth and habits of display of the people. But I was told the reason of this was, that you can get no one to drive your carriage, or, if you do, the chances are he is such a man as you would not like to trust your horses or your neck to. The rate of wages for the upper class of servants did not seem to me so exorbitantly high as I expected. A servant of mine got a place as in-door servant, at 45*l.* a year; and I think no one gives more than 50*l.* A good cook, if such were to be had, could get very high wages: a bad one gets 60*l.* a year. Women servants are hired generally by the week. An ignorant Irish girl, who waited in our lodging, got 10*s.* a-week and her washing, and grumbled at it, though she had only 6*l.* a-year, she admitted, in Dublin. The labourers on the streets got 7*s.* a-day. Shepherds generally from 35*l.* to 40*l.* a-year, though I know particular instances where they have gone for less. Mechanics are very difficult to get. I found it almost impossible to find a carpenter to fit up our cabins in the ship we were going home in; one man put up a couple of shelves for me, very badly (a job which a good carpenter would have done in two hours), and charged me for his time and nails 15*s.* The next day he could not, or would not, come at all. The effects of the want of labour are visible everywhere. Notwithstanding the immense demand for house-room, and the consequent high rate of house-rent, there is hardly any building going on at Sydney or in the neighbourhood. The chief exceptions to this are the banks, which, regardless of expense, are building magnificent houses and offices for their business of the stone of the country. Sydney is built on a quarry of excellent stone; and

the predominance of that material in the houses strikes a stranger very much, especially one who comes, as we did, from a country where nothing but wood is used. The only chance people have of getting a stationary servant or labourer is, by meeting with one of steady habits, who *has tried the diggings*. Many such, having gratified their curiosity or love for speculation, and met with ill-luck, return to their old callings, and stick to them. Various attempts have been made to meet the demand for labour, both by promoting European immigration, and by importing Chinese and half-castes from India; these last are affectingly called 'Eurasians' (*quasi* Europe Asians) in Australia. Perhaps between four and five thousand of these foreigners have been introduced into New South Wales. It is rather difficult to say how far the result may be considered favourable, you hear so many conflicting accounts, according to the experience of each individual. But on the whole, I am inclined to think they do well up the country as shepherds, but not well in or near the towns, where they meet with many of their countrymen, who make them discontented, and entice them to break their indentures. The plan adopted in importing them, I was informed, is this—the master of the ship makes them sign, in China or India, an indenture, binding them to work at specified wages, generally 10*s.* a month and their food, for any employer whom he may procure; the term of service is generally five years. When he arrives at Sydney or Moreton Bay, he sells the services of these labourers, either to those who have bespoken them at a fixed price, which is the usual way, or to any one who will take them, and at the best price he can get. It is generally 14*l.*, I believe. Though this modified slave-trade is economically advantageous, no doubt, and constitutes a valuable check on the white labourers, it involves unquestionable evils in a social and moral point of view, which, if the system should require any great extension, would more than counterbalance its advantages. The introduction of a large population, exclusively male, alien in blood, religion, and language,

and incapable of amalgamating with the English, would sow the seeds of all manner of troubles in the future. In California, which is only three weeks' sail from China, and where 30,000 or 40,000 Chinese are already established, the Americans are getting very naturally a good deal alarmed about the matter. The Legislative Council of New South Wales, who are all 'masters,' have passed a very stringent 'Masters and Servants Act'; some of its provisions quite recall the old laws of the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which attempted, by regulating wages, by punishing vagrancy, and by other similar means, to keep down the rising independence of the labourer. One clause, for example (I was told, but I did not see the act), forbids under penalties hiring a servant without his producing his discharge from his last place. In the late act regulating the diggings and the miners, an analogous provision empowers the Commissioners to refuse a licence to any man whom they suspect to be a runaway servant until he prove the contrary. These provisions are of course practically evaded, so as to be a dead letter. Again, in an act which has just been passed with the view of facilitating the recovery of passage-money advanced to immigrants by the Emigration Commissioners out of the public funds, there is a provision for getting the passage-money paid by employers, to whom the immigrants are, under certain circumstances, to be hired out against their will. The whole tendency of the Council's legislation, in short, shows the remarkable extent to which the aristocratic or employers' interest predominates in that assembly. Female servants are more difficult to be procured than male, they get married so quickly. Many stories are told of girls standing at their masters' doors being accosted by strange men, who have told them they were diggers come down to look for wives, and requested these young ladies to accommodate them. I happened to hear of one such case particularly, which I knew to be authentic, where the offer was made and accepted precisely in that way, and the wedding celebrated with the splendour usual on such occasions,

ten days afterwards. The girl was an 'Irish orphan,' and her lover could not find dresses expensive enough for her in Bathurst, where the match was made. The shopman had (literally) to *put on* some twenty per cent. to the price before he would take the articles. However, Sydney is considered well off as regards labour when compared with Melbourne. Anecdotes without end are current about the anomalous state of things there. A friend of ours, who had just returned from Melbourne, told us that when he was leaving the hotel, he asked a Melbourne gentleman what he ought to give the servants. 'Why, I hardly know,' was the reply: 'I should think their notions were rather grand, for I know the boots estimates his income at 1600*l.* a year.' Another gentleman, who had been in the colony before, returned from England lately. At the hotel he asked in the middle of the day to have his boots cleaned. The man stared. 'Why, you've had 'em cleaned once to-day already, and we think here that's enough. However, you was a good sort of a chum when you was here before, so I'll give them a dusting over for you this time.' With all this independence and scarceness of manual labourers, there is, both at Sydney and Melbourne, a large class so redundant as to be actually distressed. I mean the class of immigrants who, with the education and habits, either of gentlemen or of middle society, such as clerks and tradesmen, have no capital. They cannot dig, and they are ashamed to hire themselves as shepherds, waiters, &c., until in a state of positive destitution. One of the banks having advertised the other day for a clerk, is said to have received *ninty* applications the next day. The same friend whom I quoted before told me he saw at Melbourne three young gentlemen, all of them (I think) barristers and graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who were earning their bread by getting water up from the Yarra in a hand-cart, and retailing it among the huts and tents which have sprung up in the suburbs. Many barristers, physicians, and educated men of various callings are working on the roads of Victoria, where they

get 10s. a day. Others have been formed into a select police corps, called the 'gentlemen cadets,' who are said to cost the Government in pay, equipments, horses, &c., 500*l.* a year each. The Melbourne Government, however, can well afford even such extravagant salaries as this; it hardly knows what to do with its revenue. It has voted 317,000*l.* for the police; 29,000*l.* towards the commencement of a university; 50,000*l.* for schools; 36,000*l.* for payment of clergy, and immense salaries to all its officers. Still it has a huge balance at the bank. The revenue for the last quarter of 1852 was 600,000*l.*, and that of the first quarter of the current year upwards of 800,000*l.*; and this with a population still under 200,000, and a taxation so light as to be almost nominal. Their production of gold and wool only, that is, of exportable commodities, was estimated, last year, at 16,000,000*l.*, or at the rate of more than 100*l.* a year for every man, woman, and child then in the colony.

I find I have wandered a good way from my subject, which was the inconvenience felt by the upper classes at Sydney from the scarcity of labour. Another thing which annoys them is the abundance of money. This requires explanation. Most of the 'upper classes' have had a large share in the general prosperity. The banks have realized untold profits. All the merchants have done well; some have made large fortunes in the last two years. Even the stockowners, though of course they have had the hardest battle to fight, are probably better off than ever, the increase in the price of wool and of meat having more than compensated for the increased cost of production. The only people who have suffered are those who live on fixed incomes, and perhaps some professional people, especially clergymen. Still, notwithstanding all this, the present effect of the abundance of money on those who were well off before is not pleasant. They are no longer the rich *par excellence*; they are jostled at every turn, often outbid and outshone by those who had been their inferiors, perhaps their servants. The wife of one of the highest functionaries of the Go-

vernment was in a shop looking for a dress. One was shown to her, but on being told the price, she said it was too dear. A common labourer who was standing by told the shopman to 'let her have it; he would pay for it.' A captain of a vessel looking among the sailors' haunts for men, addressed one, evidently a common seaman, and asked him if he would ship. 'What is the size of your vessel?' said the man, consideringly. 'There she lies,' said the captain; 'she's a barque of 400 tons.' 'Just the vessel I want,' said the other, pulling out an immense roll of notes, 'if you'll sell her, I'll buy her, and ship *you*.' Now, all this sort of thing is very galling to one's aristocratical pride, quite independently of the positive discomfort. The gentleman, though he may be positively richer, is relatively poorer. He can afford perhaps to pay fifty per cent. for what he buys, and does not mind it; but he finds it very difficult to console himself for being thrown into the shade as regards outlay and display by men whom he would not in old times have allowed to wait at his table.

In many ways the increased abundance of money interferes with the existing arrangements of society, which have not yet become adapted to it. For instance, the whole scale of fines or pecuniary penalties imposed by law ought to be altered—i. e., raised. Men care nothing now for paying what was a serious sum formerly. The judges complain that there is a miserable attendance of jurors. It is far cheaper for a man of business to pay the fine than to lose his time; and so with everything else of this kind. The clergy, again, complain very much, and justly, of the effect upon *their* position. To some extent their emoluments are derived from the State, which devotes a certain sum to church purposes, divided, according to population, among four denominations—the Anglicans, Roman-catholics, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans. Of the whole sum, the Church of England gets about half, and this is appropriated to the payment of holders of certain cures, on the certificate of the bishop. It has not been increased, as the corresponding fund at Victoria has, in

proportion to the increase of population, so that it is now very inadequate to the wants of the colony, and requires to be 'supplemented' by voluntary subscriptions. Besides, as I have said, the same money now goes much less far than it used to do; while, on the other hand, I am told, as a general rule, the vast increase of the general wealth has not produced any increase worth talking of in subscriptions to religious purposes; so that, on the whole, with very much more to do, the clergy, speaking generally, have really a smaller income—that is, an income giving them less command over money's worth, than before. Official salaries, again, have not been yet, except in a few instances, raised so as to meet the increased expensiveness of living. On the whole, therefore, from one or all of the foregoing causes, 'good society' in New South Wales is decidedly discontented with its position, and is seriously thinking, (or, at any rate, loudly talking) of abandoning it, and going away. If things continue long as they now are, I must say I shall not be at all surprised at the best people going. I can conceive no social state more disagreeable to live in than a community in which the labouring class is composed of gamblers (all gold diggers become gamblers in habits and character), and the aristocracy, that is, the richest and most powerful people, are the *successful* gamblers. At the same time, though the emigration of the more educated and civilized people from New South Wales would be a natural consequence of the existing state of things, it is not the less a very deplorable consequence, and must aggravate all the evils of that state of things immensely. Perhaps this prospect of a perpetual straining off of the best portion of society is the worst element in the probable future of Australia.

Politics in New South Wales are in rather a curious and anomalous state. With many liberal professions, and a very real wish to alter radically in many respects the present regimen, the Legislative Council are evidently to a great extent also under a distinct and partly inconsistent influence, which prevents them from venturing to press their

principles to legitimate conclusions. For example, in the Constitutional Bill which was prepared last year by their committee, and which has probably passed, with more or less modification, during the current session, there is, on the one hand, a distinct assertion of the principle of local self-government, in the clauses which distinguish between local and imperial legislation, and prohibit any interference on the part of Downing-street with the former, in that which vests local patronage exclusively in the Governor and Executive Council, and in that which transfers the management of the waste lands to the Colonial Legislature. On the other hand, in the same bill, I find a provision for constituting a Nominated Upper house, and another for granting to the Crown in perpetuity a civil list which will make it, to a very serious extent, independent of the colonists; while no attempt is made to fetter the governor—*i. e.*, the responsible servant of the Colonial Minister—in his powers of unlimited control over the legislation and government of the colony. In the political society of Sydney the same contradictory tendencies are still more apparent—that is, a strong jealousy of British interference, checked by a fear of what may possibly happen if it be withdrawn, and a wish to guard against democratic excesses, even at the expense of some portion of the desired local independence. It appears to me that the chief cause of this is to be found in the peculiar position of the present governing, or rather legislating, class. These are, to a preponderating extent, men of considerable fortunes, derived from stock-feeding. The preponderance of the 'squattling' interest (which corresponds with what is called the 'landed interest' at home, in opposition to the commercial and labouring interests) is not accidental; it depends chiefly on two things: first, the arrangement of the electoral districts, by which the squattling districts have a great deal more than what would be their proportionate share of the representation, if the proportion were calculated according to wealth or population; and, secondly, the non-payment of the members of the Legislative Council, which of course renders it impossible

for any man to sit in it who has not an independent income, and leisure; so that the representation is thrown very much into the hands of the stock-owners, who are almost the only people possessing these qualifications. But the squatter's position, though temporarily powerful, is felt to be pre-eminently insecure. Although the occupiers of vast tracts of land, which they keep out of the market by their privileges, they have no leases, only the promises of leases; and these promises, I am told, are so vaguely worded, that a Government anxious to evade or revoke them, would find no great difficulty in doing so. Again, their political position is insecure; the general tendency of events, especially since the discovery of gold, has been to elevate the commercial, mining, and other labouring classes far more than the squatters. The latter are assuming gradually the attitude of an unpopular aristocracy maintaining a prescriptive and legal ascendancy against a vigorous and progressive democracy. The consequence is, that though they wish to transfer power from Downing-street to their present depositaries of local authority and influence, they do not choose that the transfer shall be so complete as to throw them altogether into the power of those classes of their countrymen whom they dread more than Downing-street, should the latter become predominant in the colony. In such a case (the 'aristocracy' think) a nominee chamber and a gubernatorial veto might be very useful bulwarks against revolutionary legislation. They are also naturally desirous to get the control over the waste lands into colonial hands *now*, while *they* are supreme in the legislature; in the hope that if they can establish a *status*, such as would be satisfactory to themselves, that *status* may, with comparative facility, be preserved from disturbance by the conservative forces of the constitution. The first thing that will be done when the lands are handed over to the colonists, is to lower the price, probably to 5s. an acre, for all land not exceptionally situated. I believe there is also a plan for allowing the price to be paid by instalments; at any rate, in the case of existing

leaseholders wishing to purchase their holdings. Such a measure would probably be acceptable to all parties; the popular party wish to make land accessible on easy terms to the labourers, while the squatters hope that, if the proposed change be carried into effect while parties stand in their present relation to each other, it may be framed so as to secure for themselves whatever land they want, and practically to turn their precarious tenures into freeholds.

A remarkable proof of the influence which prevails in the council, is to be found in the new 'gold regulations.' Ever since the discovery of the gold mines, the 'Crown,' that is, the Executive Government, has levied a tax of 30s. a month upon diggers. The equivalent for this was *exclusive* right to dig in a piece of ground so many (I think eight) feet square, so that it practically came almost to the same thing as a rent of that amount. This fee was calculated to be, and I believe really was, somewhere about one-tenth of the average earnings of the diggers. When the Crown surrendered to the Colonists the control over the gold revenue, it devolved upon these latter to re-consider the subject of the regulations, which were admittedly defective as regards machinery for enforcing payment, and the authority of the commissioners generally. A committee of the council sat and heard a great mass of evidence. By them, or rather by the council acting on their recommendations, two alterations of great importance were made in the existing law; one, that the fee of 30s. a month should be levied not only on diggers, but on every individual resident at the diggings, and practising any trade or calling; the other, that aliens should pay a double fee. A bill embodying these alterations was prepared, and passed through the council without any opposition worth speaking of. The first of these provisions above-mentioned, by imposing a poll-tax of 18l. a-year on those who minister to the wants of the miners, in fact constitutes an additional tax on the latter, who have to pay for the services and commodities of those people a price sufficient to compensate for the sum

in which they are mulcted. The result was, of course, a proportionate discouragement to the pursuit of mining, and few, I think, can doubt that such was the intention of the legislature. Certainly the miners have no doubt on the subject, and look upon the clause simply as a differential duty on one kind of industry, imposed for the purpose of protecting another. This impression is confirmed by the view generally taken of the double tax on aliens. All the diggers believe that one primary object, at least, of this clause was to prevent the Chinese from leaving their employers in order to dig for gold. Besides the other obvious objections to the double tax on foreigners, there is this decisive one, that it cannot be enforced. It is true that the law gives to the commissioners a discretionary power which might be converted into a monstrous engine of oppression, actually directing that the burthen of proof should lie upon the applicant, and that he shall not be entitled to his licence unless he can show to the satisfaction of the commissioner that he *is* a British subject. But as hardly anyone could do this, the practical result is, that no one is asked to do it, and as the commissioners are, of course, equally unable to prove the contrary, they content themselves with simply asking the question—'Are you a British subject?' and any foreigner choosing to tell a lie gets his licence. Probably this law will have been altered in the present session of Council. In the meantime it has had a very injurious effect on the estimation in which the Council is held among the labouring class, and has produced a strong feeling against the squatting interests especially, to whose influence it is attributed.

In Victoria, I understand that a similar antagonism has developed itself between the great stock owners and the other classes of society. There also the former, all-powerful of late years in their influence under the regimen of the Colonial office, secured for themselves most advantageous pastoral regulations, and in virtue of these regulations have locked up vast districts of land in the most advantageous situations, and well fitted for agricultural pur-

poses, and kept them as sheep runs, under promises of leases. But the stock owners have not in Victoria, as in New South Wales, succeeded in keeping, under the present semi-representative constitution, the power which they had under the former one. From what I have heard, I should imagine that their class consisted more largely of men who came out only to make a fortune, and who did not think it worth while to take the trouble of entering upon a colonial political career. Besides, late events have had a far more revolutionary effect on society in the younger than in the older colony, for obvious reasons. Whatever the cause may be, it is certain that the Legislative Council of Victoria is decidedly 'anti-squatterish' in its tendencies, and not only so, but generally more democratic and Yankeeified than that of New South Wales. Last year they presented a memorial, or passed resolutions, to the effect that the squatters had made too good a bargain, and that their runs ought no longer to be kept out of the market. Mr. Latrobe, the Lieut.-Governor, is understood to be favourable to the popular side of this question, and has backed the Council's request, in forwarding it to the Colonial Minister. It is to be observed, however, that the privileges of the stock owners in Victoria are far more injurious practically than in New South Wales, because their runs come nearer to the capital, and include much more valuable land, as well as because, from the greater influx of population, and the more rapid making of fortunes, there is a greater want of new land for agricultural and other purposes; a greater desire, in short, of the power to purchase freeholds.

The result, of course, of the enormous wealth which has been extracted from the Australian mines within so short a time, and by so small a community, has been to create a complete glut of capital. Every field of investment is choked. Millions of money are lying idle in the banks (for example, the branches of the Union Bank alone at Melbourne and Geelong had upwards of 2,000,000*l.* of deposits last February), and the ordinary rate of interest has fallen to a point unprece-

dently low, considering the comparative precariousness of colonial securities. All house property, bank shares, in short everything that will yield an annual income, has run up to an enormous price. The same is the case with all land in or close to large towns, especially Melbourne. Mr. Latrobe has, I am told, made a large fortune by an involuntary land speculation. When he first went to Port Phillip as Lieutenant-Governor, there was no official residence for him. He was compelled, therefore, against his will, to buy a few acres of waste land, on which to make a house and garden. He did so in a convenient situation, but where land was then of no value. For this little place it is said that he could now get 70,000*l.*, and I can well believe it, for a gentleman whom I knew told me he had actually sold for 35,000*l.* half of a property in Melbourne, the whole of which cost him 3500*l.* a few years ago. To give an idea of the value of houses, either in Sydney or Melbourne, is difficult, for it increases every day as immigrants pour in, the exorbitant price of labour preventing people from building. I was told, on good authority, of one gentleman who came out from England as agent of a mining company, with a salary of 500*l.* a year and 100*l.* a year, as lodging-money, in consideration of the circumstances of the times. After immense difficulty, he thought himself lucky to get a house (unfurnished of course), with four very small rooms, a kitchen, and a garret, which, as he had a family, was the very least he could get on with. For this he had to pay 600*l.* a year. I need not add that he had written home to request either that his salary be doubled, or that he be relieved forthwith.

Rural land has not increased in value proportionably to other descriptions of property. For this many reasons are assigned; first, that there is but little good agricultural land to be had in New South Wales; this does not apply so much to Port Phillip, though in both colonies the squatters monopolize the best of the land; secondly, that it has not been the habit of the labouring class in Australia (at least of late, since the upset price has been

raised) to invest in land; thirdly, (and this, I think, is the true reason), that agricultural land is of no use as an investment to any one who looks for an immediate return, unless he be a labourer, who intends to farm it on his own account, and with his own hands. Now, the mass of the labourers who have been successful at gold-digging do not become, or at least have not yet become, farmers. They prefer, generally speaking, to go on digging for gold. So that it does not suit any class just now to speculate in rural land.

There was nothing, I think, that I enjoyed so much at Sydney as the facilities for bathing. It is not considered safe to bathe in the open water of the harbour, on account of the numerous sharks by which it is infested, but a set of baths has been established in the hull of a ship which has been moored some twenty yards from the rocks, and which gives access to a very good piece of water for swimming purposes, ruled in at both ends, and supposed (I know not how truly) to be inaccessible to sharks. The heat of the weather during almost the whole of our stay at Sydney was very oppressive; not hotter than that which I have felt on particular days in other countries—I think the highest was 92 in the shade at the light-house on the South Head (which is the coolest place about Sydney)—but more continuous. We had not one really cool day, though sometimes after a very oppressive morning a south wind would suddenly come on in the afternoon, and the thermometer would drop twenty or thirty degrees in half an hour, which produced from the contrast a temporary sensation of positive cold. There was no rain except now and then a short shower, and twice, I think, thunderstorms. The chief plagues connected with the climate are the dust and the mosquitoes. When the wind blows strongly from the southward, it is what the Sydney people call a ‘brickfielder;’ that is, it carries with it dense clouds of red dust or sand, like brickdust, swept from the light soil which adjoins the town on that side, and so thick that the houses and streets are actually hidden; it is a ‘darkness that

can be felt.' The people, when a 'brickfielder' comes on, keep in their houses, and carefully close every inlet. Nobody faces the wind that can help it. To a stranger the mosquitoes are even worse. The morning after our arrival in the cove we looked on each other's faces with horror; it was as if we had all been seized by some violent eruptive disease. And so it continued with hardly any mitigation to the end of our stay. Mosquito-curtains were utterly unavailing; from the moment the sun set we were covered by these abominable insects, and our hands, arms, legs, and faces were in a perpetual state of acute inflammation from the sores which the bites occasioned. In the lodging houses every known species of vermin, from rats to fleas, abounded besides, so that I used to look with a kind of horror upon the time of going to bed. The last thing we did always was to spend a quarter of an hour in killing all the animals we could discover about the beds—a very useless trouble, I believe, for what we could kill was but a drop in the bucket. It is very singular that after a certain period of residence in mosquito haunted countries, people cease to suffer much from the bites. They just feel the first prick, but it neither swells nor inflames, and is not felt a few minutes after. I cannot understand the reason of this, but the fact is undoubted. Whether from the change of climate or some other cause, we were all ill at Sydney, one after the other. Hydropathy could hardly be practised at Sydney, for during far the greatest part of the year there is no such thing as cold water; that which we drew from the pipes which supplied us was always above 70°. It is surprising that they do not import ice, as is done now in almost all hot climates. I suppose that hitherto the number of those able to afford such a luxury has not been great enough to provide an 'effectual demand,' but the late immense increase of the general wealth must bring this with other luxuries.

After we had become a little settled in Sydney I determined to go to the diggings on the Turon. There were two ways of going. One was to buy or hire a horse and

ride, the other to take one of the two 'coaches' which ply daily between Sydney and Bathurst. I was told that the first would be far the most comfortable, and on every account I should have preferred it, but that it would take up too much time. But that objection was fatal, so I took my place by the Bathurst 'mail coach,' paying 2*l.* 10*s.* for the 'box-seat,' which I was especially advised to secure. It started from the post-office at half-past four, p.m., and I met it there at the time appointed. Seeing the front boot left open to receive the mail bags, I stood by the wheel till they should be put in, as there was no place for me to put my feet upon while the boot was open. The coachman seeing me stand there called out, 'Ain't you going with us?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, then, I advise you to get up somewhere, for I shall start the moment the bags are in.' This sentence, delivered in a tone and manner that seemed to be studiously made as insolent as possible, was my first specimen of what I soon found was the ordinary mode of proceeding among this class of people in this country. The coach was a very good omnibus, with four excellent horses, well appointed too; and I began to think my friends had misinformed me when they warned me against the mail. We drove to Paramatta, fifteen miles, in two hours. The road is Macadamized and in tolerable order; the country very ugly and uninteresting—a small proportion of it is still covered with forest; the greater part is divided into paddocks, with post and rail fences, with muddy water holes interspersed among them, and now looking very yellow and uninviting to man or beast. There was nothing however to distinguish the look of the road very markedly from what one might see in England, except the number of sheep, cattle, and horses which one met, driven by wild-looking stockmen in their shirts, white or blue, with broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hats (a sort of chip), long boots, and tremendous stock whips, and the wool drays, two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by from four to ten horses or bullocks, generally the latter, and carrying from one to two tons of wool in bales. The public-

houses are frightfully numerous, yet it seemed to me as if we stopped at all of them, and wherever we stopped our driver took a glass of grog, and then had a few minutes' lounge and gossip, so that we had to go at a good pace when moving in order to keep our time.

Paramatta is a neat little town, at the head of the navigation of the harbour. It is a kind of suburb to Sydney, many men of business living there, going into Sydney by the steamer every morning, and returning in the afternoon. At Paramatta I found to my great disgust that we were to 'change coaches,' as it was called, in other words to exchange our coach for a spring-cart, something like a very rough Irish 'inside car,' with a driving seat that held two, and a body that professed to hold six, but was really fit only to hold four with tolerable comfort. The new 'coach' had a new driver, and I found that it is not the custom for successive drivers to be bound by each other's arrangements, so I lost my 'box seat,' which had been already engaged by a Paramatta passenger. The body of the car was choked up by two large sacks of corn, and by the luggage of six passengers, so as to leave literally no room at all for their twelve legs, which of themselves were more than sufficient to fill it. However, as we had to go *that way and there*, or stay behind, we, six of us, clambered into the horrible 'instrument,' and lay or sat or stood upon each other in a kind of heap, which as we proceeded became more solid as it shook down, till I doubt whether a casual passer-by would have discerned that it was composed of human limbs and bodies. At this point began the real sufferings of the journey, sufferings which all that I had heard but faintly enabled me to realize. At Penrith, twelve miles further on, I again took my place on the 'box,' and a fresh victim was placed 'inside.' This was an unwary move on my part; bad as was my position before, it was decidedly made worse by the change. The 'box' was a narrow bar of wood, without any back or sides, and sloping steeply backwards. Every jolt therefore of course tended to throw the wretched sitter violently into the

body of the car, a tendency which he could only resist by convulsively clinging to his slippery seat with the calves of his legs. During most of the time I was sitting on the inside of my legs, the centre of gravity depending considerably behind and below the bar before mentioned. And the jolts—what shall I call them? They were rather headlong plunges into an apparently bottomless abyss than jolts of the ordinary kind. You went down with a 'send,' like a ship pitching 'bows under' in a head sea, and how the springs (for there were springs, though they were nearly blocked up) bore one, even the least, of these terrible shocks, is to me an inexplicable marvel. The bodily suffering, also, was greatly aggravated by the other annoyances of the journey. In the first place, during the early part of the night it rained rather heavily, and a drizzling mist continued through the whole of it; then the companions I was afflicted with! I don't remember having on a journey in any other country met with habitual and wanton incivility. But here everybody you came in contact with, drivers, passengers, hostlers, chamber-maids, seemed to take a sort of pride in being rude and insolent, so that by degrees I became really almost afraid to address the slightest observation to any one, as it was pretty sure to produce an answer which tempted one to quarrel outright. I have learned in knocking about the world not to be very squeamish or particular, but really it made my blood run cold to hear the drivers on this mail blaspheme at their horses, each other, their passengers, everything and everybody. I did not think the English language could have furnished such epithets and terms; nor could anything exceed the barbarity with which they treated their horses, which were after the first stage wretched animals, in no sort of condition, and as wretchedly equipped. It was impossible to look without shuddering at the state of their shoulders and withers, which were generally little better than one great festering wound, and nothing but the most unsparing application of the whip would have got them into motion at all. The vehicle was of

course a very light one for four horses if the roads had been of the ordinary kind; as it was, however, there was always as much as they could do, and generally rather more. Each driver worked the mail for about ten hours, and then, with hardly any rest, drove the return mail back again. In returning, I sat beside one who, by the time we got to Penrith, had driven without intermission for twenty-seven hours. When I say 'without intermission,' I should add that he had stopped for periods varying from five minutes to half an hour at every single public-house he passed in those twenty-seven hours, *i.e.* probably about forty, the result of which naturally was, that during the latter part of his drive he was more than half

drunk and fast asleep. On the whole, I may say I have seen the public carriages of a good many countries, some of them not very far advanced in civilization; but in discomfort, insecurity, unpunctuality, and general barbarism, the mail between Bathurst and Sydney far surpasses them all. It professed in Sydney to arrive at Bathurst at six P.M., *i.e.* twenty-five hours and a half from Sydney. But we 'knocked up' on the road (every second day, at least, they either 'knock up' or 'break down') and the passengers had to walk four miles to the next stage, from whence we sent back fresh horses to the mail. The result of this, and of some minor accidents, was, that we were four hours late, and did not get to Bathurst till ten.

PROPERTIUS AND HIS ENGLISH EDITOR.*

MR. PALEY'S reputation as a classical scholar is so well established, that a new work of his may well dispense with a reviewer's voucher. His name on a title-page is a sufficient guarantee that the book to which it is prefixed will be found to be edited with conscientious care and discriminating judgment; otherwise we should have felt bound to apologize as best we might, for not earlier noticing a book which we read some months ago with profit and pleasure. Our welcome, though late, is not the less hearty, and we gladly take the opportunity to say a few words about the old author and the new edition.

And first of the old author. Sextus Aurelius Propertius was born about the year 55 B.C., being a few years junior to Virgil and Horace, and a few years senior to Ovid. His 'floruit' thus falls in the very middle of the Augustan period, when Latin poetry reached its acme, such as it was, its golden prime. And yet there is no one of all the 'Corpus Poetarum' whose poems are less read. In England, where we cannot be charged with undue neglect of the Augustan poets in general, no edition of Propertius has appeared for the last hundred and fifty years. He is

seldom, if ever, 'set' in University examinations, and we doubt whether he has ever been quoted in parliament by any of those legislators who are constantly expressing in elegant latinity their unconquerable fear of the Danaï, and their impartial resolutions with respect to the Trojan and the Tyrian. This neglect is, in our opinion, not altogether undeserved. At all events, the causes of it are obvious on the most cursory perusal of the poet's work. His really great qualities are marred by serious defects: defects so great that the author, even with the aid of the most accomplished editors, can never become popular in the sense in which Virgil, Horace, and Ovid are popular. If he had ever been popular with our fathers, they would have shortened *his* name too, and called him Properce.

First and foremost among these defects, we may reckon an artificial tone, a want of naturalness, which leaves the reader cold and unimpressed, even by the strongest and most fervid language. 'Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.' So said the acute critic whose own poems, though in a less degree, fall under the same censure. Indeed, this same artificial tone, this falsetto,

* *Propertius, with English Notes*, by F. A. Paley, Editor of *Æschylus*. London: John W. Parker and Son; Cambridge: John Deighton, 1853.

is the besetting sin, the congenital weakness of all the sweet singers of Rome.

Circumstances did not permit a spontaneous development to Roman poetry. The poetry of the people of Latium, instead of growing out of rude lays into great epics, the delight of all classes from prince to peasant, never outgrew its early rusticity, and sank under the contempt with which foreign culture inspired the upper classes. The muses of Greece expelled the Camene of Italy from every native grove; Pan and his satyrs drove out the fauns; and we have much reason to regret that it was so, for neither muses nor satyrs ever felt themselves perfectly at home. To drop metaphor, the transcendent excellence of Greek poetry in every department excited such unfeigned admiration among the comparatively rude Italians, that, despairing of rivalry, they contented themselves with imitation. Ennius's boast was that he was a second Homer, and the highest praise which the admirers of Plautus could bestow on him was, that he had successfully copied Epicharmus. Lucretius, to inculcate the doctrines of Epicurus, adopts the form of Empedocles: nay, as if it were a crime in the eyes of Roman critics to invent anything, Horace takes care to justify his satires by the example of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes. Hence the great mass of Latin poetry does not deserve the name of poetry, in the highest sense of the word; it is like a collection of school-exercises done by very big and very clever boys, deserving a first-class mark, but never quickening the pulse or moistening the eye of the reader. The merits of the Roman poets under Augustus are the same in kind as those of the French poets under the Grand Monarque; both worked with consummate skill and grace upon foreign models. In this general condemnation, it must be understood, we do not include the satiric and didactic poems; the former being, notwithstanding the partial disclaimer of Horace, of indisputable Italian birth; and the latter almost meriting the compliment which Cicero paid to his countrymen in general, long before they had deserved it in any one particular. 'Meum

semper judicium fuit,' he says, 'omnia nostros aut invenisse per se sapientius quam Græcos, aut accepta ab illis fecisse meliora quæ quidem digna statuissent, in quibus elaborarent.' Besides, seeing that in the scattered fragments of Greek poetry which time has spared we can trace so much direct imitation, it cannot be doubted, that if we had the rest by us, a comparison would leave but little to be set down to the credit of Roman invention.

The passages in which we are able to institute a comparison, tend for the most part to show the infinite superiority of the Greeks, and to make us deplore the caprice of fate, which has destroyed the originals and spared the copies. How poor is the 'Dissolve frigus' of Horace as a translation of the *καὶ βάλλε τὸν χειμῶνα* of Alceus! and how much better the song of those older poets 'who did but sing because they must!'

Nevertheless, in all those whom the world has agreed to call the great Latin poets, there are touches of nature, snatches of native melody, which may be discerned by almost any eye, like grains of gold in quartz, more precious than all the mass besides; and in several, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid especially, the formal excellence goes far to compensate material deficiency. To the muse of each we may apply that beautiful distich of the Pseudo-Tibullus:

*Ilum, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia
movit.*

Componit furum subsequiturque decor.

And it was this latter quality which insured to these poetical triumvirs of Rome their immediate and undisputed pre-eminence in popularity. For (to resume a former comparison) the Roman standard of taste, in the days of Augustus, was very much like the French under Louis Quatorze; form, and not matter, was the test of the poet's excellence. So far as we can make out, the other poets of the Augustan age seem to have been popular exactly in proportion to their skill in versification: Tibullus first, Propertius second, Gallus third. At least, such seems to have been the order of preference in Quintilian's time; for after citing Tibullus as the best elegiac poet, he adds:

'Sunt qui Propertium malint.' 'There were some who liked Propertius better.' 'Durior utroque Gallus;' and accordingly the remains of poor Gallus have been left to mingle with the dust of some cross-road long ago. Judging from the paucity of manuscripts, and those apparently all derived from one, Propertius seems to have narrowly escaped a like fate. He never attained anything like the popularity of his aforesaid contemporaries, owing to his comparatively rugged style; and he never will be so great a favourite with a modern reader, because the artificial, unreal tone which we complain of in them is much more obtrusive and offensive in him. It was his misfortune to have chosen for his model, Callimachus, himself the most artificial and pedantic of all the Greeks, a poet of the third century B.C.—a time when the true Helicon was well-nigh dried up. So that while in Horace something of the passion and tenderness of Sappho and Alceus live still, in Propertius we have only the imitation of an imitation, twice removed from nature. He aimed at nothing higher than being the disciple of Callimachus and Philetas, a poet of the same school.

Callimachi manes et Coisacta Philetas

In vestrum quasso me sinite ire nemus.
Primum ego ingredior puro de fonte sacerdos

Italia per Graios orgia ferre choros.

The 'purity' of the 'fountain' is more than questionable. If he had selected Callinus or Tyrteus for his exemplar, his poetry as well as morality would have been all the better; but unhappily, the Romans in his day seem for the most part to have lacked entirely the calm critical power of Horace, and to have regarded all the Greek poets with the same indiscriminate reverence, just as in the 14th and 15th centuries the classical poets were worshipped together as the almost equal gods of an unapproachable Olympus.

The verses above quoted show that Propertius would have accounted it the highest honour to be styled the Roman Callimachus, and this title (as a learned and travelled friend informs us) is accorded him in an inscription over the gate of

Spello, a little town near Spoleto, which claims to be his birth-place. This claim is founded upon a passage in which he tells us that he was born on the confines of Umbria and Etruria, one of the few notices of his real self which his poetical theory permitted him to leave us. As for the 'amour,' the various phases of which supply topics for all but the last book of his elegies, not a single incident can be accepted as historical. His howlings on the threshold when Cynthia shuts him out; his songs of triumph in the boudoir when she lets him in; his denunciations of fortunate rivals, and penitential confessions of occasional infidelities, are not suggested by real incidents, but in all probability by similar themes of Callimachus or Philetas; the cruel exclusion, the gracious admission, the rivals and the mistress, are all fictitious, like the Lydias and Glyceas in Horace, or the piping shepherds in Virgil's Eclogues.

That there was in Rome some lady of Cynthia's class with whom the poet had a *liaison*, is probable enough from what we know of Roman morals; that there were a dozen is more probable still; but that this *liaison* or *liaisons* suggested, or were in any degree connected with the poems, is by no means capable of proof.

It is amusing enough to see how the German editors accept these feigned incidents as if they were so many undoubted facts, and deduce therefrom an inferential biography of the poet. Mr. Paley very rightly ignores most of these baseless speculations, although even he is disposed to concede a historical reality to many characters and events forming the subjects of the poems, which to us seems more than doubtful. The prator, for instance, that 'wealthy, but not very intellectual personage,' is, to our thinking, only a rival of straw, whom the poet sets up for the pleasure of bowling him over by a series of indignant hexameters and pentameters. We are bound, however, to accept these matter-of-fact views as an evidence of the poet's skill, and a set-off against the charge of unreality which we have been urging as the grand defect of his book.

The next defect which we have to

notice in Propertius is his difficulty. We say advisedly 'defect,' because it arises not from the profundity or novelty of the thoughts he has to express, but apparently from a want of mastery over the means of expression. The sense, for the most part, is easy enough when you have got at it, and would have been fully given by Ovid in the simplest of distichs. One objects to crack a very hard nut, when there is little or no kernel inside. At all events such an occupation is not congenial to the English tooth; but these same hard nuts have attracted a crowd of German editors, who crack away lustily, making wonderfully wry faces in the operation. We might multiply instances of difficulty needlessly created by the use of imperfect phraseology, if space permitted. Let the following suffice, B. i., El. 8. The poet is endeavouring to deter his frail mistress from accompanying the unintellectual prætor to Illyria.

Tunc audire potes vesani murmura ponti,
Fortis et in dura nave jacere potes?
Tu pedibusteneis positus fulcire puinas?

Fulcire! 'This,' says Mr. Paley, with great truth, 'is a remarkable use of a word which usually means to support, as a pillar props a roof. It may be explained on the statical principle that resistance is equal to thrust—i. e., if the roof presses on the pillar, the pillar presents the same counter-thrust both to the roof above and the earth below. Barth's explanation is absurd.' Every explanation is absurd, because the text is absurd. Ovid would never have penned such a phrase.

Take another passage in B. iii., El. 15:—

Quod si tam facilis spiraret Cynthia nobis
Non ego nequitie dicerer esse caput.
Nec sic per totam infamis traduceretur
urbem,

Ureret et quævis nomine verba darem.

The last line is explained to mean: 'nor should I have been annoyed so much in spite of my caution in concealing her real name.' This may be the sense intended, but assuredly nobody save Propertius would have employed such words to convey it. It reminds us of the perverse ingenuity of nature in volcanic countries; building up a great mountain of

painful ashes to hold a crater with nothing in it.

Take again the finale of the 17th elegy of the same book, wherein the poet is warning some susceptible friend of the deceitfulness of things in general, and women in particular:—

Vidistis quandam Argiva prodire figura,
Vidistis nostras; utraque forma rapit.
Illicque plebeio, vel sit sandieis amictu,
Hæc atque illa mali vulneris una via
est.

Cum satis una tuis insomnia portet
oculis,

Una sit et cuivis femina multa mala.

We should be as much puzzled as the commentators to interpret the last quatrain, yet we feel convinced that, if we did by any effort reach the proper point of view, we should find 'nothing in it.'

Another source of perplexity to the reader, which by a little care on the author's part might easily have been avoided, is the capricious way in which he changes the persons (we use the word in its grammatical sense.) For example, in B. iii., El. 26, after speaking of Virgil in the third person, he suddenly and without reason addresses him in the second. *Tu canis umbrosi*, &c., then six lines below speaks of him in the third, *ille*, and in the very next couplet reverts to the second person. —*Tu canis Ascrei*, &c. What reader can grasp such a Proteus as this? Other difficulties arise from the rapid change of tense without apparent rhyme or reason; others again from the unexampled use of the potential mood. How often, too, are we puzzled by the appearance of a strange ablative case, not referable to instrument or agent, or any other grammatical class! For instance, in B. iii., El. 3, speaking of an artist who had made a fine picture of the god Amor, he says,—

Idem non frustra ventosæ addidit alas
Fecit et humano corde volare deum.

Humano corde volare! No wonder that, as Mr. Paley says, 'these words have been very variously interpreted.' 'Hertzberg,' he proceeds, 'seems clearly right in considering them the ablative of place to 'flit in the human heart.' To our mind there is nothing clear about it. Besides, how could a picture represent the god as flitting in the opaque locality in question? We venture

very doubtfully to hazard the suggestion that in this picture, where every detail was allegorical, the wings of the god were so drawn, with the tips joined, as to represent the shape of a human heart. But we don't expect anybody to agree with us. There are many passages in Propertius about which nobody assents to anybody.

Another defect which pervades the poems, all but the last book, is their monotony. It is all very well for the lover to say *Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit*; but Cynthia is not enough material for 3500 lines of verse. *Il est ennuyant avec sa Cynthia*, and most readers are tired out before they arrive at the *finis*.

Fourthly, and lastly, the pedantry with which, in imitation of Callimachus, Propertius has overloaded his verse, repels and disgusts his readers. His muse is bent double under the weight of mythological lore which she is doomed to carry; and not content with hitching into his couplets all Olympus and half Hades, under their usual names, he disguises them with such quaint epithets and adjuncts, that, for the life of you, you could not find them out without a page of Apollodorus in the notes by way of explanation. For example, who is acquainted with the 'filia Eveni?' or 'Salmonis?' or 'Edonis?' Can anyone point out on the map the 'regnum Theoproti,' or 'Teuthrantis unda?' Who recognises Ariadne under the title of 'the languid Gnosia?' or Protesilaus under the sobriquet of 'Phylacides?' yet all this recondite learning Propertius presupposes in his readers. An ordinary female would not be likely to be moved by such illustrations of passion, so Propertius, foreseeing the objection, determined to make his ideal mistress a *docta puella*. If there ever were such a person, what a relief it must have been to her to get away to Illyria with her unintellectual Prætor. '*Il faut avoir aimé Propertius pour savoir tout le bonheur d'aimer un bête.*' (Shade of Talleyrand, forgive Cynthia the plagiarism!)

The last book is by far the most interesting, and is in great measure free from the faults we have imputed to the rest. Indeed, Cynthia only

appears twice—once in the flesh, and once as a ghost. The remaining elegies of this book are mostly devoted to Roman antiquities, for Propertius seems to deserve the credit of conceiving a work such as Ovid subsequently took up and half completed, under the well-known name of *Fasti*. The fourth Elegy, which relates the picturesque tale of *Tarpeia*, is well worth notice, and shows what Propertius might have done if he had been content always to draw his inspirations from Roman legend and Roman scenery, and had dared to act and write honestly and truthfully, instead of conforming to the mawkish sentiment and fashionable dissoluteness of the times when 'corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocabatur.' The third Elegy, an epistle from Arethusa to Lycotas, reminds us of the *Heroïdes*; and the eleventh, which closes the whole, in which the shade of Cornelia is supposed to address her mourning husband, is perhaps the finest elegiac composition which time has spared to us in either language. The metre is almost Ovidian in its facility and smoothness, while there is a strength and power in the diction to which Ovid can afford no parallel. The date of the elegy may, with almost certainty, be referred to the year 16 B.C., six years later than any other of his poems to which we are able to assign a time. Had he really been devoting the interval to natural philosophy, as in one of his elegies he threatens? The thing is probable enough, and doubtless any systematic study exercising his powers of inductive reasoning, would tend to wean his fancy from pedantic models like Callimachus, and base ideals like Cynthia. We cannot doubt but that the poetry of his middle age, had he been spared to write it, or it been spared to us, would have been found free from the affectations which beset the poetry of his youth. It is not improbable that his intimacy with Ovid, who we know was bound to him *jure sodalicio*, may have had some effect in tempering the harshness of his metre, and the asperity of his style. At the time when this latest poem of Propertius was written, Ovid would be twenty-seven. The fol-

lowing lines, which we quote from the poem in question, will bear out our praise.

Hæc est feminei merces extrema triumph
Laudat ubi emeritum libera fama
regum.

Nunc tibi commendo communia pignora,
natos.

Hæc cura et cineri spirat inusta meo,
Fungere maternis vicibus pater. Illa
meorum

Omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo,
Et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis;
Cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis.

Such was the strength and tenderness which the muse of Propertius could attain, when she deigned to appear as a Roman matron, and had cast aside the false trappings of a Greek courtesan.

Even in the earlier productions we find glimpses here and there of better and nobler thoughts, reminding us of the sustained beauty of his last poem. We will pick out two or three examples chiefly from the first book. Here is a sweet bit of fresh nature (he is dissuading his mistress from the vanities of the toilet):—

Aspice quos summittit humus formosa
colores,

Ut veniant hederæ sponte sua melius;
Surgat et in Solis formosius arbutus an-
tris,

Et sciat indociles currere lympha vias.
Litora nativis collucent picta lapillis

Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.
And again, in the same Elegy, we have a charming line—

Uni si qua placet, culta puella sat est.
Here is a couplet full of tenderness:—

Et pariter miseri socio cogemur amore
Alter in alterius mutua flere sinu.

How true and well-put is the sentiment in this line:—

Sæpe venit magno fœnore tardus amor.
In the next he is protesting his fidelity even beyond the grave:—

Illic, quicquid ero, semper tua dicar
imago;

Trajicit et fati litora magnus amor.
Here is a striking, and, so far as we know, original simile with which he presents his humble lays to Augustus:—

Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere
signis

Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes,
Sic nos nunc inopes laudis conscendere
carmen

Pauperibus sacris vilia thura damus.

Lastly, admire the happy audacity of the phrase which he employs to characterize civil war, wherein every victory was calamity and defeat:—

Nec totiens propriis circum oppugnata
triumphis

Lassa foret crines solvere Roma suos.

These and other passages, together with several entire poems of the two last books, prove that Propertius possessed undeveloped powers, which might, under happier influences, have raised him to the very first rank of Roman poets; and it is these indications, proving that the man was better than he chose to seem, and worthy of higher aims, which make us follow, with a certain interest, the otherwise dreary phases of the affair with Cyntia.

Moreover, if the poems had been ten times duller than they are, the student would not be justified in neglecting an author who was on terms of familiar friendship with Virgil and Ovid; accustomed, doubtless, to meet Horace at the table of their common patron; thus living among the best poets of the best time; whose vocabulary, therefore, at least is worth the learning, and whose strange constructions and abrupt transitions, though blemishes in themselves, and undeserving of imitation, afford no bad practice for the powers of a young critic.

On all these grounds we think Propertius well deserves greater attention from teachers and students of Latin. An objection may be taken on another score, namely his immorality. This objection is anticipated by Mr. Paley in his preface, and refuted with manly good sense. The truth is Propertius is rather *unmoral* than *immoral*. He does not seem to be conscious of more than folly in his supposed amour; the ethics of the question are simply ignored. Had there been an attempt to justify his conduct on moral grounds, the book would have been immoral; had there been an attempt to stimulate the passions by filthy descriptions it would have been immoral; but, as it is, ignoring the right and the wrong, frigid and not voluptuous, the book is, as we have ventured to call it, *unmoral*; and will therefore improve a young man's

latinity, and leave his principles as it found them.

The neglect of Propertius in England, and the want of a good English edition, have doubtless acted and reacted mutually as cause and effect. That want is now supplied by the book before us. This new edition is based chiefly, as the editor tells us, upon that of Hertzberg, the most recent, laborious, and ostentatiously learned of German editors; but the notes of Jacob, Lachmann, Kuinoel, Barth, &c., have been pressed into the service for the explanation and illustration of disputed passages. We think that the present editor has shewn excellent judgment in selecting the most probable of conflicting interpretations, and he has obviated a very common objection to English notes by the felicitous brevity of his style. Indeed the skill which he displays in saying all that is necessary in the fewest possible words, is worthy of all praise and imitation. Although attributing more weight than we should be inclined to do, to the opinions of Hertzberg, he does not follow him or any of the former editors servilely, but by the exercise of a refined taste—a quality much wanting in most of his predecessors—he avoids the errors and absurdities which pedantry, or perverse ingenuity, or a desire of novelty betrayed them into. We are glad to find that he has obliterated all the asterisks with which the pages of Propertius have been of late defaced, and that for the most part he has restored the old divisions of the separate poems. If you were to put three asterisks wherever an abrupt transition occurred in our author, they would be as plentiful as full stops in the Propertian punctuation. We think that Mr. Paley might even have gone a step further, and restored the old division into four books, which modern editors have without sufficient warrant altered into five. No doubt, the poem which used to count tenth in the second book has the air of a proem or preface; but a preface to what? Let the second and fourth couplets answer:

Jam libet et fortes memorare ad prælia
turnas,
Et Romana mei dicere castra ducis.

Ætas prima canat Veneres, extrema
tumultus;

Bella canam, quando scripta puella
mea est.

If a preface to anything, it should be to a series of poems on the warlike exploits of Augustus, having, as he says, said all that was to be said about Cynthia. But the third book to which this poem now serves as introduction is just as full of Cynthia as the former, and the poem therefore is as much out of place at the beginning of the third book, as it was in the middle of the second. The second book as we find it in recent editions is far too short to have formed a 'libellus' of itself, and there is not the slightest evidence in support of Lachmann's assertion, that a great part has been lost. The question is however of no great importance, and cannot be resolved except conjecturally one way or the other. Our own view of the matter is this: Propertius when very young published a volume of Elegies exclusively amatory, under the name of *Cynthia*, the success of which first made his reputation. This is implied by the couplet of Martial, lib. xiv., 189:

Cynthia, facundi carmen juvenile Properti,

Accepit famam, nec minus ipsa dedit.

These poems were afterwards incorporated, perhaps with emendations, in the larger work of which he speaks as his 'tres libelli,' containing the poems now divided into four books. The last book consists of poems written at various times, some very early, which the poet kept by him, intending them for a separate work, and retouched before publication. Whatever Lachmann may say, we maintain, the last poems to be on the whole more carefully finished than the earlier ones.

There are many passages in this author meeting our eye as we turn over the leaves, about which we feel sorely tempted to descend into the *melée* of critics, and do battle with all comers, but that we fear the public outside the lists would look with little interest on the bloodless fray. We content ourselves with briefly discussing one passage which has caused an unusual amount

of inkshed—quite a ‘passage of arms.’ It occurs in the 3rd book, 16th cl., 21st line. Cynthia is supposed to be wailing over the ashes of the poet:—

Certus eras heu, heu, quamvis nec sanguine avito

Nobilis et quamvis navita dives eras.

The difficulty lies in the word ‘navita,’ for Propertius was not a sailor in any conceivable sense, real or metaphorical. Accordingly, it has been corrected into ‘non ita’ or ‘laud ita,’ one or the other of which is doubtless the true. But the interest of the passage lies in its connection with another question. Most of the MSS. in their title page (so to say) give the poet’s name thus:—‘Sextus Aurelius Propertius *Nauta*,’ and the commentators generally suppose that the false reading ‘navita’ in this passage suggested the additional agnomen. Mr. Paley, on the other hand, supposes that the agnomen of the title-page caused the corruption of the text. We venture to give a conjecture of our own, which will account for the ‘nauta’ in a different manner. It is known that Callimachus, our poet’s great exemplar, wrote, among other works now lost, a book called *αἶνα* (in which we believe was included the poem imitated by Catullus in his ‘Coma Berenices.’) Now, our theory is, that when Propertius published his poems in their present form, he gave to them this very general and comprehensive name, or else some subsequent admirer accustomed to style him the Roman Callimachus, gave the Callimachean title to the poems. The title-page would therefore run thus:—*Sexti Aurelii Propertii IV. ΑΙΤΙΑ*. (There were four books, remember.) The *ι* and *ν* coalesce into *ν*, and the further corruption of the incomprehensible *ΝΑΙΤΙΑ* into *ΝΑΥΤÆ* is very natural and easy.

But to borrow a line from the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s last budget speech:—

Jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

Indeed, we are half afraid that our remarks on such a musty old-world subject, may have already outlasted the patience of readers whose attention is distracted enough by the

shifting scenes and moving incidents around them—trade and politics, telegraphs and trains, agitated funds and oriental perplexities. An age in a state of chronic crisis has no leisure for literature.

Our editor, in his preface, adopting the opinion of the author of *Varronianus*, laments the decline of classical scholarship in general, and Latin scholarship in particular. Not that we should study Greek less, but Latin more, for the Romans, he says, ‘exercised an enduring influence upon mankind, to which the Greeks offer no parallel whatever.’ In this assertion we cannot agree. It is true that modern law, and the nomenclature of modern forms in Church and State, universities and corporations, are derived from the Latin, which, indeed, would be a reason for studying the jurists of the Lower Empire, in preference to the poets of the Augustan time; but all higher and deeper things—our religion, our literature, our art, our philosophy, our very thoughts, are cast in a Greek mould. Much that we derive immediately from Rome, comes ultimately from Greece. The *Iliad* had flowed into the Tiber before the Tiber overflowed the world. Greek intellect is and will be dominant and supreme, in all places and in all ages. We believe, therefore, that men do right in following out their instinctive preference for Greek over Latin; it is the instinct which makes the child love the parent more than the pedagogue.

Dissenting, as we do, on this minor point, from Mr. Paley, we think that both he and Dr. Donaldson will agree with us in protesting against an unreasoning notion now prevalent, that, somehow or other, railroads and steamboats, and Great Exhibitions, have superseded and superannuated the study of ancient languages and literature. We venture to believe, and are prepared, in fitting time and place, to prove that, even if men get to travel, sail, and spin ten times as fast, if universal suffrage becomes universal, and the whole world agrees to talk Anglo-Saxon through its nose, nevertheless the study of classics must remain, then as now, the essential basis of a liberal education.

UNCLE PETER.

PART II.

MR. MERTON had not been in London for years; it must have been a strong motive power that could move him from Hursleigh. Soon after breakfast, however, one morning, to Mrs. Howard's astonishment, the carriage drove round to the door. Mr. Merton had not signified his intentions to her, lest she should insist upon accompanying him. The carriage had not waited many moments when he appeared in the morning room, equipped for his journey.

'Well, ladies,' he said, 'you will be able to amuse yourselves. I hope, for a day or two without your host. I am going to town, Mrs. Howard, to consult Dr. A—. I have long thought of it, and determined upon it at last.'

'To town, sir, and alone!' exclaimed Mrs. Howard. 'Julia, Ellenor, my dears, we must not permit it; we will go with you, my dear sir—one or all of us. If you had but given us notice of your intention, we should have been ready at this moment.'

'And now it is too late. Dear me!'—looking at his watch, he exclaimed, 'I shall but just have time to save the train, if that. Good-bye, Mrs. Howard; good-bye, girls.' And he hurried away before it was possible to arrest him, to promise an impossible promptitude in getting ready to accompany him, or to suggest waiting for the next train, or anything of the sort. Mrs. Howard saw the carriage wheel round and sweep along the avenue, with a dark anticipation of some impending calamity, from this singular exception to all the ordinary habits of his life.

The train proceeded on rapid wings to London; it was almost the first Mr. Merton had travelled by, and the clear morning and the rapid motion already made him forget for nearly an hour that there was anything the matter with him. He was soon in London, and a cab conveyed him from the station to the house of Dr. A—, with whom he had made an appointment.

Dr. A— received him with courtesy; they were old friends, and he

expressed much regret at seeing him look so thin and ill. After hearing all the symptoms of his case, he promised to write a prescription for him. 'But,' he said, 'what I should chiefly recommend to you is to get as soon as possible change of air, change of scene, change of society, change of everything.'

'That is precisely what I wish to get,' said Uncle Peter, 'and find it impossible to procure.'

'Impossible!—my dear sir, to whom is it possible, if not to you?'

A sudden accession of communicativeness came over Uncle Peter, and he related his present situation to the kind physician.

It is extraordinary what singular communications physicians do receive from their patients. Dr. A— received more than most others. He had an immense practice, and unlimited sympathies. This did not surprise him at all. He smiled, and paused for a few moments.

'If you will take my advice, my dear friend, you will not go back to Hursleigh at all; you will sit down, and write from here to say that I wish to have you for a few days under my eye, after which it is probable that you will go to some watering-place for a few weeks for change of air. If you will be guided by me, you will go on the continent; to Spa, in Belgium, for instance, the air and waters of which would, I am sure, set you up in no time.'

Mr. Merton sat transfixed; he could scarcely take in the notion of leaving Hursleigh, and going on the continent; but Dr. A— made light of all difficulties. There were but two hours of sea passage; he knew that he was a good sailor, and that he talked French; everything now was so easy to the traveller, that he would be as comfortable, he assured him, as at an English watering-place; while he would have a change of life more complete than he could procure in England, and enjoy the advantage of the iron waters, from which Dr. A— anticipated much benefit in his case.

'I am going out myself,' said Dr. A—, 'but I leave you all implements of letter-writing, and you will find

Mrs. A—above, in the drawing-room. 'Where is your carpet bag?'

'My servant has taken it to the Clarendon.'

'I will call there as I pass,' said Dr. A—in a decisive tone, which admitted of no denial, 'and send him here with it.'

He was out of his room and in his carriage before Uncle Peter had well time, if he had been disposed to do so, to object to the arrangement.

It was an awkward letter to write; but Uncle Peter did write it, and sent it to Hursleigh by his servant, with orders to pack up and get all in readiness for an absence of some weeks.

When the letter was written, he sat in Dr. A—'s study with a continental Bradshaw in his hand, over and over again following with his eye the line of the Belgian railways: he could not make out that Brussels was exactly in the necessary route to Spa, but he had never seen Brussels, and he wished to see it, and by a very slight detour he might see it. But then Captain Merton and Lady Helena were residing there, and he did not wish to see them; no, certainly he did not wish to see them; they had shown no great wish for his society—why should he manifest any for theirs? No, he certainly would not see them, but he might see Brussels notwithstanding; everybody went to Brussels—why not he?

He had heard from public rumour something of his nephew's history since his marriage; but public rumour had not got quite hold of the right story; there was the patent fact that Captain Merton was done up, that he had sold his commission, and his furniture, and pictures, and gone to economise abroad. So far the world could see, but the world is never content with seeing such simple, straightforward results, without knowing, or pretending to know, the cause or causes which led to them. Now it had seen in this case the expensive elegance of Lady Helena Merton's furniture, carriages, dresses, jewels, and entertainments—all certainly above their means; and the current account of poor Merton's misfortunes was mixed up for the most part with blame of the extravagance of Lady

Helena. The world judged from what it saw; how could it see or know that it was Captain Merton who was thoughtless and extravagant; that his wife had been ever shrinking from a display which his less refined taste was continually forcing upon her? Mrs. Howard, from certain information which she possessed, might have corrected the history which came to the ears of Uncle Peter of his nephew's disasters; but, for obvious reasons, she forbore to do so, and exaggerated, on the contrary, the slight floating reports she had heard against the worldly prudence of Lady Helena.

'The first act is over,' Uncle Peter had been continually saying to himself since the news reached him. He had made up his mind from the first that Charles Merton would run precisely the same career as his father had done, and he had determined that if ever, with blighted hopes and ruined fortune, as his father, he should seek his assistance and society, Hursleigh should then be his home. His own experience of society had been very limited, and his obstinate prepossessions against a class had so blinded him to what might be the varying character of the individuals which composed it, that he was considerably astonished that Lady Helena, after ruining his nephew, had not proceeded at once to leave him.

But years now had passed on since 'the first act' of the drama Uncle Peter had long since played out in his own mind had terminated, and there seemed no prospect of the second being accomplished. He heard that the Mertons were living at Brussels, that they had one child, and that they were not very well off, and that was all. He had been all along disappointed that his nephew had not applied to him for assistance; he did not think that he should have helped him, but he should have liked to have been asked to do so. And now he felt a sort of curiosity, blended, doubtless, with more of lingering affection than he chose to acknowledge to himself, to take advantage of the coincidence of having been himself ordered to Belgium, and his nephew's residing there, to reconnoitre their proceedings without introducing himself to them, and judging somewhat more by his own

observation than by the reports of others.

Great was the consternation at Hursleigh when Mr. Merton's note arrived. Mrs. Howard read it and re-read it, but she could extract no comfort from it; it was very kind and very polite—it begged her, indeed, not to hurry her departure, but it gave, at the same time, no encouragement for that indefinite prolongation of her visit which she had contemplated, still less did it give her a clue to Mr. Merton's destination, or a pretext for offering to accompany him on his travels.

As Mrs. Howard had, in point of fact, no engagements at all, and as she had intimated to all her correspondents of the town where she resided, that it would be probably some considerable time before she should be able to return to her 'sweet home,' and relinquish 'the dear but arduous duty which she had undertaken,' she thought it best, to save appearances, to take her daughters for a month to the seaside, after which she could return to Laurel Lodge with tolerable propriety. This she accordingly did; and explaining to her friends that this change in her plans had been caused by her own health having broken down under the charge which she had too rashly undertaken, she received the due commiseration which such an announcement was calculated to produce.

Late one summer evening, when the darkness had begun to descend upon the town, and the lights long since to appear in the shops, an elderly gentleman might have been seen walking about in a purposeless kind of way in the streets of Brussels; whilst the daylight lasted, he had confined his perambulations chiefly to the neighbourhood of the church of St. Gudule; he had walked round and round it, and wandered for some time inside it, and yet the peculiar beauty of its exterior and interior had been much lost upon him, for his mind was full the while of other thoughts, from which the new scenes wherein he now found himself could not at that time divert it. At last, when it grew darker, he walked slowly to quite another quarter of the town, and might have been seen for some time pacing back-

wards and forwards before a row of tall white houses on the opposite side of the street. He looked anxiously into the upper windows of one of these, but no light appeared in them, nor any sign of human habitation in the house, except in the lower part of it, which was fitted up as a shop.

At last, having gazed earnestly upwards, as he walked, for some time, he seemed to come to a sudden determination, stopped short, crossed the road, and entered the shop.

When he had done this, he stood transfixed for a few moments in the presence of a tall, elegantly dressed woman, who looked at him, without rising, from the opposite side of the counter.

The lady evidently imagined that his silence and confusion resulted from inability to express his wants in a language which she would understand. She therefore, with a good-natured smile, but very indifferent English, made a suggestion about 'gloves,' which were the usual purchase made in her shop by her male customers.

Peter Merton recollected himself and his French in a moment, 'Yes, he wished for some gloves certainly, the choice of which he protracted for some time, and then asked casually, if there were not an English gentleman and lady lodging in the house.'*

Her face brightened as she replied—'Yes, there had been certainly such persons in the house; did Monsieur wish to see them? Ah, how unfortunate! what a loss! they had left Brussels but the day before, with their charming little girl, who was not very well, for change of air.' She grew more and more voluble, having evidently embarked on a congenial strain. 'Ah, how sorry they would be to miss seeing their friend—they had so few friends—would he leave his card, his name, that she might tell them what they had lost?'

No, he would not.

The lady was not at all disconcerted; she proceeded to expatiate on the beauty of Miladi and on that of Monsieur; on all the various agreeable qualities which she had discovered in them since they had been lodgers in her house; they

seemed to have all the virtues under the sun, but, added the lady, when she had exhausted her panegyric, 'Alas, they were poor, very poor.'

'And how does Miladi bear that?' inquired Uncle Peter.

The shopwoman looked surprised at his question, but proceeded at once to answer it. 'Ah, it was not Miladi who had borne it worst, it was Monsieur; when they had first come, she had been quite saddened to see the extent of Madame's self-denial that Monsieur might enjoy little luxuries which she had denied herself; but Madame was so good, so religious, she had not thought before that a Protestant could be so religious as she was.'

Mr. Merton was somewhat astonished and a good deal disappointed at what he heard; he took off his hat and bade the lady good bye, and sallied out again into the streets; he regained his hotel, went to his bedroom, where he lay awake, revolving many things, until the next morning, at an early hour of which he set off by the first train that would conduct him on his way to Spa.

It was a rainy day, and the country through which he passed was very uninteresting. His spirits were much depressed—he kept asking himself now, again and again, why he had left Hursleigh? or if he must have left Hursleigh to leave Mrs. Howard, why he had left England? The rain had ceased, but it was still damp and uncomfortable, when he found himself ensconced in the coupé of a great awkward diligence, that was to convey him from the railway station to his destination, which lay some distance from it.

He might have observed ere this that the character of the scenery had much changed; that instead of the flat, uninteresting country through which his journey lay at first, wild wooded hills, and streams, and chateaux, and cottages, lying pleasantly interspersed amongst them, had now succeeded on all sides. But he had sat back in his carriage absorbed in his own melancholy reflections, and quite unheeding of the aspect of the external world. Now, at length, as the vast, slow old machine rumbled uncom-

fortably along, he looked through its shaky windows, and with every disposition to find fault, could not but be struck and pleased by the very picturesque road through which they drove. In spite of the rain that had fallen, there seemed here a strange lightness in the air, through which, as the shades of night began to fall, he saw tiny fireflies floating in all directions beneath the woods that skirted the roadside.

A foreign watering-place is somewhat dull to a solitary Englishman, particularly if he be not inclined to enter into the amusements of the place, as was the case with Uncle Peter. He did not play billiards, nor rouge-et-noir, nor cricket—facilities for all of which he might have found there; he saw no one that he knew, and therefore was not invited to join any of the picnics, riding, and other parties got up by his countrymen whom the search after health or amusement had congregated on the same spot. And yet he was not dull exactly; though he avoided all the usual places of public resort, he spent his days pleasantly enough, going long distances into the beautiful surrounding neighbourhood upon the back of one of the stout ponies of the Ardennes, or short ones upon his own legs (which, to say the truth, he preferred). The table-d'hôtes amused him, with all the ever-varying food which they present, not only to the bodily but the mental appetite of one so observing as himself. He had the English papers, too, which took up here, as at Hursleigh, no inconsiderable portion of his time. He fell, in a few days, into a sort of routine, which, if it were not enjoyment, was certainly more like it than the life he had been leading lately at Hursleigh with Mrs. Howard for his guest.

One morning of peculiar beauty he had walked out for a mile or so into the country, following a route which he had not before taken; it conducted him, through wild and winding paths, along the brink of a mountain-stream which chafed and whitened beneath his feet. The scene was somewhat artificial—the hand of art had evidently assisted there the hand of nature; but it was pleasant enough, in the heavy heat of

the noonday, to find yourself sheltered by tall, graceful beech-trees that rose on either side of you, and listen to the fall of running water. Uncle Peter found it so; he had brought a book out with him, and an umbrella, which, when abroad, invariably replaced the spud which was his ordinary companion at Hursleigh. He sat down upon a picturesque fragment of brown rock, on which he first carefully laid his pocket-handkerchief. He opened his book, but did not read much; he fell into a reverie, more agreeable by far than any he had for a long time past indulged in. The hard frost, that years of solitude and prejudice had gathered about his heart, melted away before the genial influences of the scene and hour. His thoughts went back to his earlier days, the days of his boyhood, which were the only ones that had been brightened by anything like a strong affection in his life. No shadow of bitterness or brooding melancholy lay upon his heart; all was sunshine around him and within. I think, had his nephew—nay, even his niece—stood before him at that moment, he would not have hesitated to forgive every error of the former, and forego every prejudice against the latter.

But the two figures which at last did disturb him from this agreeable state of mental serenity were not his nephew nor his niece, but a young, bright-looking Belgian servant-girl, in a buff sort of jacket, a black petticoat, no bonnet, but the cleanest of white caps over her rosy features, and soft, braided, brown hair, by the side of whom walked a little girl of singular beauty, and no less remarkable intelligence and liveliness of manner. Her ringing laugh and voice had resounded through the pathway long before they came in sight; now that they had turned the corner formed by a mass of rock covered with under-wood and wild flowers, he could hear distinctly what they said.

'Here is the old place,' said the little girl; 'let us sit down; I will give you another lesson in English.'

The nursemaid laughed, looked round, and the eyes of both fell on Uncle Peter, who was sitting close beside them, his figure at first con-

cealed by the rocks and overhanging branches of the trees.

He rose at once, took up his umbrella, and walked abruptly onward in an opposite direction; not annoyed by having his solitary musings interrupted exactly—he was in too genial a mood for that just then—but anxious rather to leave them in possession of a spot which for some reason they preferred.

He walked on some little way, and again sat down, where he was quite out of the reach of their voices, nor was in any danger of interrupting them. He had not sat many moments, however, when the two figures he had before seen crossed the wooden bridge which hung high over the stream that he had just traversed himself, and advanced straight towards him, the little girl holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief that he had left behind him in his somewhat precipitate retreat.

She came forward with a certain childlike grace and innate politeness, so different from the grace and politeness of a French child, that he at once discovered she was English, although it was in French that she addressed him, as she explained that she had found his pocket-handkerchief upon the rock upon which he had been sitting.

'Thank you,' he said to her in English, with a more thorough smile than had illuminated his face for years.

The child's face brightened—it was bright enough before, but the ray of unexpected delight which broke over it now added strangely to its lustre and its beauty.

'You are English,' she said; 'mamma is English, too, and papa; but I have never been in England; never, at least, since I can remember. I was in England once, but that was years ago. Will you tell me all about it?—how long is it since you were there?'

Uncle Peter had been said by those who knew him best not to be fond of children; the assertion was untrue; he liked them, and often wished to get on with them, but could not do so; he had been, over and over again, so mortified by the ill success of his rough overtures to them, that he had for years ceased

to make any. But here was a child who seemed to take to him at once; there was not a dash of forwardness in her manner, but she was not afraid of a certain hardness in him which had deterred other children; perhaps it was that he had so much less of it this morning than usual; however this might have been, she sat down at his side without hesitation, and talked to him with an ease and grace which captivated him at once, and apparently the Belgian nurse-maid too, who stood by gazing from time to time admiringly upon her young charge.

'I think papa and mamma would like you,' said the little girl, musingly, after she had conversed with him for some time; 'they do not see many persons, scarcely any English; but I think they would like you. Will you tell me your name, that I may tell them all about you?'

'My name is Merton,' said Uncle Peter.

'That is very strange; it is their name and mine,' said the little girl; 'I am called Merton, Helena Merton.'

Uncle Peter started, and looked fixedly upon his young companion; the truth flashed upon him at once; there was no great resemblance of feature to his nephew, but there were tones in her voice which had already reminded him of something, he knew not what, which he had heard before. The voice was like Charles Merton's, but still more it seemed to him like his brother's.

'Can you tell me your father's Christian name,' he said, quietly, 'my little girl?'

'Yes; it is Charles.'

He sat for some moments in silence and indecision as to what should be his future movements. If his nephew and his niece were at Spa, he must certainly leave it, was his first thought. Need he do so? was his second—need he doom himself again by prejudices, the folly of which he was beginning to see more clearly, to a desolate old age, cheered only by the venal society of a woman like Mrs. Howard? Why not be reconciled to his nephew at once, and, with this child, whom he already felt that he could love, go back and fill the old house at Hursleigh with gaiety and delight? But

how be reconciled? Who was to make the first overtures? Not he; and would his nephew? If he had not made them before, was it likely that he would now? And then, again, the thought of Lady Helena recurred, whom he had so long been accustomed to picture to himself as haughty, disdainful, and extravagant, that even the different picture conveyed of her character by their landlady at Brussels had not succeeded in conveying a thoroughly different impression of her to his mind.

'Charles is papa's Christian name,' repeated the little girl, 'and now will you tell me yours?'

'It is of no consequence,' said Uncle Peter gravely. Another silence succeeded, broken again by the little girl.

'It is raining,' she said; 'look what large drops!'

They were large indeed—the first of a heavy shower: they lay black and broad upon the stones beside them. Thicker and faster they came, till the trees became no shelter, and at length the best thing seemed, to be reconciled to a thorough wetting, and reach home as soon as possible.

'We do not live far from here,' said the little girl, 'and there are trees the whole way.'

They gained the high road, shaded by a long avenue of limes—they hurried rapidly along, Uncle Peter protecting his little friend with his large umbrella, but deriving little benefit from it himself, until they came to a small white house, separated from the road, with a garden in front of it.

'This is our house,' said the little girl, 'wont you come in?'

'No, thank you,' said Uncle Peter. He saw her safely sheltered from the shower in the projecting porch of the old house, and hastened quickly away.

He was almost sorry that he had done so afterwards: it seemed like declining to avail himself, on his part, of any opportunity for a reconciliation that might occur. He never doubted that the little girl would tell her story, and that it would at once be discovered who he was; and every footstep that he heard for the rest of the day, about the door of his

apartment, he imagined to be his nephew's.

But Charles Merton was at Liège that day on business, and Lady Helena was too much engrossed with anxiety about the little girl having been out in the rain, to understand more from her story than that an old gentleman, an Englishman, had given her the protection of his umbrella.

'Was it not odd, mamma; his name was Merton?' persisted the little Helena.

'Very,' said Lady Helena. 'But I trust, my dear child, you may not take cold; you have been so much better since you came to this place, that it would be sad indeed if this wetting were to throw you back.'

The rain continued all that day, and the greater part of the next; but in the evening, Uncle Peter considered it sufficiently dry for him to venture forth from his rooms, to which he had been imprisoned for the most part during the rain.

He took a short walk in the very opposite direction to his nephew's house; he then went for a short time to the Redoute, where he had been accustomed to go and look at the papers in an evening; but this night, when he got hold of the *Times*, he could not command his attention sufficiently to understand it; he felt nervous and uncomfortable; he cast his eyes continually upon the group of persons similarly occupied with himself, to see if any addition, and what, had been made to their number; he looked up at every fresh entrance into the room, but he saw none but the faces—with many of which he had now become familiar—that were wont to frequent the place. At last he threw down the paper, and walked to the gaming tables; he looked round them both. There were old, hard faces there, and young eager ones; but they did not interest him to-night. There was a fashionably dressed young Englishman carelessly losing a low mountain of little gold pieces, and a sharp-featured woman of the bourgeois class accumulating with wolf-like rapacity a high mountain of large silver ones. But his eye wandered over all, and rested upon none; then he gave a sigh of relief, perhaps because he did not find what he

so strangely wished and as strangely dreaded to behold there; and then he took up his hat and stick, and descended the stairs.

In the dark archway which leads into the street, two persons were talking; he stopped involuntarily, arrested by the tones of one of the two voices.

'I think I shall go in, and have a shy at the tables,' said one voice.

'No, you wont,' said the other; 'you will come and have some tea with my wife.'

'I never take tea,' said the first voice, hesitatingly.

'At all events, you wont go in there; or if you do, you wont play. My own experience has been so fearful' (the voice here, which he had recognised, grew low, but was perfectly distinct in its intense earnestness) 'that you will not deny me such benefit as I may derive from it, in the right it gives me to advise another.'

'How seriously you take the loss of a five-franc piece.'

'Yes; because a fortune may follow it. Come along.'

'Well, you must promise me a song from Lady Helena to make up for my self-denial.'

They walked out. It was moonlight; but the pavement was shadowed by the tall white houses, and neither of the two perceived the short figure of the old man, which followed them at some distance.

Uncle Peter saw them both enter the house where he had parted with his young companion. The upper windows were open, and voices, and occasionally a light laugh, could be heard by him as he stood outside. And then, after a while, for he remained there long, came the sound of a piano, and of a woman's voice, deep, and rich, and clear. It seemed of unusual compass and considerable cultivation. First, he heard an elaborate piece of foreign music. Then a few chords were struck, and some simpler English songs were sung. He could hear the words of them as he stood outside. One there was that he knew well, and had been very fond of in days gone by; but he had not heard it for long, and it came over him now with a power which brought the tears to his eyes. It was one of the Irish

melodies—‘Oft in the stilly night.’ The words of the last stanza rang in his ears. He could not shake them from him. He walked up and down, repeating them. It seemed that they must have been written for himself, to describe the situation in which he had been so long.

At last, the front door opened, and the visitor departed. They were now alone—Charles Merton and his wife. An irresistible impulse came over the old man: he walked up to the door, and rung the bell.

It was opened by an old servant of Captain Merton, who had remained with them through all their reverses, and who recognised him at once. He ushered him at once up stairs. He had nerved himself for a scene—the thing, of all others, he most dreaded; but, as is not uncommonly the case in such circumstances, no scene was enacted. They were glad to see him, and of course surprised. Charles Merton introduced him to his wife; a glance at whom dispossessed Uncle Peter at once of the last of his prejudices, if any yet remained in her disfavour.

All seemed to be natural, and in the common course of things; if he had spent every evening with them for months he could not have felt more at home.

They talked of ordinary subjects; wished to order tea for him, which he declined; and then, when he rose to depart, Charles Merton said, in his old frank tones—

‘You will let us see you again, uncle; I have not yet introduced you to one of my family—the little Helena.’

‘I will breakfast with you to-morrow,’ said Uncle Peter, ‘if you will permit me, taking you on my way back from my spring; but I need not an introduction to Helena—we are already friends;’ and he explained their previous meeting, and Lady Helena was surprised of course that she had not at once detected who the child’s companion had been.

He came the next morning to breakfast, and afterwards proposed a walk to his nephew, in the course of which, by a series of blunt questions, he ascertained the whole history of his affairs.

‘And why did you not let me know all this before?’ said Uncle Peter, when he had learned everything.

‘I wrote to you before we left England, and told you much of what you have asked me about now; when I received no answer to my letter, it can scarcely surprise you, I think, from your knowledge of my character, that I did not write again.’

‘Wrote to me before you left England? I never got your letter. I have never heard from you since your marriage.’

‘It is surprising that you did not receive my letter; I carried it to the post myself, too anxious at the time about its result not to take every pains that it should reach its destination. I did not tell my wife then that I had written it; she knew all, and was reconciled to the worst. I longed indeed that that worst might not come, but I would not destroy her heroic fortitude by suggesting a hope of assistance in our difficulties, which might be, as indeed it proved, delusion. And yet,’ he said, thoughtfully, ‘I am glad, dear uncle, you never got my letter. Had I got easily out of my troubles, I should never perhaps have learned, as now I have, to overcome so completely the habits which had led to them. I should never have known my wife, too; never seen such strength and gentleness of character in her as I did not believe existed upon earth. And more, I should never have known myself, my selfishness, and sin. I have learned much intellectually in these last few years, for I have studied hard with a hope to turn my labours to account in some way so as to improve our position. But I am chiefly of all thankful to the moral lessons which I have received from her, and which I feel to be the most valuable and the most indelible of all.’

Uncle Peter was sadly perplexed about the missing letter; too long an interval had elapsed since it had been written for him to entertain any chance of discovering what had become of it; it was therefore with very little hope of obtaining any information on the subject that he said to his servant, when he came into his room that evening—

'Thompson, I have learned this morning that a letter sent to me by my nephew four years ago, one of great importance, misearried, and never reached me.'

'I always said, sir, you never got it,' exclaimed the old servant, quickly and indignantly.

Uncle Peter prosecuted his inquiries, and learned that the letter had in due course arrived at Hursleigh, that it had made a considerable sensation in the servants' hall, where Charles Merton had ever been held 'in high consideration,' and where his estrangement from his uncle and Hursleigh had been unceasingly deplored. Thompson remembered the letter coming; he remembered the expectations which had been formed about it among the old servants; he remembered its being taken into the saloon by a new footman recently engaged, who had not been present at the discussion among them about the letter, and who knew nothing of the Captain. He remembered himself asking Thomas how his master looked when he received the letter, and Thomas saying that he did not know there was a letter for Mr. Merton; that he had given all three to Mrs. Howard. He always had his suspicions that his master never got that letter; and he was plunging into a history of the very unfavourable prepossessions entertained from various little circumstances against Mrs. Howard in the servants' hall, but was checked decisively by his master, who did not suffer the familiarity of an old servant to go so far as to listen to reflections from him upon a relation and a guest of his own.

But the case certainly did look awkward against Mrs. Howard; he thought long how it would be right to act concerning it; the footman,

Thomas, had long since left his service, having been discovered to be too impractically stupid to remain. He felt that to charge Mrs. Howard with the suspected act would be only to meet with the most calm denial of all knowledge of it; nor did he see any means of bringing it home to her, even if he did not shrink, as he did, from the publicity which must attend any attempt to do so.

Hursleigh is now a happier mansion than it has been for many years; it has been just refurnished, and music, and flowers, and the merry voice of childhood, adorn its once deserted apartments. It is not a place, even now, where much entertainment of the neighbourhood goes on; but Lord Elsmore and his family are ever welcome guests, and sometimes some of the neighbouring families are invited to meet them. Mrs. Howard is never seen there, nor her daughters; it is said that she received one day a letter in the cramped hand of Uncle Peter, which arrived when she was in the midst of a select circle of morning callers; that she read the early part of it aloud, which described the entire restoration of the health of her 'dear relative,' and of his purpose of speedily returning to Hursleigh; but suddenly it was noticed that she stopped short, started, read on rapidly to herself, turned pale, rose from her chair, and with a hurried apology left the room and her visitors. A bell was speedily rung, and it is said that the small jug of very hot water which Hannah then carried up stairs in answer to it, was really used for the purpose for which it was demanded—to dilute a very considerable dose of sal-volatile.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

IT is recorded of Sir Martin Frobisher, a renowned mariner in the time of Elizabeth, that when attempts were made to dissuade him from engaging in the discovery of a north-west passage, he declared, 'It is the only thing in the world that is left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.'

Thus, be it remembered, was uttered nearly three centuries ago, since which period a vast number of attempts have been made by various nations to solve a problem full of interest to the man of science and commerce. For, when the early exploration of bold voyagers had dashed the hopes of the merchant by assuring him that if a passage existed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, it could never, on account of the enormous accumulation of ice, be used as a route to India, men whose aspirations ran higher than mere Mammon-worship felt desirous to lay bare the mysteries of the northern regions of our wonderful planet, where—

— blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye

Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky,
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,

The slow creation of six thousand years;
Amidst immensity they tower sublime, —
Water's eternal palace, built by time.

But we must not despise the early adventurers; for although it was with the view of attaining the land of pearls and spices by a shorter and less tiresome route than that round the Cape of Storms, that they went forth in their frail and small barks upon the dark northern waters; yet as pioneers in the great work of geographical discovery, and as men of indomitable perseverance and courage, they are entitled to our warmest admiration. And when we consider the nature of the Arctic Regions, and their vast area, our wonder is increased that throughout so many generations so many men have been found willing and ardent volunteers to explore those stern wastes even at the imminent peril of their lives.

If, then, such fame and renown were promised three hundred years ago, when Arctic exploration was in

its infancy, to him who should discover the North-West passage, how greatly must the glory of such a discovery be increased at the present time, when so many trials have been made to solve the problem.

The name of McClure, as the fortunate discoverer of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans round the coast of North America, will stand out among the throng of Arctic voyagers with proud pre-eminence. We are not unmindful that much of the path which he followed was already known, but he is entitled to all honour and praise for going forward when that path terminated, incurring by so doing great responsibility.

But this high prize has not been won by the English flag without great cost. While we exult that our small island, ever in the van of civilization and human advancement, has added fresh glory to its history by this discovery, we are painfully reminded that in all probability a gallant crew, headed by an officer who was Nelson's companion—his equal in courage, and as good as he was brave, have undoubtedly endured great hardships in their endeavours to accomplish an undertaking which it is impossible to deny is attended with many dangers.

This is a terrible penalty to pay for our victory, but it is the nature of all enterprises developing great results to involve considerable risk and suffering;—without these, where would be the glory?

Si non Euryalus Rutulos cecidisset in hostes,

Hercacidi Nisi gloria nulla foret.

Thinking of these things—for the probable fate of Franklin and his companions will haunt our imagination like the skeleton form in the halls of festivity—it is a cheering consolation to know that the humility and piety of the chief of the long lost Arctic voyagers which was shared by his officers, must have imparted great comfort to those under him in the dark and stern hours of trial. Like that 'devout gentleman and philosopher,' Sir Humphry Gilbert, who, when exploring the Arctic regions three centuries ago, endeavoured to console his unfortunate companions

in the presence of death, by assuring them that

----- Heaven was as near
By water as by land,

so we feel persuaded that Franklin by his heroic example and resignation, of which he gave so many proofs during the terrible sufferings encountered in his North American journeys, has been of the greatest service to his companions, by sustaining their spirits during severe trials.

It is not our intention to write a history of the attempts to discover the so-called North-West Passage. This would require far more space than we have at our disposal. We propose, therefore, merely putting on record, in our pages, which have chronicled, on more than one occasion, the proceedings of the recent Arctic Expedition, the story of Captain M'Clure's voyage.

This officer having acquired considerable Arctic experience in the first searching expedition of Sir James Ross, in whose ship he acted as senior lieutenant, was promoted to the rank of commander, and immediately volunteered for the second expedition, by way of Behring's Straits, the command of which was entrusted to Captain Collinson. The ships selected were the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which had just returned from Barrow's Straits. They were new ships, and in excellent condition.

Captain Collinson sailed in the early part of 1850, and along with Captain M'Clure, arrived within the Straits in the month of July of that year. His instructions were to pass through the Straits, and proceed afterwards in whatever direction he thought the most promising to find traces of the missing expedition.

Great stress was laid on the importance of not separating from his colleague, with whom he was desired to keep up constant communication.

Very soon, however, after the two ships had entered the straits, Captain Collinson parted from Captain M'Clure, and sailed to Hong Kong, where he passed the winter, returning to Behring's Straits in 1851.

Under these circumstances it would, undoubtedly, have been more prudent had Captain M'Clure followed his commander. But such a course was not contemplated. With-

out heeding a signal of recall made by Captain Kellett, of the *Herald*, who was his superior officer, Captain M'Clure dashed on, willing to take the heavy responsibility which such a step involved, and was soon lost sight of. This happened on the last day of July, 1850, at which time the *Herald* was off Cape Lisbourne. When two years had passed, without any tidings of Captain M'Clure being heard, great uneasiness was naturally felt respecting him, for he had declared, in the most emphatic manner, that he would find Franklin or 'make the passage;' and he also stated that should his ship become entangled in the ice, and barred further progress, he would, in 1853, with as many volunteers as were willing to accompany him, forsake his ship, and make the best of his way across the ice to Melville Island.

This intention caused the Admiralty to send Captain Kellett, with provisions and a steam tender, to that locality, and it is not a little curious that Captain M'Clure should, by this judicious proceeding, have been rescued by the very man who had endeavoured to deter him from his perilous undertaking.

It seems, from his journal, that the opening in the ice, which promised so favourably, did not extend far. The pack soon became very heavy, and accordingly the *Investigator* was navigated back to its edge, along which she sailed, in hope of finding an opening to the north. Failing, however, in discovering any lead in that direction, Capt. M'Clure proceeded easterly, keeping close to the American coast. On the 11th August he passed Jones' Island, the shores of which were found thickly strewed with drift wood, and, continuing his course, frequently having only a mere thread of water, arrived off the Mackenzie, on the 21st August. A little to the east of the mouth of this river, at a place called Point Warren, they held communication, by means of their interpreter, with two Esquimaux, who stated that the rest of their tribe had taken flight, apprehending that the white men had come to revenge the murder of one of their brethren, whose grave was indicated.

Captain M'Clure does not appear to have examined this grave, but he probably regarded the story as a fabrication. In his despatches he says, that the tribe do not trade with the Hudson's Bay Company, giving as a reason, that their officers had given them poisonous water.

At Cape Bathurst, which was reached on the 31st August, a tribe of Esquimaux about 300 in number was seen. Many natives went on board the ship, and from their statements, Captain M'Clure is fully convinced that neither the ships, nor any of the crews of Franklin's Expedition have ever reached their shores.

Pursuing his career to the East, he arrived, on the 6th September, abreast of Cape Parry, from whence high land was seen to the north-east; this was visited and taken possession of. It is represented as being upwards of 1000 feet high on the southern side. Subsequent explorations showed that this land is a continuation of Banks' Land, and is an island, to which Captain M'Clure has given the name of Baring. To this we must enter a strong protest. For although Captain M'Clure had an undoubted right to call the southern portion of the land by the name of Baring—yet, considering how important a share of Arctic discovery is due to Sir Joseph Banks, we think it scarcely fair not to give his name to the large island discovered by Captain M'Clure, the northern extremity of which was already called Banks' land. To the east of this island, but separated from it by a strait, fresh land was observed, which was taken possession of and named Prince Albert Land, and to the strait the name of Prince of Wales was given.

As this Channel bore north-east and presented a favourable aspect, Captain M'Clure sailed up it until the 8th October, when having been for several days closely beset by pack ice, his ship was firmly frozen up in lat. 72, 46 N., and long. 417, 44 W. This check was most disheartening, for explorations showed that they were on the threshold of Melville Straits, into which this channel opened.

This discovery established the existence of a north-west passage.

The ensuing summer was awaited with great anxiety, but unhappily when the *Investigator* was liberated from her winter quarters, it was found quite impossible, on account of the setting of large masses of ice to the southward, to pass out of the Straits into Melville Channel. Under these circumstances Captain M'Clure, unwilling to lose the open season, retraced his steps to the south of Baring Island, and sailed along its western and northern side, until he came to lat. 74, 6 N., long. 117, 54 W., when his progress was arrested by heavy ice. At this point he was within about 70 miles of Melville Island. Here the *Investigator* was frozen in, and from the date of her arrival there (Sept. 24, 1851) until the 16th of April of the present year, all efforts to move her have been fruitless.

We can well understand that this second check, when on the eve as it were of triumph, must have been a sore trial to Captain M'Clure, and his officers and crew. They had braved great hardships, and it would have been a fitting reward for all their labours had they been permitted to sail onward to Lancaster Sound.

But a passage was discovered, and it is quite possible that the ice may have opened sufficiently this summer to allow the *Investigator* to be navigated eastward, and that she may be at the time we write on her way to England.

As may be supposed, Captain M'Clure and his officers did not remain inactive during their long imprisonment. When in the Prince of Wales Straits in 1851, several explorations were made in various directions, which have been the means of adding largely to our knowledge of the lands and sea north of Wollaston Land. It is worthy of remark that in one of the expeditions Captain M'Clure's officers were within twenty miles of Lieutenant Osborn, who was conducting an exploring party from Captain Austin's ships.

In April, 1852, a party headed by Captain M'Clure went across the ice to Melville Island, and deposited a notice at Winter Harbour giving an account of their proceedings. This document was discovered by Captain Kellett, who had been despatched

from Sir E. Belcher's squadron of search at Beechy island for the express purpose, as we have stated, of relieving Captain M'Clure.

Of course immediate steps were taken to communicate with Captain M'Clure, and the meeting is said to have been of the most joyous nature. A private letter thus describes the event :

At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out on M'Clure asking him—'Who are you, and where are you come from—' Lieutenant Pim, —*Herald*—Captain Kellett.' This was inexplicable to M'Clure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman, an angel of light. He was soon seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jammed there, in their endeavour to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their dependency; in fact all was changed on board the *Investigator*.

No wonder; after a solitude for nearly three years in the icy regions of the North, the sight of their countrymen with relief at hand must have been almost overpowering.

And it arrived most seasonably; for we are told that Captain M'Clure had thirty men and their officers fully prepared to leave the *Investigator* for the dépôt at Point Spencer, while another party of seven men were to have gone to the M'Kenzie with despatches for the Admiralty, requesting that a ship might be sent to meet them at Port Leopold in 1854.

It is, of course, quite problematical whether the *Investigator* has been able to leave her present position this summer, and advance further to the east.

Such is the story of the discovery of a North-West, or more properly speaking, North-East passage. We have little doubt that more than one passage, navigable for ships during an open season, exists between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Mr. Rae, who is now exploring the lands and seas between Regent Inlet and Wollaston Land, will probably tell us of passages in that direction, and the explorations of Sir E. Belcher north of Wellington Channel show that there is an open Polar Sea

covered by numerous islands, and that Jones and Smith Sounds communicate with that sea.

We are greatly surprised that Sir E. Belcher, with an efficient steamer at his command, and large depôts of provisions to fall back upon, did not attempt to explore the Polar Sea this summer, which is open as early as May, instead of returning to Beechy Island, as his despatches inform us he intended doing.

This is the more surprising, because in his explorations last year up Wellington Channel, he came upon what certainly appear to be fresh traces of Franklin's expedition. These are thus described:—

On the 25th of August, 1852, we landed on a low point, where the coast suddenly turns to the eastward, and discovered the remains of several well-built Esquimaux houses,—not simply circles of small stones, but two lines of well-laid wall in excavated ground, filled in between by about two feet of fine gravel, well paved, and without presenting the appearance of great care,—more, indeed, than I am willing to attribute to the rude inhabitants or migratory Esquimaux. Bones of deer, walrus, seals, &c., numerous. Coal found.

Bearing in mind that no Esquimaux have been met with in Wellington Channel, we must regard these traces, to say the least, as affording strong evidence that Franklin's party went up that Channel,—and we do not think that the nation will feel satisfied until its head waters have been fully explored.

We cannot lay down our pen without expressing our great sorrow that the history of Captain Inglefield's expedition should be darkened by the death of that gallant and excellent officer, Lieut. Bellot, of the French navy.

Always eager to be of use, he literally lost his life in the performance of a service involving great danger. This was an endeavour to convey the Admiralty despatches to Sir E. Belcher. Captain Inglefield had failed in the attempt, and Lieut. Bellot was unfortunately swept from a hummock of ice into a deep fissure by a tremendous storm which overtook his party. The French navy by this sad event has lost a gallant officer, who had made many warm and fast friends in this country.

ANATOMY IN LONG CLOTHES.

THERE is an old folio, known to most men who have visited the fountain-heads of medical literature, and dear to bookworms for its woodcut illustrations, which in their own time were ascribed to Titian. It is the *Corporis Humani Fabrica* of Andreas Vesalius. The first page is adorned with a large and spirited woodcut, in which a young man, wearing professor's robes, is to be seen standing at the table of a lecture theatre, and pointing out from a robust subject that lies before him the inner secrets of the human body. The tiers of benches that surround the lecture-table are completely crowded with grave doctors, who are leaning forward, struggling to see, and even climbing upon railings, from which they look down with faces that present a striking group, expressive of much wonder, interest, and curiosity, mixed with a little awe. And yet they look upon a spectacle which is presented in our day as a matter-of-course to thousands of young men during the winter session at the hospitals.

The woodcut at once leads us to suppose that we have to deal in the book to which it is prefixed with a man who was the first to force his way into a path obstructed by a heavy barricade of prejudice. If we turn over a leaf, we find his portrait in another sketch, rough, bold, and masterly. It portrays spirit and flesh of a young man who has the marks of a hardworking brain upon his forehead, and of a firm will upon his face. He looks like a man born to do work for the world, and not unwilling at the same time to take ease in it. He evidently can enjoy as well as think, and will, and do. His beard is very trim, his senses look acute, his rather handsome features express much refinement, aptness also for a look of scorn. He shows like a chief in intellect, a gracious king over some region of knowledge, who possesses all he could inherit, and knows how to conquer more; a good companion to kindred minds when recognised among them as a leader. So we judge from the noble portrait of the young professor in his robes, Andrew Vesalius, aged, as we are told by the

inscription on the border, twenty-eight; a man who at that age had already become the Luther of Anatomy.

We meet only occasionally with born poets and musicians. Vesalius had a native genius of a rarer kind—he was a born dissector. From the inspection of rats, moles, dogs, cats, monkeys, his mind rose, impatient of restraint, to a desire for a more exact knowledge than they or Galen gave of the anatomy of man. But in his day, to be dissatisfied with Galen was to be heretic in medicine; and to touch with a scalpel the dead 'image of God' was reckoned impious in theology. There was no doubt left upon that latter point, for in the lifetime of Vesalius Charles the Fifth had brought the question formally before a consultation of divines at Salamanca. For purposes of ambition, living men might be blown asunder at the cannon's mouth, cut up with sword and axe, or probed into with military lances. For the purposes of science dead men were not to receive a wound.

Three weasels formed the family arms of Andreas, whose name was properly Wesalius, his forefathers having at one time belonged to Wessel, where they formed a portion of the noble Wittag family. The immediate progenitors of Andreas for several generations had been eminent for medical attainments. Peter Wesalius was a famous physician; John the son of Peter, another thriving doctor, had been physician to Mary of Burgundy, the first wife of Maximilian I. John, growing old, had retired from business, not, however, until he had introduced Everard, his son, to his distinguished mistress, and to all his profitable practice. John, in retirement at Louvain, had written verses and enjoyed much honour: men of learning dedicated books to him. Everard had kept up the reputation of the family, had written Commentaries on the books of Rhases, and upon the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. The son of Everard, and the father of Andreas, enjoyed another reputation of the same kind: he was apothecary

to the Emperor. The whole blood of the house was tintured by this hereditary transmission through five generations of the same pursuit. When Andreas and his brother Francisco were destined to follow the two separate professions of medicine and law, their father found it very difficult to keep Francisco steady to his course of jurisprudence. Sending him out to study law his father found to be like throwing a ball against a blank wall, he came regularly back upon his hand. When afterwards Francisco saw his famous brother very much attacked by Galenists, and indisposed to pay attention to them, there was nothing nearer to the heart of the young lawyer than a desire to fight his battles for him. The veins of the family, in fact, ran medicine. Andreas, when he was not fifteen years old, attended plague cases, and practised surgery.

The toils and trials of an anatomical enthusiast who did his own dark deeds, and begot light of them, three centuries ago, before the very threshold of the Inquisition, form a pleasant chapter in the history of modern science. But since it is a chapter very seldom read, we have considered it worth while to collect together its essential details, chiefly from the narrative of Boerhaave and Albinus, partly from certain dastier and older men, whose company is good because, although they are upon the whole unquestionably tedious, they often have quaint facts to tell about the days in which they had their pleasure.

Andreas Vesalius was born on the last day of December, in the year 1514. His father, the apothecary, being attached to the service of Margaret, governor of the Netherlands, aunt of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Andrew was born at Brussels. He was sent as a boy to study at Louvain, where he made very rapid progress in all branches of knowledge taught to him. He manifested a great taste for science, and spent all his leisure upon practical research into the mechanism of the lower animals. He became very proficient in the scholarship of the day, so that in his great work, written before he had allowed his skill to rust, the Latin style is sim-

gularly pure. Riolanus, who took pains afterwards to show that Vesalius was but a shallow fellow, and that his knowledge of anatomy in particular was not much more than skin-deep, protested that he must have found some good scholar to write the Latin of his books. At the same time, however, that he might smite with a two-edged sword, the envious critic blamed the sentences of his opponent for their length, and its style for its obscurity; laying the law down, be it noted, in a style of his own ridiculously barbarous and complicated. The good Latin written by Vesalius while he was comparatively fresh from his studies at Louvain, became corrupted by disuse. The stagnant atmosphere of an Imperial court favoured the rotting of his scholarship. That Vesalius mastered not only Latin but Greek also, accurately, at Louvain, may be inferred from the fact that he wrote Greek annotations to the works of Galen. It is more certainly proved by the confidence with which the great Venetian printer, Aldmus Junta, in after years made application to Vesalius alone for a corrected text of Galen, and for castigation of a Latin rendering of Galen's works. The application was in part only responded to.

Greek and Latin were sources of pleasure to the young anatomist only because they enabled him to read medical books. Then also, as he soon discovered the corruptness of translations generally, he was not content to study the Arabians by aid of their interpreters, but betook himself to a scholar learned in Arabic and Hebrew. Lazarus Hebraeus de Frigeis. With that teacher he read Avicenna in the original Arabic, and afterwards was able to write for himself a paraphrase of the ten books of Rhases to the Emir Almanzor.

From Louvain the youth was sent to Paris, where he studied physic under a most eminent physician, Jacobus Sylvius, *or* Jacques de la Boë. Sylvius found his new pupil disagreeably acute. It was the practice of that illustrious Professor to read to his class Galen on the Use of Parts. He began fairly, and when he had reached the

middle of the first book, at the point where the anatomy commences, he said, 'Gentlemen, we now come to a part too difficult for the comprehension of beginners. Were I to go through it with you, we should only be bewildering each other.' To save trouble, therefore, the Professor took a flying leap over all intervening matter, and descended on the fifth book, through which he cantered quietly to the tenth section. From the rest of the work he made selections, to the consideration of which he either gave a single lecture, or to which he devoted five or six lessons at most. This course of professional study was illustrated sometimes with the dissection of some portion of a dog, prepared for the purpose by a surgeon under the Professor's eye. This always was thrown away on the third day, when it became unpleasant to the smell.

Sylvius believed, like his brethren, that the anatomy of all flesh was contained in Galen. If he found anything in his dog that puzzled him, the fault lay always with the animal; the dog was wrong. Often the learned man—more used to turn over leaves of books than strips of muscle—blundered about his little preparation, vainly searching for some bloodvessel or tendon that he meant to show. At the third of his practical demonstrations witnessed by Andreas, the teacher was so much surprised at the confused construction of the animal before him that he called upon the newcomer, whose passion for dissecting was well known, to help him through his difficulty. The Professor's patience was tried farther by the fact that Andreas Vesalius, by the intensity of his own enthusiasm, infected his companions with a pitiless zeal after correct details of anatomy. Whenever Sylvius, unable to find some vein or nerve, excused its non-appearance and passed glibly on, he made work for his pupils. They slipped down when he was gone, hunt the dog through for the missing part, dissected it out for their master with great neatness, and triumphantly called his attention to it on his next appearance.

The influence of a commanding mind and of a strong enthusiasm

was exercised over his associates in a yet more striking way by the ambitious student. He caused some of the young men to share his own impatience at the dog-anatomy to which they were confined. Pleasure-loving youths, moved by his impulse, were to be found with him, haunting at ghostly hours the Cemetery of the Innocents. Once when he went with a fellow-pupil to the Mont-faucon, where the bodies of executed criminals were deposited and bones were plentiful, they found themselves attacked by a pack of fierce dogs. Masters of the situation, they would by no means let a bone be touched, and there ensued so hard a battle with them that the young anatomist believed the hour of fate was come. It seemed for a short time likely that, the tables being turned upon him, his own body would be dissected for the profit of that very class to which so many of his victims had belonged.

Another of the teachers under whom Andreas studied in Paris was a man of great renown, Gauthier d'Andernach, or to speak learnedly, Guintherius. He was physician in ordinary to King Francis I. Guintherius, before he went to Paris, had been Greek Professor at Louvain. At Paris he occasionally ventured so far as to dissect human beings. We run over three years to state here that in his *Institutiones Anatomicae*, published in 1536, Guinther took occasion to specify Andreas Vesalius (the classic V had not at that time been adopted in the name) as a youth of great promise, Vesalius then being twenty-one years old. Again, after three more years had elapsed, in publishing a new edition of his *Institutiones*, Guinther stated that he had been indebted largely to the helping hand of Andreas Vesalius, a youth most diligent in the study of Anatomy. The youth was then already himself beginning work upon a book that was to produce a revolution in the science.

At about the age of nineteen, however, the pupilage of Andreas at Paris, under Sylvius and Guinther, had been broken off by the French wars. He retired then to his alma mater at Louvain. Here continuing his studies, he for the first time openly demonstrated from the human

subject, offering to the scholars of Louvain an unaccustomed spectacle. He had himself in Paris only twice been present at a demonstration of the kind. ●

During this sojourn at Louvain, it happened one day that Vesalius walked with his friend Gemma Frisius outside the gates. By accident their country ramble brought them to the Tyburn of Louvain, the spot on which it was usual not only to execute criminals, but also to expose their bodies. It was a place of human bones, and of men's corpses in all stages of corruption. To such a spot the friends came very naturally, led to it no doubt by a familiar path, for where else was there a retired nook to be found of which the scenery was more completely in accordance with the taste of an anatomist. Vesalius loved nature with the ardour of true genius, but his love was not at all for—

Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

He was a man who could have boiled his kettle with more pleasure in the valley of Jehoshaphat than in the vale of Tempe. Why should he not? Is the thighbone that propped up a lord of the creation less to be honoured than a primrose stalk? Or is the cup that has contained the brain and wit of man to be regarded with less tender reverence than buttereups and pumpkins?

Vesalius and Gemma Frisius, whose humour it was to admire nature in the mechanism of the human body, looked at the dead men with learned eyes. The botanist a-field looks out for specimens to carry home, so the anatomist Vesalius looked greedily about him, for in such a place the obvious question was, could he make any little addition to his *hortus siccus* of odd joints and bones?

Now there had been executed on that spot a noted robber, who, since he deserved more than ordinary hanging, had been chained to the top of a high stake, and roasted alive. He had been roasted by a slow fire made of straw, that was

kept burning at some distance below his feet. In that way there had been a dish cooked for the fowls of heaven, which had been regarded by them as a special dainty. The sweet flesh of the delicately roasted thief they had preferred to every other; his bones, therefore, had been elaborately picked, and there was left suspended on the stake a skeleton dissected out and cleaned by many beaks with rare precision. The dazzling skeleton, complete and clean, was lifted up on high before the eyes of the anatomist, who had been striving hitherto to piece together such a thing out of the bones of many people, gathered as occasion offered. That was a flower to be plucked from its tall stem.

Mounting upon the shoulders of his friend, and aided by him from below, young Andreas ascended the charred stake, and tore away whatever bones he found accessible, breaking the ligaments which tied the legs and arms to the main trunk. The trunk itself was bound by iron chains so firmly to the stake, that it was left there hanging. With stolen bones under their clothes, the two young men returned into Louvain.

But in the evening Vesalius went out alone to take another walk, did not return in haste, and suffered the town gates to close against him. He had resolved to spend the night a-field under the stars; while honest men were sleeping in their beds he meant to share the vigil of the thieves. There was the trunk of the skeleton yet to be had. At midnight none would dare to brave the spectacle of fleshly horrors, to say nothing of such ghostly accidents as might befall them among corpses of the wicked, under rain, moon, stars, or flitting night-clouds. Certain, therefore, that no man would come to witness his offence, Vesalius at midnight again climbed the tree to gather its remaining blossom. By main force he deliberately wrested the whole set of bones out of the grasp of the great iron fetters, and then having removed his treasure to a secret spot, he buried it. In the morning he returned home empty-handed. At leisure then, and carefully, he smuggled through the gates, day after day bone after bone. But when the perfect skeleton was set

up in his own house, he did not scruple to display it openly, and to demonstrate from it, giving out that it had been brought by him to Louvain from Paris. The act of plunder was, however, too bold to escape attention. Vesalius afterwards was banished from Louvain for this offence.

In the next year, 1535, Andreas, having completed his twentieth year, served as a surgeon in the army of the Emperor, Charles V., during the Gallic war. He was then earning a salary, and finding subjects for dissection on the battle-field. Soon afterwards he went to Italy, making his head-quarters apparently at Venice, and displaying his zeal and ability as an anatomist by demonstrating publicly under the shadow of the most famous universities. Andreas Vesalius at once excited the attention of the learned men of Italy, as a remarkable youth of twenty-one or two, who could name, with his eyes blindfolded, any, even the smallest, human bone put into his hand, who was versed deeply in comparative anatomy, and had more accurate and practical knowledge of the structure of the human frame than any greybeard of the time had dared to master. He was a youth who had turned all the ardour and passion of his age into the service of that one mysterious pursuit at which his neighbours shuddered and admired; a youth who was at the same time an able scholar, and who could declaim his knowledge in sound Latin from the lecture-table. The intensity of his zeal and his own habit of mastery won for him in Italy so prompt a recognition of his genius, that he was only twenty-two years old when he was offered (in 1537) a professorship at Padua, created for him. It was the first purely anatomical professorship, and in accepting it Vesalius became the first professor of anatomy who taught the science, and received a salary for so doing from the funds of any university.

A good deal of morbid curiosity, a corrupt taste for witnessing dissections of the human body as a novel spectacle, no doubt increased the number of the new professor's hearers. He was doing a bold thing, his lectures were a striking innova-

tion on the tameness of conventional routine, and his fame grew with proportionate rapidity. He continued to hold his professorship at Padua during seven years, but he was at the same time professor in two other universities. He was sought by the academics for the same reason that causes an attractive performer to be sought at the same time by rival managers. Wherever he appeared, the theatre would fill. When already appointed at Padua, he was graced with a professorship also at Bologna, in which town he put together and compared the skeletons of a man and of a monkey. Being thus doubly a professor, he accepted also the urgent invitation of Cosmo, Duke of Florence, who desired that he should take office as Professor of Anatomy at Pisa. Cosmo secured his man not only by offering a salary of six hundred crowns for a short course of demonstrations, but also by commanding that the authorities should furnish him with a free supply of bodies, whether from the cemetery or the scaffold. In each university the services of the professor were confined to a short course of demonstrations, so that his duties were complete when he had spent during the winter a few weeks at each of the three towns in succession. Then he returned to Venice.

At Venice, Andreas Vesalius studied indefatigably, at the same time that he practised physic. He not only solicited the bodies of condemned criminals, but also begged of magistrates that they would sentence such men to the modes of death that he from time to time suggested, in order that he might obtain physiological knowledge from his post mortem inspections. He was not afraid also to beg that executions might be delayed when he was well supplied with subjects, so that there might be material for him to work upon at a more leisure time. Furthermore, he watched—and incited his pupils to watch—all the symptoms in men dying of a fatal malady, and it was usual with him and them to note where, after death, such men were buried. For their bodies night-visits were paid to the churchyard, either by Vesalius or by some of his disciples, and a dili-

gent search was then made for the accurate determination of the cause of death. Many a corpse was in this way secretly conveyed by Andreas to his chamber, and concealed in his own bed.

At Padua and Bologna, where there was no bold Cosmo to back the teacher, no public means were ventured upon for the supply of the new lecture-table. It was supplied without trouble to Vesalius by the enthusiasm of the students, who became resurrectionists on his behalf. Thus it happened that on one occasion his class was edified by the emotion of a portly Petrarch under a monk's hood, who had sought in the excitement of anatomy a refuge from his grief for the recent death of a too well-known Laura. He sat down thinking of his old acquaintance with a sigh,—
 Mai non fu' in parte, ove si chiar vedessi
 Quel, che veder vorrei, poi ch'io nol
 vidi,—

and started with a shout that betrayed all his secret when he saw her stretched out on the demonstrator's table. She had been disinterred by the students as a friendless person—one who in life had not regarded her own flesh as sacred, and whose body, therefore, might be lectured from without risk of exciting any active outcry against desecration of the dead. Vesalius, who hated monks as false pretenders and obstructors of sound knowledge, enjoyed greatly this dilemma.

During the first three years of office as professor, Andreas did not depart or wish to depart from the approved rule of study. He praised the works of Galen in good faith, and made use of the anatomical writings of that ancient author as the text book upon which he founded all his demonstrations. With practical experience, however, the conviction grew, not only that the anatomy of Galen was extremely incomplete, but that it was often wrong. He had marked down upon the margins of his text-book as he detected them many discrepancies between the text of Galen and the human body. These variations he found, as he went on, were constant. Then, dissecting lower animals, and monkeys more especially, he made comparison between their parts and

corresponding parts in man, until he became convinced that Galen very rarely wrote from actual inspection of the human subject, that he had been a great anatomist, but that his teaching was based on a belief that the structure of a monkey was a direct copy of the structure of a man. Galen had not ventured often to run counter to the tide of superstition, and defile himself by too close contact with the dead of his own race. This fact being ascertained with certainty, Vesalius took more than usual pains to note every discrepancy between the text of Galen and the actual parts which it endeavoured to describe. The list of these variations—annotations upon Galen—formed in a short time a volume of considerable thickness.

Having thus seen reason to distrust the foundations upon which the whole structure of medical science was, in his time, built, Vesalius, at the age of twenty-five, resolved to reconstruct more durably the science of anatomy. He perceived only one way in which this could be done: he would dissect minutely through the human body, and write down all that he found there carefully and accurately in a well-digested book. He would collate upon each point the evidence obtained under the scalpel with the writings of the authorities who occupied the schools before him, would retain their nomenclature, and repeat their truths, but rectify their almost countless errors. To this bold enterprise, after his genius had once admitted the idea, Vesalius was further impelled by the encouragement of his friends, and chiefly by the incitements of a colleague in the University of Padua, Mark Antony Genua, and of the patrician, Wolfgang Herwort. So it happened that, at the age of twenty-five, Andreas Vesalius, already a famous teacher, began to write, from actual scrutiny, his text-book of *The Fabric of the Human Body*. He at the same time practised medicine, and expressed loudly and often his regret that the art of healing and the science of anatomy were followed as two separate pursuits. He declared a correct knowledge of anatomy to be essential both to the physician and

the surgeon, and he taught the science in his writings with a constant reference to medicine and surgery, bitterly ridiculing those practitioners who got their knowledge of disease out of a study of syrups.

It is possible to tell in a few paragraphs all that is known to have been done before the time of Vesalius for the promotion of the study of true human anatomy. In very ancient times it is proved that there was no lack of dissectors, those of the Alexandrine school used the knife freely on the human subject. Herophilus is said to have cut up and examined three hundred bodies, without reckoning his vivisections. Of the anatomy of the ancients, however, nothing has been transmitted except what has come down to us in the extant works of Galen. Galen, it has been shown, dissected lower animals and monkeys—rarely man. When contact with a corpse made expiations and ablutions necessary, it was not an easy thing to be an accurate anatomist. After the death of Galen that chief still continued to hold sway for centuries over the world of medicine. The Arabians put implicit faith in him, and copied all his errors, adding many of their own.

In the middle ages practical anatomy, when it attempted any inspection of the Divine image, was regarded as impiety; nevertheless, a first step in a right direction was made by Mundinus, about the year 1315. Mundinus, professor of medicine at Bologna, between the years 1315-18, exhibited the public dissection of three bodies, and by so doing was the cause of a great scandal. Alarmed by an edict of Pope Boniface VII., he gave up his dangerous experiment, but he had published a work, *De Anatome*, containing much original matter, which was adopted by the learned world, and prescribed to be read in all academies.

For three centuries this work continued to be in force as an authority. In the time of Vesalius, Mundinus was read commonly as a supplement to the anatomy contained in Galen, and if any anatomist had new facts to record he edited Mundinus, and attached to the text of that author his own experience in the form of

commentary. In the year 1520, Mundinus had in that way been supplied with notes by Alessandro Achillino, and edited by his brother Philothes at Bologna, and in 1521 the book of Mundinus was again amply illustrated by Joannes Carpus Berengarius, the best of the precursors of Vesalius. Mundinus wrote succinctly, treating of parts in their natural order, but his information was not only succinct but also meagre; his style being obscure and barbarous, often incomprehensible, his errors many. His errors were so many that Matthew Curtius—who spoke before Vesalius had shaken the old paramount authority—said of Mundinus, 'all that is right in him is Galen's, but his own matter is always wrong.' Achillino was pronounced jejune, Berengarius diffuse, but really good. Carpus Berengarius introduced also into his edition, for the first time, pictures, by which the eye was enabled to comprehend the details given in the letterpress. The pictures were rude, nineteen in number, increased in another publication, two years afterwards, to twenty-two. These plates deserve to be remembered by anatomists as the first efforts that were made to facilitate their studies by depicting as well as describing the construction of the human frame. In 1534, Albert Durer depicted the symmetry of the body in four books, but rather as an artist than as an anatomist. The greatest painters, protected by Julius II. and Leo X., had been allowed to study practically just so much anatomy as was required for the perfection of their art. Drawings from nature of the superficial muscles had been made by Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaele, and Michael Angelo. Representations of the anatomy of deep-seated parts immediately preceding the publication of the plates issued by Vesalius, were edited in 1540 by Walter Hermann Ryff; and a more valuable set, in which the brain is well depicted, and its parts figured and named, was published by Balthasar Pistor. None of these works were at all calculated to disturb the supremacy of Galen, or to create any revolution in anatomy. But they were indications of the ripeness of the field for work like that to which

Vesalius devoted himself with the whole fresh zeal of youth, and all the vigour of his genius.

The income derived by Andreas from three professorships, and from his practice among the Venetians, perhaps also the prosperous worldly condition of his family, enabled him to expend money freely in the prosecution of his literary work. He took pains to secure, not only for his descriptions of parts, but also for the representations of them to be published in his book, the utmost possible fidelity and beauty. It cost him not a little to tempt able artists from their studies of the beautiful to sit and paint, day after day, from a dissected corpse. Grudging no cost, he succeeded so well as to obtain for his book anatomical plates, not only incomparably better than any that had previously been published, but more excellent as works of art than very many that have appeared since his day. The chief artist engaged with him in this labour was Jean Calcar, native of Calcar, in the Duchy of Cleves. That artist studied during his best years in Italy, admiring chiefly the works of Raffaele and Titian. He was one of the most able of Titian's pupils, and so accurately seized his master's style and manner, that many works from the hand of Calcar, portraits especially, have been attributed to Titian. Rubens kept, until his death, a Nativity by Calcar, that was remarkable for its effects of light; and Calcar is well known to many in our own day as the painter of the portraits which accompany Vasari's lives; Calcar, then, was the chief artist engaged upon the anatomical figures published by Vesalius, and this circumstance accounts for the fact that those figures were in their own time often attributed to Titian.

While Andreas was steadily at work upon his book, author and artists (the other artists were Joannes Stephanus and Nicolo Stopio) making simultaneous progress, the first few plates were sent to the professor's father, who, it may be remembered, was apothecary to the Emperor. By him they were shown to Charles V., also to many of his most distinguished courtiers, and in this way the praise of the young anatomist first came to be spoken from imperial lips. In the year

1530, at the age of twenty-five, Vesalius issued to the public a few completed plates as an experiment. Being successful in Italy, they were largely pirated by German publishers, and many bad copies of these plates are therefore extant. The *Opus Magnum* was again to be preceded by another herald, an epitome of its six books, with illustrations of the choicest kind. In this epitome the matter was arranged and the plates were chosen with a direct intent to supply that kind of information wanted commonly by surgeons. The chief care of the book was to describe and depict accurately those parts which are most frequently exposed to wounds, dislocations, tumours, and such ills of the flesh. It was to serve also as an index to the greater work. Although the epitome was finished first, and dedicated in due form to Philip, son and heir of the great Emperor, the actual publication of it was delayed until some months after the appearance of the full and perfect work, the *Corporis Humani Fabrica*, first published at Basle in the year 1543, its author being at that time twenty-eight years old.

With the famous treatise of Vesalius upon the fabric of the human body begins the history of anatomy as it is now studied. In that book the plates are throughout to the letter-press what the real subject is to the lecture of the demonstrator, and the references to the pictures are minute, distinct, and accurate. The groundwork of true human anatomy is laid throughout the book, with an exactness never before approached. The work is strictly anatomical, but it includes many important references to the allied subjects of physiology and surgery. The descriptions of parts are given in well-polished Latin, with the clearness of a man who is quite master of his subject, and as he goes on, the author makes a merciless comparison between the structure that is really found in man, and the description of it found in Galen. He shows, finally, by cumulative proof, that Galen taught from a knowledge not of men but of brutes. Because, in showing this Vesalius proved the errors not only of Galen but of the whole mass of his brethren who had gone to Galen only for their infor-

mation, and whom he would compel to sit at his own feet for better knowledge, he knew well that he was provoking all the brotherhood to war; he therefore made his onslaught upon error in a fighting mood.

Old men were not willing to tolerate dictation from a boy of twenty-eight. Professors and physicians who maintained a reputation for wisdom in their universities and in the world by propping it up on an intimate acquaintance with the works of Galen, were not disposed to let their prop be struck away; they clung to it tenaciously. Sylvius at Paris was especially indignant at the scientific heresies of his late pupil; he attacked his book with violence. Vesalius, therefore, wrote to his old master a letter full of friendly feeling and respect, inquiring wherein he had been guilty of error. Sylvius replied to this that he liked his old pupil very well, and would be glad to call him friend, but that he could do so only on condition that he would show proper respect for Galen. If he failed in that, he was to expect no quarter either from Sylvius or any pupils of his school.

Soon after the publication of his work in 1543 the name of Andreas Vesalius had become widely known at Court as that of a man gifted with preternatural skill in the art of healing. In the year 1546 Andreas went from Venice, then his home, in company with the Venetian ambassador, to Regensburg, where he was to exercise his skill upon the Emperor, and from that date he was ranked among the Emperor's physicians. On his way to Regensburg, he stopped for a short time at Basle, and there gave a few demonstrations from a skeleton prepared by himself, which upon leaving he presented to the university. The skeleton was hung up in the lecture-hall, with an inscription under it commemorating the event in this manner:—

ANDREAS VESALIUS BRUXELLENS.
CAROLI V. AVG. ARCHIATRUS
LAUDATISS. ANATOMICARUM
ADMINISTR. COMM.
IN HAC URBE REGIA
PUBLICATURUS
VIRILE QUOD CERNIS SKELETON
ARTIS ET INDUSTRIE SUÆ
SPECIMEN
ANNO CHRISTIANO
1546
EXHIBUIT EREXITQUE.

This skeleton, prepared and presented to its anatomical school by the father of modern anatomy, still continues to be one of the curiosities of Basle.

From the Emperor, Vesalius was sent in the same year to attend one of his nobles. Afterwards at Ratisbon he wrote and published (still in 1546) one of his works, a long letter to Joachim Roelandt, entitled, *De Usu Radicis Chinæ*. In that work, while he professed to treat of the medicine by which the Emperor's health had been restored, he entered largely into a vindication of his teaching against all assailants, and a fresh exposition of the fact that Galen had dissected brutes alone. The letter, of which the greater part was devoted to the business of self-assertion, contains much autobiographic matter, and is the source from which many of the preceding details have been drawn.

Returning then to Italy—his age being thirty-two—Andreas again taught and dissected publicly at Bologna, Padua, and Pisa. His object was to battle against opposition from the orthodox. With few exceptions all the young men—all the next generation of physicians—declared themselves enthusiastically to be of the party of Vesalius. The old scholars and practitioners declared that innovator to be a mere infidel in anatomy, teaching a mass of errors. Vesalius, to put down these people, wrote always on the day before each of his demonstrations a public notice that it would take place, and that all men who decried his errors were invited to attend to make their own dissections from his subject, and confound him openly. Not a man ventured to accept the challenge, and in this way the opposition to Vesalius on the part of his immediate neighbours was held very much in check.

But from the old-fashioned teachers of the young in other towns—especially from Sylvius in Paris—the outcry against the heretic who had endeavoured to shake faith in the word of Galen was incessant. In the year 1551 Sylvius broke out in print, his wrath was a long madness, and in his published lucubration the display of it runs to an excess that is quite pitiable. He accuses his old pupil—whom, by way of

a dull, rude joke, he everywhere calls Vesanus—as a monster of ignorance, arrogance, and ingratitude—a man who poisoned Europe by the breath of his impiety, and who clouded knowledge by the infinitude of all his blunders. The animosity of Sylvius had become bitterly personal, and he even went so far as to accuse Andreas to the Emperor, and to seek an ally in one of the imperial physicians, Cornelius Barsdrop, whom he endeavoured to bribe not with money but with bones—namely, the skeleton of a child. All this hatred was not spent in vain. Sylvius was called upon, as a credible witness, to substantiate his charges, by exhibiting the errors of Vesalius from his own dissection of the subject. He was unable to do so. The human body was perverse, and followed the descriptions of the heretic; but so completely was belief in Galen the religion of the old physicians, that Sylvius next declared the men of his own time to be constructed somewhat differently from the men who had lived so many centuries before. The ancients, at any rate, it was quite certain that Galen had dissected and described infallibly. Rather let him believe that God's work had been altered than that Galen had confounded men with monkeys.

The outcry raised against him by so many grave authorities did in effect create in many minds a vague dread of Vesalius and his writings. They fell into bad odour at Court; he performed wonderful cures, but when so much testimony went to show that the young man's writing was arrogant and impious, it was felt that it must be wrong to countenance his books. When, therefore, for the sake of his reputed skill as a practitioner in medicine, Vesalius was called to reside permanently at Madrid, the summons was attended with so many circumstances showing the success of those who clamoured at his writings, that in a fit of proud indignation he spent one unlucky hour in burning all his manuscripts. Thus he destroyed a huge volume of annotations upon Galen—a whole book of medical formulæ—many original notes upon drugs—the copy of Galen from which he lectured, covered with marginal notes of new observations that had occurred to

him while demonstrating—and the paraphrase of the books of Rhases, in which the knowledge of the Arabian was collated with that of the Greeks and others. The produce of the labour of many years was thus destroyed in a short fit of passion. While the ashes of his manuscripts were yet before him, Andreas repented of his deed.

He lived no more for science. As a Court physician at Madrid it was of no use for Vesalius to teach anatomy to the inquisitors from bodies robbed out of the consecrated ground. He lived upon his reputation, and indulged in all the ease compatible with the stiff life of a Spanish courtier. There was a second (augmented) edition of his *Fabric of the Human Body*, published at Basle in 1555, but it was left for scholars and physicians to fight out among themselves the question of its merits. Vesalius was dead to controversy and to study, but alive to gain and pleasure. The reputation he enjoyed as a physician was unbounded. One instance of his wonderful sagacity is an instructive example of the growth of knowledge among men of the lancet. There is now scarcely one hospital pupil in his third year who would not be ashamed to fail in the diagnosis of an aneurismal tumour. Such a tumour on a patient—a big and wonderful tumour on the loins—puzzled two famous imperial physicians, Adolf Oecene and Achilles Piriminus. Vesalius being called into consultation said: 'There is a bloodvessel dilated; that tumour is full of blood.' They were surprised at so strange an opinion, but the man died, the tumour was opened, blood was actually found in it, and we are told, *in admirationem rapti fuere omnes*.

Another case was of a more startling kind, though not so creditable to the wit of the physician. In 1548 Maximilian d'Egmont, Count of Buren, a favourite general, was ill at Brussels. He had a disease of the heart, and Vesalius being called in not only said that he would die, but undertook also to predict the day and hour of death. In those days of astrology and superstition the habit of desiring and of hazardous predictions was extremely common. Vesalius had seldom risked

his reputation by the use of them, but this one (as we hope he did not feel that it would do) brought its own fulfilment. The dread anticipation occupied the Count's mind. On the appointed day he called his relatives and friends together to a feast, distributed gifts, declared his last wishes, took formal leave of all, waited with strong suppressed emotion for the appointed hour of death, and at the hour predicted actually died.

After the abdication of Charles V., Vesalius remained attached to the Court of Philip II. Don Carlos, Philip's son, having received a severe blow on the head, his life was despaired of till they called in Vesalius, who cut into the pericranium and relieved him promptly. Brother physicians, however, said even at Court, that Vesalius understood only superficial injuries, and could not cure internal disease. Vesalius replied easily that the world outside the profession had a different opinion, and that he had no reason to envy any doctor in the world the income he could make out of his skill. When Henry II. of France was lying mortally sick of his lance wound, it was Vesalius whom Philip of Spain sent to save him from the clutch of death. But it was a long way from Madrid, and death was travelling much faster than the doctor.

The controversy concerning the infallibility of Galen was, in the meantime, raging with considerable violence. Renatus Henerus, a young man studying at Paris under Sylvius, felt annoyed at the incessant outcry against Vesalius, with which that professor was continually worrying his classes. He heard also that many sound and mature men disapproved of what, to his fresh heart, appeared very much like the bitterness of bigotry. Fuchs at Tübingen, Massa at Venice, and Rondolel at Montpellier, first-rate authorities, taught already without scruple many things that contradicted Galen. Henerus, finding this to be the case, determined on his own part to speak out on behalf of the too much abused reformer. He published, therefore, at Venice, in 1554, an apology for Vesalius, in which he spoke of Sylvius always with the respect due from a pupil to his

teacher, and declared that he had never seen the man whose reputation he defended. Among other attacks upon the great anatomist was one published in 1562 by Franciscus Puteus Verceilensis; but at that time Vesalius had shaken off a little of his lethargy, being apparently impressed with the belief that his fame was not secure. There appeared, therefore, a sharp reply to Francis Puteus from a writer calling himself Gabriel Cuneus. That writer, Cardan, his contemporary and friend, with the best opportunities of knowing the truth, identifies with Andreas Vesalius himself. Internal evidence corroborates the statement of Cardan.

The fears of Vesalius concerning his good fame in the world of science had been excited in the year 1561, by the appearance of the *Anatomical Observations* of Fallopius. Gabriel Fallopius had been one of his pupils, and having mastered all the knowledge of his chief, had, from the advanced point so attained, continued, with great skill and industry, to push forward the knowledge of anatomy. While the scalpel of Vesalius was rusting, Fallopius was making new researches, and when, in the year 1561, he published the results of his labours, after thirteen years of public teaching in Ferrara, and after having presided for eight years over an anatomical school, he was, of course, able to enlarge the borders of the science. With a temper that more suited the tone of feeling in a courtier than in a scholar, Vesalius regarded the advanced knowledge of his pupil as an infringement of his rights. Though he had been twenty years away from work as an anatomist, and had at that time in Madrid no opportunity of testing the discoveries of Fallopius by actual dissection, he wrote hastily an angry, wrong-headed reply, an *Examen Observationum Fallopii*, in which he decried the friend who made improvements on himself, as he had been himself decried for his improvements upon Galen. The manuscript of this work, finished at the end of December, in the year 1561, Andreas committed to the care of Paulus Teupulus, of Venice, orator to the King of Spain, who was to give it to Fallopius. War, however, so far obstructed travelling

that the orator did not reach Padua until after the death of Fallopius; he therefore very wisely retained and kept to himself all knowledge of the MS. Vesalius soon afterwards, on his way to Jerusalem, took possession of his work and caused it to be published without more delay. It appeared, therefore, at Venice in the year 1564.

The journey to Jerusalem, on which Vesalius set out from Madrid when in the full moon of his prosperity, is thus accounted for in a letter from Hubert Languet to Gasparus Teucerus:—Vesalius, believing a young Spanish nobleman whom he had attended to be dead, obtained from his parents leave to open him, for the sake of inquiring into the real cause of his illness, which he had not rightly comprehended. This was granted; but he had no sooner made a cut into the body than he perceived the symptoms of life, and opening the breast saw the heart beat. The parents coming afterwards to know of this, were not satisfied with prosecuting him for murder, but accused him of impiety to the Inquisition, in the hope that he would be punished with greater rigour by the judges of that tribunal than by those of the common law. But the King of Spain interfered and saved him, on condition, however, that by way of atonement he should make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.'

Upon this part of the story Boerhaave and Albinus observe that the heart cannot well beat with life after so much dissection of the human framework is necessary to expose it to the eye. It has been known, however, for centuries, that the irritability of muscles continues after death, differing in different parts, and may be excited mechanically by slight stimulus. The ventricles of the heart lose the contractile power within fifty minutes after death; but in the auricles it remains for hours; longer, indeed, than in any other muscle. Such facts had been observed even by Galen, who, perceiving that in the right auricle the power of contracting under stimulus remained longer than in any other portion of the body, described that part as the *ultimum moriens*—the

last to die. Involuntary contraction of this kind may have helped in the ruin of Vesalius, or perhaps the priests, who had long watched their opportunity, took care to make the most of a mechanical gurgling in the body, or a chance movement occasioned by some shaking of the table, and contrived at last so to fix with a fatal weight the accusation of impiety upon the bold man who had so long set them at defiance. Imperialis ascribes the departure of Vesalius from Madrid to the cabals of jealousy, and Sweetius (*Athen. Belg.*), who may, perhaps, himself have been troubled with a crusty partner, declares that he went to Jerusalem in order to escape from the tormenting temper of his wife. It does not appear, however, that Vesalius was a married man.

Quitting Madrid for Venice, Andreas set out upon the next stage of his journey, from Venice to Cyprus, in company with Giacomo Malatesta di Rimini, general of the Venetian army. From Cyprus he went on to Jerusalem, and was returning, not to Madrid, but to the labours of his youth, as a professor at Padua, being invited by the Venetian Senate to occupy the chair of physic in that university, vacant by the death of Fallopius, when he was shipwrecked in the neighbourhood of Zante. Cast ashore upon that island, there he perished miserably, of hunger and grief, on the 15th of October of the year 1564, before he had quite reached the age of fifty. His body was found some days afterwards, in a miserable hut, by a travelling goldsmith, who recognised in its starved outlines the features of the renowned Vesalius.

At the goldsmith's cost, therefore, the shipwrecked man was buried among strangers. After his death a great work on surgery appeared in seven books, signed with his name, and commonly included among his writings. There is reason, however, to believe that his name was stolen to give value to the book, which was compiled and published by a Venetian, Prosper Bogarucci, a literary crow, who fed himself upon the dead man's reputation.

THE STORY OF CORFE CASTLE.*

HOW many of those who travel for pleasure see in the ivy-mantled ruin that crowns some lofty hill, or reposes, beautiful in its decay, in the lonely valley, a picturesque addition to the landscape, and nothing more. They gaze, admire, and pass on. With what different eyes does the acute observer view the scene. Enjoying all the loveliness that charms the common herd of tourists, the mouldering battlements, on which the wall-flower is now the only sentinel, are restored on the retina of his imagination. *Renascuntur quæ jam cecidere.* The castle stands again in its strength. Stalwart warriors man the wall, where

Seething pitch and molten lead,
Reek like a witch's cauldron red;

and the part that it once played in the history of the country is vividly called up.

If the walls of our palaces, castles, and abbeys

By many a foul and midnight murder
fed,

had language, what revelations they could unfold—what clouds would be cleared away—what fabrications would vanish into the chaos whence they were evoked by some mendacious archimago. For it seems to be a law that history is only to be written in the spirit of a partisan. Biographers are, for the most part, either worshippers or railers. Almost every one has his hero and his *bête noire*. To the Protestant historian our own Elizabeth is the chaste virgin throttled in the west: the Roman Catholic's jaundiced eye sees in the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, a Messalina of the deepest dye. The royalist canonizes our first Charles as a martyr. 'Old Minnis Umbra,' who certainly was not much of a royalist, speaks the language of many a republican when he tells us that the King lived and died, a hypocrite.

It was a saying of John Murray the Great that every man had a book in him. Every old building has a book in it. Every old palace, castle,

and abbey has a history in it. Now, there are few old families in this kingdom who do not hold some noble relic of the masonry of ancient times, and who do not, moreover, possess in their archives valuable records of the scenes once enacted on that decaying stage. It is from the concentrated rays of historical monographs like that now before us that the clearest light may be thrown on many a dark passage; and we earnestly hope that not a few of our landed aristocracy will follow the edifying example of Mr. Banks.

The early condition of Corfe Castle looms indistinctly through the mists of antiquity; but there is reason for concluding that a castle existed at Corfe in the reign of Alfred. There is no doubt that this great king and reformer founded the abbey of Shaftesbury. His daughter, Ethelgiva, was the first abbess, and to her and her successors high rights and privileges were granted connected with the castle, which, in Alfred's time, consisted probably of only a single strong tower on the hill, watching over Wareham, well known to the Saxons for its resistance to the depredations of the Danes.

In the year of grace 875, Alfred made his agreement with those pagans, assigning to them a large portion of the northern provinces of the kingdom, flattering himself with the prospect of some repose in the south: but the Punic and Danish faith seem to have been about equal; and in the spring of that very year Halfden the Dane, with a considerable force, surprised Wareham Castle, then the strongest place in all Wessex. The honest English were no match for such buccaneering enemies.

They considered the Danish irruptions as a regular war, wherein the whole invading nation was concerned. Accordingly they imagined that a treaty with one band or party was obligatory on all the rest. But the Danes proceeded on a totally different principle. They entered, with the consent of their kings, into private associations to man out

* *The Story of Corfe Castle, and of many who have lived there.* By the Right Hon. George Banks, M.P. London: John Murray. 1853.

fleets, and go shares in what booty they could get in England and other countries. For this reason the several bands were independent of one another, each thinking himself bound by no other treaty but what they entered into themselves. Alfred had made an agreement with Hubba, but Halfden did not look upon himself as included in it. However, the English, considering the surprise of Wareham as a real treachery, called heaven and earth to witness the violation of the treaty.

Alfred, finding it was in vain to conclude treaties with such perfidious people, resolved to take more effectual means to secure himself from their deceits. To this purpose he convened a general assembly, and in a pathetic speech plainly showed them that they had nothing to trust to but their valour and courage, to deliver them from their miseries; that upon so urgent an occasion there was a necessity of venturing their lives in defence of their country, and of sacrificing part of their estates to preserve the rest; in fine, that a generous resolution was the only means of averting calamities which would come in turn to every man's hearth. These remonstrances having produced the effect he expected, an army was levied, with which he engaged the enemy seven times in one campaign. Fortune was not equally favourable to him in all these engagements, but the king succeeded in rendering their residence at Wareham so little commodious to them, that in the year 877 the army of Pagans quitted Wareham, partly on horseback and partly by water. The naval portion proceeded no further than Swanage, they were then attacked by ships provided by Alfred, and a furious storm coming on during the engagement, one hundred and twenty of their ships were driven on the rocks off Peveril Point, and the portion of the army contained in them was entirely destroyed. The other portion of the army was pursued by Alfred as far as Exeter. Weakened as they were, terms of accommodation were readily acceded to by them, and this band of depredators gave hostages that they would depart the kingdom. To effect a security against their return at some future time, was the object of a fortress at Corfe (Corfe's Gate it was then called), a break in the lofty range of the Purbeck hills, occurring at this spot, through which two small streams or rivers pursue their course to the sea, which is not far distant.

In the next century, the magnificent Edgar greatly extended and embellished the castle. He employed Italian workmen to instruct

and aid the native artisans. The design and perfection of the masonry in portions of the structure give evidence of their cunning.

Death struck Edgar in the flower of his age. Before he had completed his thirty-third year, he went where king and artisan must one day go; and his queen took possession of this princely residence, which her royal husband had bequeathed to her as a dowry mansion, and on which he had bestowed so much cost and care for her sake, that in it she might plot and accomplish the murder of his beloved son Edward.

The *injusta nocere* has passed into a too true proverb; and, verily, Elfrida topped her part.

In the month of March, in the year 978, this unfortunate prince was hunting in a large wood near Wareham; towards evening, when the chase was ended, recollecting that his brother was living hard by, he resolved to make a visit at the castle, where he resided with his royal mother. The attendants of the king had been dispersed in the chase; he was alone, and Elfrida having notice of this favourable opportunity, came forth in a most affable and friendly manner, inviting him to alight from his horse. This he declined, and remained at the gate, expressing his desire to see his brother.

The next step in this tragedy brings home to us another proverb touching the cup and the lip.

The queen then called for wine, which he had scarce put to his lips when one of her attendants, who had given the king the kiss of peace, stabbed him in the back. Some of the ancient chroniclers affirm, that Elfrida herself gave him both the kiss and the mortal wound whilst he was drinking.

This, it must be acknowledged, is an oft told story, but Mr. Bankes has told it so well, and with such interesting accessories, in which we can trace the hands of the monks, that he must be permitted to finish it. In the last quoted paragraph we have another instance of the different versions of almost every remarkable event, and are reminded of the humiliation of Sir Walter Raleigh, who when he was writing his 'history,' heard in the morning we don't know how many varying accounts of the death of a man said to have been stabbed under his window during the previous night. To return, however, to our tale:—

Finding himself wounded the king rode away; but fainting with the loss of blood, his foot entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged a considerable distance until the horse stopped of his own accord at a bridge which crosses the small river that flows at the foot of the hill on which this castle stands. The servant sent by Elfrida to know the issue of her treachery, found the murdered prince terribly defaced with the flints over which he had been dragged. The queen, to conceal the fact, ordered his body to be lodged in a house near, where it was covered with such mean clothes as were at hand.

But murder will out:—

In this house was a woman who was born blind, and maintained by the queen's alms: at midnight she found her sight restored, and, to her great terror, the house filled with light. In the morning, the queen being informed of these circumstances, fearing a discovery, ordered her attendants to throw the body into a well. She then retired to a mansion of hers called Bore, ten miles distant. Her own son Ethelred expressing his grief for the inhuman act of his mother, she bent him so severely with some large wax tapers, for want of something else at hand, that he hated the sight of them ever afterwards. In the year following, the body of the murdered king was found: a pillar of fire descending from above illuminated the place where it was hid. Some devout people of Wareham brought it to the church of St. Mary, in that vill, and buried it in a plain manner. From this time the fountain where the body had lain yielded pure and sweet water, being called St. Edward's fountain, and infirm people were daily healed there. The news of these transactions being circulated, Alfer, Earl of Mercia, a faithful adherent to the deceased king, resolved to remove the body to a more suitable place of sepulture. Inviting all bishops, abbots, and nobility to assist him, he sent to Wolfrida, abbess of Wilton, to come with her nuns and perform the funeral rites with due solemnity. The noble company thus convened, being joined by a great number of the country people, came to Wareham, where the body, on being taken out of the tomb in which it had lain three years, was found as free from corruption as on the day when it was placed there: it was carried on a bier to Shaftesbury. Among the concourse of people were two poor lame persons, who were cured on approaching the bier. Elfrida, struck with remorse, prepared

to join this funeral procession, hoping thus to make some atonement for her crime; but her utmost efforts could not prevent the horse she rode from running backwards. She tried several horses, being an intrepid lady; but not one of them would advance a step; she then attempted to go on foot, but with no better success. The royal corpse was received at Shaftesbury by the Abbess, and entombed at the north part of the principal altar.

Juvenile readers, ay, and some of maturer years, may be startled by the instrument of punishment which this strong-minded ungracious queen applied to her son's shoulders, and Mr. Banks benevolently enlightens those who may wish to know what sort of wax candles these were:—

A drawing-room wax candle could hardly inflict such a blow as to induce the subject of correction to remember it during the remainder of his life, and a chapel candle, even the daring spirit of Elfrida would not have ventured to apply to such a purpose. We must remember that one of the noble institutions of King Alfred being then, and long afterwards, in force, the lapse of time was measured by the gradual consumption of wax candles, and Elfrida, in fact, corrected her son with the castle clock—a weapon of no small weight and magnitude.

And which, Mr. Banks might have added, must on this occasion have *struck* to some purpose.

These time-measuring wax candles were marked by circular lines of divers colours, which served as hour indications, and they were committed by Alfred to the care of the keepers of his chapel, whose office it was to put him in mind of the flight of time.* We can fancy one of these officials addressing the care-worn king, wearied with nocturnal watching, in the words of Romeo:—

Night's candles are burnt out.

For defence of these lights the king had recourse to horn scraped very thin, for glass was then a great rarity in these islands. And 'thus,' writes our author, 'the royal Alfred became inventor both of clocks and lanterns.'

The monks gained largely by this step-mother's tragedy. The murdered Edward was canonized, and had his three festivals yearly—March

18, the day of his assassination; February 18, and June 20, the days on which his corpse was removed. The murderess made her peace with the Church, if not with Heaven, in the usual way, by the foundation and rich endowment of the nunnery of Amesbury in Wiltshire, and Whorwel in Hampshire. The last-named religious house she selected as her abode for her remaining years of penitence, austerity, and ghostly dread, took the habit of the order, and died, doubtless, in the odour of sanctity.

This atrocious murder proved, in its consequences, to be the death-blow of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, just after it had been raised by King Edgar to a high degree of renown, and he had obtained for himself the title of the Honour and Delight of the English nation. He was also surnamed Edgar the Peaceable, being so well prepared for war, that neither his own subjects nor other nations dared to disturb the tranquillity of his dominions. His attention to maritime affairs was the chief glory of his reign, and his fleet was at once so powerful and so well conducted, that it effectually secured the coasts from all aggression. He retained also a permanent military force, composed of Danes, nor does it appear that any jealousy arose from this circumstance amongst the masses of his Anglo-Saxon subjects. In the higher ranks it is true that some uneasiness was felt, for we are told by the ancient chronicles, that these martial Danes introduced as courtly fashions the habit of combing their hair once a day, washing themselves once a week, and frequently changing their vestments—manners which, though censured as effeminate by the Anglo-Saxon nobles, met with the decided approval of their wives and daughters, the gay beauties of King Edgar's court.

These were not the only accomplishments which these *Lurdanes* introduced, for they were, as worthy William of Malmesbury tells us, the deepest of drinkers; and the English took so kindly to their tuition that King Edgar, by the advice of Dunstan of red-hot tongs memory, put down many alehouses, suffering only one to be in a village or small town, further ordaining that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking cups and horns at stated distances, and that whosoever should drink beyond those marks should

be punished. Hence the old sayings, 'You're a peg too high,' or 'a peg too low.' Drinking vessels so marked are still extant.

But the crown stained by the blood of young Edward had now devolved on a boy who was barely seven years old; and she who aspired to be the regent of his kingdom was red with murder, and blasted in character. Then ensued a period as calamitous as any that darkens the pages of our history.

The Danes, who had given very little disturbance to the English for more than half a century, awoke from their lethargy; and stimulated by the cowardly and sluggish character of Ethelred, who proved when he grew up to manhood utterly unworthy of the high position to which his mother's crime had raised him, again regarded this tempting country with rapacious eye. When this *faineant*, who has justly earned the title of the Unready, was considering, as well as such an animal could consider, how to oppose the landing of the Danes, they were in the heart of the country, and the pettifogging prince could find no better mode of getting rid of them than by promised bribes, which he could not pay when the day of reckoning came. The consequence would have been patent to anybody but Ethelred. They broke into ungovernable fury, and all the old timber-built houses, monasteries, and churches were destroyed by the avenging torches of these fiery creditors. With the exception of Corfe Castle, and a few other places similarly fortified, all Dorsetshire fell under the Danish yoke.

The Danegeld of the year 1002 capped the climax of disgrace, and the whole kingdom trembled before the *Lord Danes*, who received the shameful tribute.

But though the people of this country may for a season be cowed, they are not so easily conquered. Irritated by the indignity of the tax, and their slavish position, Ethelred found them ready for any means by which they could shake off the degrading burthen. Cowards are always cruel, and Ethelred suggested a general massacre of all the Danes in England. With wonderful secrecy of preparation this atrocity

was carried into effect in a single day, and the sister of Sweyn, who had married an English noble, was included in the slaughter. Her brother speedily avenged her and his butchered countrymen, landed the next year in Cornwall, marched to Exeter, which he utterly destroyed, and spared none of its inhabitants. To fire and slaughter succeeded the famine of the year 1005, which, by those who could find wherewithal to satisfy their hunger, was hailed as a blessing, because, for a time at least, it expelled the Danes. But these marauders returned with returning prosperity, and in the year 1014, the wretched Ethelred having fled with his family to Normandy, Sweyn became King of England. But his rule was of the shortest, for he died in the same year, and fugitive Ethelred was, not without difficulty, persuaded to return and occupy his tottering throne for two miserable years, at the expiration of which time, and in 1016, he finished his ignoble reign.

The brave Edmund, his eldest son, was immediately crowned in London, but the gallantry of his spirit and all the noble qualities of his nature were in vain. The curse of bloodshed seemed to rest upon his house; his reign did not continue for a year; he was murdered by the contrivance of a traitor, one of his family, before the close of the year 1017.

Edmund left two sons, neither of whom succeeded to the throne. The line of his descendants, excluded first by Danish usurpation, and afterwards by the Normans, was restored to the crown after the lapse of six hundred years; but it was restored in that fated royal line, of whose destiny this ruined castle stands the monument—as it was the victim.

During the reign of John, the castle again became a royal residence. Here the felon king deposited his treasure and regalia; here the jealous tyrant confined his state prisoners. When, in 1202, he took the 'pretty Arthur' at the castle of Mirbel, in Poitou, he captured many barons and above two hundred knights of Poitou and Guienne, who were in

arms with the ill-fated prince, his nephew. These, loaded with irons, he distributed among the Norman and English prisons, where many of them perished under cruel treatment, 'and no fewer than twenty-two of the noblest and bravest of them were starved to death in Corfe Castle.*'

On the 15th of May, 1213, John resigned England and Ireland to God, to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to Pope Innocent and his successors; and, after doing homage to Pandolph, the Pope's legate, comforted himself by dragging Peter of Pomfret (whom he had thrown into the dungeons of Corfe Castle, for prophesying that he would lose his crown in this very year) at horses' tails to Wareham, through its streets, and back again, and hanging him, with his son, on a gibbet erected within sight of the castle. In 1215 (June 19), he signed Magna Charta, became sullen, melancholy, and dejected accordingly, and retired to the Isle of Wight.

The next year was the last of his wretched life. He was now in perpetual motion, not knowing whither to go nor whom to trust. He therefore carefully avoided fighting, and incessantly marched from place to place to break the measures of his enemies. He thought himself safest in the county of Norfolk, where he chose the town of Lynn to secure his treasures, including his crown and sceptre. This town had expressed for him such affection and loyalty, that as a mark of his gratitude he granted it great privileges, presenting to the first mayor his own sword, which is said still to be preserved there. However, fearing his treasures were not safe even in this his favourite town, he resolved to remove them into Lincolnshire. Endeavouring to effect this removal, he very narrowly escaped drowning with his whole army, in the large Marsh or Wash which parts the two counties of Lincoln and Norfolk. He had himself barely effected the crossing, together with a portion of his forces, when the tide coming rapidly up the river Well-stream, the marsh was overflowed, and his baggage containing the treasure, also the remainder of his troops and attendants, were swallowed

* The mixture of demoniacal blood, to which the Plantagenet princes attributed their paroxysms of fury, seems to have been of the strongest in John, whose out-breaks are described by Richard of Devizes, as something beyond anger. On such occasions he was terribly changed. His forehead, like Redgauntlet's, was corrugated, his flaming eyes glistened, and his colour became livid.

up by the waters. He arrived that night at Swineshead Abbey, where he lodged. His vexation for the loss threw him into a violent fever, which he aggravated by eating largely of peaches. On the morrow, he was carried on a litter to Seaford Castle, and thence next day to Newark. Some will have it that he was poisoned by a monk of Swineshead Abbey, and Shakespeare has adopted this tradition; but the contemporary historians have not attributed his end to such a cause, nor is it asserted by any one who wrote within sixty years of that time. The stories of his being poisoned are also various in their particulars; the one attributes the king's death to the poison extracted from a toad put into a cup of wine, the other to a dish of poisoned pears, of which the monk who presented them ate three, which were not poisoned, leaving all the rest for the use of the king.

Thus the curious in obituaries may choose between the fever, the indigestion, the toad-drugged posset, and the monk's pears daintily spiced with the manna of St. Nicholas: we think it pretty clear that King John died of Magna Charta.

When Henry the Third, who succeeded in the tenth year of his age, was crowned at Gloucester, under the auspices of the wise, brave, and honest Earl of Pembroke, who had so faithfully served his miserable master, John, and had been unanimously chosen guardian of the young king, and protector, a portion of the regalia was still at Corfe Castle; and Peter de Maulay, the constable, delivered there for the king's use, on the demand of the new Protector, the crown—a plain circle or chaplet of gold, and probably Saxon—which was placed on his head. Henry's second coronation, at a later period, was celebrated in Westminster Abbey. The castle was now delivered to Pembroke, and a fair prisoner, the Princess Eleanor, who had passed many sad years in the custody of her infamous uncle, was found incarcerated. Here, too, were found, in addition to jewels and other valuables, large stores of military engines, which John had collected in the vain hope of subjugating the barons and revoking the Great Charter.

But the Protector died; and then commenced the troubles of the weak Henry. Peter de Maulay forcibly

resumed possession of the castle, which was held in such high consideration by Simon de Montfort and his adherents, that it was the third which they demanded to be ceded as pledges for the future good conduct of the king.

Whether the unfortunate second Edward enjoyed this castle as a residence is uncertain; but there is no doubt that, in his reign, it was put into complete repair at the expense of the crown, and that it became his prison when the Queen and her paramour took the fallen monarch out of the honourable custody of Henry of Lancaster, to hand him over to the tender mercies of those shames to knighthood, Maltravers and Gournay. Those ruffians removed him from Kenilworth Castle, where he had passed the winter under the wardship of his uncle the Earl, and hurried the doomed prisoner from place to place under cloud of night, that no one might, with certainty know his whereabouts. First they brought him to Corfe Castle, then to Bristol Castle, whence the worthy citizens would have delivered him, but his inhuman keepers got scent of the scheme, and conveyed him to Berkeley Castle, whose roofs soon rung with the

Shrieks of an agonizing king.

Brilliant as was the reign of our third Edward, his early days were gloomy enough. He must soon have discovered the nature of the connexion between his mother and 'her gentle Mortimer;' and the cruel position in which he was placed in her hands may, as Mr. Bankes charitably observes, palliate the crimes into which he was driven; 'but he must always, even in the brightest days of his triumphant glory, have shuddered when he called to recollection the dark dawn of his splendid career;' and if a public condemnation and execution, the records of which exist, had not taken place, it would have been difficult to find credit for the romantic story of the Earl of Kent.

Of all the mysterious transactions of that day, none will appear more extraordinary than that of which Corfe Castle was the scene. The Earl of Kent, brother to Edward II., had no great genius for public affairs, but was naturally sincere and generous. He

had suffered himself to be deceived by the artifices of Queen Isabella, and joined her against his own brother, never imagining she would have carried matters so far: when once engaged in the rebellious party, the suddenness of the revolution would not permit him to recede. The disorderly behaviour of that queen, the insolence of Mortimer, and general ill conduct of public affairs, which clouded the new reign, now brought a deep conviction to his mind, of repentance for the course he had taken. Too generous to conceal his feelings, Isabella and Mortimer resolved on his destruction, and, in order to accomplish this, they prepared for him a most extraordinary snare. It is probable that they found rumours already rife through the kingdom, to the effect that Edward II. was not dead; and whether they first originated or only cultivated those reports, an opinion to that intent did prevail for a long season.

Two persons, pretended friends, came to the Earl of Kent, and informed him that his brother, Edward II., was still a prisoner in Corfe Castle, strictly guarded, and suffered to be seen by none but his domestics, who were guarded with him. This pretended secret was confirmed by the testimony of several persons of distinction, including two bishops. The Earl of Kent had himself assisted at the private funeral of the King, his brother, but he had not seen the body, and might have been deceived in the obsequies; he determined to release him, if he were still alive. About this time (says Stow) the Queen Isabella, who bore an inveterate hatred against Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, one of the King's uncles, chiefly for the Earl of Marche's sake, to whose unreasonable pride the noble Prince's courage scorned to yield, began earnestly to inform the King her son against him, as guilty of matters into which the subtle Mortimer had craftily ensnared the open-hearted gentleman.

It may well excite surprise how any man should now be accused of endeavouring to deliver the murdered king, who had been two years in a bloody grave; but the arts by which the innocent Earl was led to his destruction were worthy of the fiends in human shape who invented them, and might have deluded a less suspicious person.

Mortimer, to carry on the delusion, is said to have appointed several knights to make shows, masks, and other diversions upon the battlements and roofs of Corfe Castle, which the country people observing,

could not but imagine that some great prince or king was there, for whose pleasure and honour these pageants were performed. The rumour that the old king was alive soon spread, and at last, as was designed, came with some show of authority to the ears of the Earl of Kent, who, in his desire to sift the truth out, entangled himself more strongly in an error.

The Earl had a confidant, a preaching friar, whom he privily sent to the castle with a charge to dive into the matter.

He, at last, under much caution, with a great to-do, obtaining to be admitted into the castle, was even then, under pretended fear, kept close, all day, in the porter's lodge: but, at night, being, for more security, disguised in lay habit, he was brought into the great hall, where he beheld one clothed in royal habiliments, to personate a king, so that the friar himself, either deceived by the glimmering of the lamps, or the distance which he was forced to keep, or the strength of prejudice working upon his fancy, did readily take him for the father of the young King, as he sat, with seeming majesty and princely attendants, at a royal supper.

Whether the friar was an instrument in the plot, or was really persuaded that he had seen the King, certain it is that he convinced the Earl that he had seen his royal brother alive and well, at supper. The generous Earl then declared with an oath that he would rescue the King from that unworthy confinement.

It should be borne in mind that, while the rumours were rife, the Earl, having occasion to be at the court of Rome, had held a conference at Avignon with Pope John XXII. on other matters, and afterwards desired counsel of his Holiness relative to Edward his brother, the late King, since it was current through England that he was alive and well. On hearing this, the Pope commanded him, as he valued his blessing, to help towards the King's deliverance to the utmost of his ability, giving him and all his partakers plenary absolution, promising to bear the charges of the whole undertaking, and threatening him with excommunication if he did not use his best endeavours for his brother's right and liberty.

On the Earl's return he sent his confidential friar to Corfe with the result above stated; and the Earl was further confirmed in his belief by the assertions of another friar, who rejoiced in the name of Dunhead. Magie was as much credited by the aristocracy of that day as table-turning is in this year of grace 1853, so that some of our earls and countesses must not smile if they should chance to hear or read that Dunhead, 'discoursing' with the chivalrous Earl of Kent, at Kensington, told him 'that he had conjured up a spirit which assured him that Edward, the late King, was still living.' That this Dunhead was one of Mortimer's emissaries can hardly be doubted, whatever may be thought of the other friar.

The credulous Earl thus assured went to the castle, and there

Spake with the constable thereof, Sir John Daverill, and, after many rich presents, desired secretly to know of him whether his brother, the late King, was yet alive or dead, and if he were alive, that he might have a sight of him. Now this Sir John Daverill, being Mortimer's creature, answered, that indeed his brother was in health, and under his keeping, but that he durst not show him to any man living, since he was forbid, in behalf of the King that now was, and also of the Queen-mother and of Mortimer, to show his person to any one whatsoever, except only unto them.

No woodcock ever walked into a spring more contentedly than the poor Earl, who was so completely deceived that he delivered to the constable a letter, desiring him to bear it to his brother, which he promised to do, and carried it to Mortimer.

This letter, sealed with the Earl's seal, began thus:—

To the noble knight, Edward of Caernarvon, Edmund of Woodstock, worship and reverence, with brotherly allegiance and subjection:—Sir knight, worshipfull and dear brother, if it please you, I pray heartily that you be of good comfort, for I shall so ordain for you that you shall soon come out of prison, and be delivered of that trouble which you are in; and may your highness understand that I have unto me assenting almost all the great men of England, with all their apparel—that is to say, with armour

and treasure exceeding much, for to maintain and help your quarrel so far forth, that you shall be King again, as you were before, and thereto they have all sworn to me upon a book, as well prelates as earls and barons.

All was accomplished. Mortimer immediately gave the letter to the Queen, who laid it before the King, her son, not without magnifying the peril which awaited him from his uncle's practices, and obtaining his leave to secure that prince's person. The Earl was apprehended at Winchester, where the Parliament was assembled, impeached, brought before his peers, and his own letter, which he could not disown, produced against him. Defence, it seems, he felt to be useless, but said that several lords, among whom were the Archbishop of York and Bishop of London, were concerned in the plot, and that they had assured him of five thousand men to assist in it. He was condemned to lose his head for the treason, and was brought out to die, in his twenty-eighth year, on the 9th of March, in the year 1329. The head was ready, but where was the executioner? The Earl was so much beloved that the headsman who had been engaged slunk secretly away. Hour after hour passed; noon, afternoon, evening came, but no one could be found to do the horrid work. At last, towards nightfall, the old resource of giving a condemned criminal his life upon condition of his taking that of a fellow-creature, was put in action—the Earl's long agony was terminated, and his head rolled on the scaffold.

An uncle and a father! an early death-load that for a young king's conscience; but a mother and her loving friend helped him to bear the burden. Wherever there is mischief, the choicest weapon in the armoury of the prince of darkness is sure to be at the bottom of it, and we have only to ask with Quevedo's honest functionary, 'Who is she?'

The beautiful Countess of Kent was the mother of Richard II., and in his time Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, and Alicia his wife, near relatives of the King, possessed the castle, which they appear to have held unmolested through the

troubles that closed their unhappy kinsman's reign. When they died, Henry IV. granted 'this royal property' to the head of the house of Beaufort,* and in that family it continued until the reign of Henry VI., when, though the war of the roses did not reach the castle walls, the owner was at last overwhelmed in the common ruin of the Lancastrians, and the castle, with the rest of the Duke's forfeited estates, was granted to George Duke of Clarence. On his death—Mr. Bankes sticks to the Malmsey butt—the castle and royal domains of Corfe reverted to the Crown.

When the third Richard fell at Bosworth, and

The rose of snow
Entwined with her blushing foe,

Henry VII. prepared Corfe Castle for the residence of his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby; and a very good countess too. She erected the noble monument to her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, that still graces Wimborne Minster, and endowed in that town a school which bears, most unrighteously, the name of Queen Elizabeth. The Countess outlived the King, her son, but only for one year; and at her death the castle again reverted to the Crown, and became the property of Henry VIII.

Corfe Castle remained unappropriated by any favoured courtier during the reign of the bluff King. All who had won any favour in his eyes were intent upon the plunder of the bags and lands of hoarding abbots; but at his death, and when the proud and grasping Seymour† became protector, Corfe was added to the vast amount of property, religious and royal, which this most industrious of Earls had accumulated and was accumulating, till his high career terminated in blood on Tower-hill, in January, 1553; and so the castle again lapsed to the Crown.

In Elizabeth's time the castle was

granted to a fortunate subject, and became a step in the advancement of the handsome Hatton, ere

The seals and maces danced before him.

Born he was of a family more ancient than wealthy in Northamptonshire. Being young and of a comely tallness of body and amiable countenance, he got into such favour that she took him into her band of fifty gentlemen pensioners; and afterwards, for his modest sweetness of condition, into the number of the gentlemen of her Privy Chamber; made him captain of her guard, vice-chamberlain, and one of her Privy Council; and lastly made him Lord Chancellor of England, and honoured him with the order of George.

But he grew old and ailing—her Majesty snubbed him, and, as he died unmarried, the castle passed to his nephew, Sir William,‡ son of a sister of Sir Christopher. Sir William left no children, and the property came ultimately to his widow, the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, daughter of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, who became the second wife of Lord Chief Justice Coke, to whose domestic happiness she by no means contributed, though she, as well as her beautiful daughter, 'the Lady Frances,' did, not a little, to the scandalous chronicles of gentle King Jamie the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, and of his unfortunate son.

This dashing lady was fond of field sports, hawking especially, and, among other fashionable pursuits, was much addicted to necromancy.

The celebrated wizard, Forman, was said to be much in her confidence. Persons of both sexes, and of all ranks of life, resorted to him in large numbers, to consult his art in the marshes of Lambeth, where he dwelt. He adopted a rule which confined the list of his inquiries to those who had some degree of education; for, in no case would he answer any questions, unless the inquirers first wrote with their own hands their names at length in a book, which he kept for this purpose, and thus, by means of these names, he had more than

* The Earl of Somerset.

† Earl of Hertford.

‡ 1588, which the astronomer Koningsberg had foretold, an hundred years before, would be an admirable year, produced the Spanish Armada, and Corfe was now again to become a fortress. Cannon were for the first time mounted on its battlements, and the Queen, to encourage the good spirit which was abroad, gave a charter to the inhabitants of the castle and borough, conferring on them the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by the inhabitants and barons of the Cinque ports, including the right of returning two members to Parliament.

half of the greatest personages of the court in his power. This book was produced in court at the trial of the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury, those infamous persons having consulted Forman on the subject of their horrible design, also with regard to their own ultimate fate. Sir Anthony Weldon, in his amusing memoir, tells us 'There was much mirth made in the court upon the showing this book, for it was reported the first leaf my Lord Coke lighted on he found his own wife's name.'

Upon his death Corfe Castle became the property of Sir John Bankes, of whom Mr. Garrard thus writes, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, then Lord Wentworth, and Lord Deputy in Ireland:—

Shall I tell yourself how Bankes, the Attorney General, hath been commended unto his Majesty:—that he exceeds Bacon in eloquence, Chancellor Ellesmere in judgment, and William Noy in law? High praises. Pray God he answers his expectation that so praised him.

It is not to be wondered at that the widow and daughter of Sir Edward Coke should have taken advantage of their liberty to dispose of Corfe.

The very entrance of this castle, with its massive barriers and ponderous portcullis, could hardly fail to remind the ladies of the Gatehouse, in which each of them had passed a portion of their time not very agreeably.

The dragon's teeth sown in the last reign began now to spring up into a sufficiently strong crop. The most efficient man in the King's service had received his first blow in the following letter:—

Wentworth,--Certainly I should be much to blame not to admit so good a friend as you are to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against it; yet I must freely tell you that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies, for if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say no, they will make you leave to care for anything in a short while but for your fears; and, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues, are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers and the willing ear I give to my servants. This is not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark), but to show their use, to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service, it being truly so when the

master, without the servant's importunity, does it; otherwise, men judge it to proceed more from the servant's wit than the master's favour. I will end with a rule that may serve for a statesman, courtier, or a lover,--never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend.

CHARLES R.

Lindhurst, 3rd Sept., 1636.

Prynne had now (1637) twice lost his ears; he had them sewn on again after the first excision. But there was a good time coming for him and his friends.

Laud and his surplises had received more than one rude hint; and in his diary the Archbishop writes (1640):—

October 27, St. Simon and Jude's Eve.—I went into my upper study, to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture, taken by the life, and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen!

December 18, Friday.—I was accused by the House of Commons for high treason, without any particular charge laid against me. Mr. Holles was the man who brought up the message to the Lords. Soon after, the charge was brought into the Upper House by Scots commissioners, tending to prove me an incendiary, upon which I was presently committed to the gentleman usher. I was permitted to go in his company to Lambeth, for a book or two to read in. I stayed at Lambeth till the evening, to avoid the gazing of the people.

On the 22nd of March in the next year the Earl of Strafford was brought to trial; all know with what result:—

The populace at first interrupted his dying speech with insults, but his demeanour and his voice so touched upon the generous feeling inherent in the British character, that when he had concluded his speech and his prayer, there did not appear to be one ruffian left in the multitude, except the brutal hireling who performed the execution. 'The Headman' (says the *True Relation of the Manner of the Execution of Thomas, Earle of Strafford*, published at the time), 'letting fall the fatal axe, caught up his head, and showed it to all the people; his eyes rolled up and down, but his body stirred very little; but the bloody executioner is to be ad-

mired at, for he laughed whilst he had the head in his hand.*

Carte throws no little doubt on the celebrated letter, dated from the Tower, May 4, 1641, and delivered to the King, in the name of the Earl of Strafford, expressing his resolution to give up his life with all the cheerfulness imaginable in the just acknowledgment of his Majesty's exceeding favours, and for the prosperity of his sacred person and the commonwealth, &c. If Mr. Sidney Wortley Montague, second son of Edward, the first Earl of Sandwich, is to be credited, he had, according to Carte, been assured by William, son of the great Earl, that when he was admitted to visit his father the night before the execution, upon occasion of the condemned Earl's advising him to a private life, to have nothing to do with courts, and alleging his own melancholy case of being given up a sacrifice to party rage and malice, after all his merits and services to the Crown, as an instance how little dependence was to be had upon them, he could not help expressing his wonder at those complaints of being given up, and then mentioned the affair of the letter, and the consequences thereof. His father, he said, received the account with all the surprise imaginable, and declared to him very solemnly 'that he had never wrote any such letter; and that it was a pure forgery of his enemies, in order to misguide the King to consent to his death.'

It is difficult to deal with historic doubts, but we incline to agree with Mr. Banks that—

The story of Lord Strafford's last letter to the King will probably continue to be received as related by Hume and others; nor is it easy to conceive such an extent of villany as the allegation contained in Carte's history implies; and yet it has always appeared inconsistent with the truly noble character of the Earl of Strafford that he should make a generous offer of his life to the King, and afterwards utter reproaches when he found that the offer made by him was acted upon. •

The King and the Parliament were soon at deadly strife, and the coming man, who was to reap the bloody harvest, soon began to show himself

in the field as one 'that would sett well at the mark.*'

The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell (says Warwick) was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640. I came into the house one morning, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject matter would not bear much of reason; it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's: I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much heartened to.

Why was he hearkened to in his plain suit, little blood-specked band, and not over-clean linen? Because he was terribly in earnest; because the cup of bitterness was full to overflowing; because his spirit was strong in him, and he felt that the plain cloth suit—the cloth of frize—would one day be an overmatch for the cloth of gold.

As the civil war spread, the castles and strong places, such as Corfe Castle and Basing House, became of no small importance, and the former was for a long time loyally kept against all comers by an heroic lady, whose name will go down to posterity with that of the celebrated Countess of March, known in Scotland as *Black Agnes*, who gallantly and successfully defended the Castle of Dunbar against the Earl of Salisbury and his English army.

Lady Bankes, the wife of Sir John Bankes, the lauded Attorney-General of former years, and at the time to which we now allude Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, was a daughter of the ancient family of the Hawtreys of Bislip, Middlesex. They were of Norman descent, and came to England at the time of the Conquest.

* Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs.

Sir John had received commands from the King to attend him at York in Easter Term, 1642, and had leave from the two houses to obey. The breach between the King and the Parliament growing wider daily, Lady Bankes retired with her children and family to Corfe Castle, and there they remained in peace all the winter, and a great part of the spring until May, 1643, about which time 'the rebels,' as the forces under the command of Sir Walter Erle, Sir Thomas Trenchard, and others are designated by that loyal diurnal, 'The Mercurius Rusticus,' had possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole (Portland Castle having been treacherously delivered up), so that Corfe Castle alone remained in obedience to the King. It was of great importance to secure a fortress whose addition would make the whole sea-coast for the Parliament, and a plan for securing it was accordingly laid.

The Mayor and Barons of Corfe Castle had, it seems, permission from the lord of the castle to course a stag on May-day, a solemnity which drew forth the gentry of the island and a great concourse of people. Some troops of horse from Dorchester and other places came into the island ostensibly for the hunting, but with very different game in view, for it occurred to them that it would be no difficult matter to surprise the gentlemen during the hunt, and then take the castle. Forwarned is forearmed. The news of their coming dispersed the hunters, spoiled the sport, and Lady Bankes gave orders for the safe custody of the castle gates, and to keep them shut. The troopers having missed their game on the hills, came, some of them, to the castle under a pretence of wishing to see it; but entrance being denied them, the common soldiers confirmed the common report by using threatening language, and words implying intention of taking the castle. The disgusted commanders utterly disavowed any such thought, and denied that they had any such commission; but the wise lady, thinking that such visitors were better out than in, kept her gates closed. Nay, she took occasion to call in a guard to secure

the castle against any design of the rebels.

The taking in this guard, as it secured her at home, so it rendered her suspected abroad; from thenceforward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to all her actions; whatsoever she sends out or sends in is suspected; her ordinary provisions for her family are by fame multiplied and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if she now had an intention to victual and man the castle against the forces of the two Houses of Parliament. Presently letters are sent from the Committee at Poole to demand the four small pieces in the castle, and the pretence was, because the islanders conceived strange jealousies that the pieces were mounted and put on their carriages. Hereupon the Lady Bankes despatched messengers to Dorchester and Poole, to entreat the commissioners that the small pieces might remain in the castle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the islanders' jealousies, she caused the pieces to be taken off their carriages again: hereupon a promise was made that they should be left to her possession. But there passed not many days before forty seamen (they in the castle not suspecting any such thing) came very early in the morning, to demand the pieces; the lady in person (early as it was) goes to the gates, and desires to see their warrant. They produced one, under the hands of some of the commissioners, but instead of delivering them, though at the time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid-servants, at their lady's command, mount these pieces on their carriages again, and loading one of them, they gave fire, which small thunder so affrighted the seamen that they all quitted the castle, and ran away. They being gone, by beat of drum she summons help into the castle, and upon the alarm given, a very considerable guard of tenants and friends came in to her assistance, there being withal some fifty arms brought into the castle from several parts of the island; this guard was kept in the castle about a week. During this time many threatening letters were sent unto the lady, telling her what great forces should be sent to fetch them if she would not by fair means be persuaded to deliver them; and to deprive her of her auxiliaries, all the most of them being neighbours thereabouts, they threaten that, if they oppose the delivery of them, they would fire their houses: presently their wives came to the castle, there they weep and wring their hands, and with clamorous oratory persuade their husbands to come

home, and not by saving others to expose their own houses to spoil and ruin. Now to reduce the castle into a distressed condition, they did not only interrupt two hundred weight of powder, provided against a siege, but they interdict them the liberty of common markets. Proclamation is made at Wareham that no beef, beer, or other provisions should be sold to Lady Bankes, or for her use; strict watches are kept that no messengers should pass into or out of the castle. Being thus distressed, all means of victualling the castle being taken away, and being but slenderly furnished for a siege, either with ammunition or with victual, at last they came to a treaty of composition, of which the result was, that the Lady Bankes should deliver up three or four small pieces, the biggest carrying not above a three-pound bullet, and that the rebels should permit her to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness.

No experienced general could have acted with more sagacity than this lady. The paltry pieces being given up, her enemies thought that they might possess themselves of the castle at any moment, relaxed in their vigilance, and instead of the interdict, Lady Bankes had now only to ask and have, and improved the occasion by furnishing the stronghold with provisions of all sorts, a hundred and a-half of powder, and a quantity of match in proportion. On the advance of Prince Maurice and the Marquis of Hertford towards Blandford, she sent a messenger to them, signifying her condition, the importance of the place, and desiring their assistance. Whereupon they sent Captain Lawrence, son of Sir Edward, to command in chief; but as he was without a commission, he could not command money or provisions to be brought in until it was too late.

There was, besides, in the castle, Captain Bond, a trusty old soldier. The place was first attacked by between two and three hundred horse and foot, and two pieces of ordnance, which played from the hills on the one side, and fired four houses in the town. The besiegers then summoned the castle in vain, and for that time they left it. On a misty day, Sir Walter

Erle, three captains, and between five and six hundred men threw themselves into the town, and commenced operations in earnest, bringing with them a demi-cannon, a culverin, and two sacres.

Then follows an account of the siege, and of the usual methods of exciting the soldiery with promise of plunder, &c.

When all these arts took no effect, then they fall to stratagems and engines; one they call the 'sow,' and the other the 'boar,' being made with boards lined with wool to dead the shot. The first that moved forward was the sow, but not being musket proof, she cast nine of eleven of her farrow; for the musketeers from this castle were so good marksmen at their legs, the only part of all their bodies left without defence, that nine ran away as well as their broken and battered legs would give them leave, and of the two which neither knew how to run away, nor well to stay for fear, one was slain. The boar, of the two (a man would think) the valanter creature, seeing the ill success of the sow to cast her litter before her time, durst not advance.

The cost of this Boar and Sow—engines somewhat similar to the *χελώνη* (*testudo*) of the Greeks, and another engine of theirs composed of boards, like the Roman *Pluteus*,—appears among the charges upon the Dorset county rate for the year 1643:—

July 7. For boards, hair, and wool, for making a sow against the Castle . . . £2 3 4

July 12. For three truckle wheels for the sow . . . 0 0 0

W. Stewart Rose, addressing the castle, thus commemorates the onslaught and defeat in his poem on the death of Edward the Martyr:—
Then when you rear'd, mid sap and siege,

The banner of your rightful liege,
At your she-captain's call:
Who, miracle of womankind!
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That mann'd her castle wall.

What time the banded zealots swore,
Long foil'd thy banner'd towers before,
Their fearful entrance made,
To raise thy walls with plough and harrow,

Yet oft the wild sow cast her farrow,
And well the boar was buy'd.*

A similar story is related of Black Agnes, who, when the battering engines of the besiegers hung massive stones on the battlements of the castle of Dunbar, caused her maidens, as if in scorn, to wipe away the dust with their handkerchiefs; and

But to continue the account of the siege:—

The most advantageous part of their batteries was the church, which they without fear of profanation used, not only as their rampart but their rendezvous; of the surplice they made two shirts for two soldiers; they broke down the organ, and made the pipes serve for cases to hold their powder and shot; and not being furnished with musket-bullets they cut off the lead of the church, and rolled up and shot it without ever casting it in a mould. Sir Walter and the commanders were earnest to press forward the soldiers, but as prodigal as they were of the blood of the common soldiers, they were sparing enough of their own. It was a general observation that valiant Sir Walter never willingly exposed himself to any hazard, for being by chance endangered with a bullet-shot through his coat, afterwards he put on a bear's skin; and to the eternal honour of the knight's valour he it recorded, for fear of musket-shot (for others they had none) he was seen to creep on all four on the sides of the hill to keep himself from danger. * * * * Being armed with drink, they now resolve to storm the castle on all sides and apply their scaling-ladders, it being ordered by the leaders (if I may without a solecism call them so that stood behind, and did not so much as follow) that when twenty were entered they should give a watch-word to the rest, and that was 'Old Wat,' a word ill chosen by Sir Watt Erle, and considering the business in hand, little better than ominous, for, if I be not deceived, the hunters that beat bushes for the fearful timorous hare call him Old Watt.

Here again Mercurius is confirmed by the charges on the county rate for 1643:—

August 2.—For a firkin of hot waters for the soldiers when they scaled the castle £1 12 0

But to return to the siege:—

Being now pot-valiant and possessed with a borrowed courage, which was to evaporate in sleep, they divide their forces into two parties, whereof one assaults the middle ward, defended by

valiant Captain Lawrence and the greater part of the soldiers; the other assaults the upper ward, which the Lady Bankes (to her eternal honour be it spoken) with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, undertook to make good against the rebels, and did bravely perform what she undertook; for by heaving over stones and hot embers, they repelled the rebels, and kept them from climbing the ladders, thence to throw in that wildfire which every rebel had already in his hand. Being repelled, and having in this siege and this assault lost and hurt an hundred men, old Sir Watt, hearing that the king's forces were advanced, cried, and ran away crying, leaving Sydenham to command in chief, to bring off the ordnance, ammunition, and the remainder of the army, who, afraid to appear abroad, kept sanctuary in the church till night, meaning to sup and run away by starlight; but supper being ready and set on the table, an alarm was given that the king's forces were coming. This news took away Sydenham's stomach; all this provision was but messes of meat set before the sepulchres of the dead; he leaves his artillery, ammunition, and (which with these men is something) a good supper, and ran away to take boat for Poole; leaving likewise at the shore about an hundred horse to the next takers, which next day proved good prize to the soldiers of the castle. Thus, after six weeks' strict siege, this castle, the desire of the rebels, the tears of old Sir Watt, and the key of those parts, by the loyalty and brave resolution of this honourable lady, the valour of Captain Lawrence, and some eighty soldiers (by the loss only of two men), was delivered from the bloody intentions of these merciless rebels, on the fourth of August, 1643.

The fury with which the castle of Sir John Bankes was attacked at this particular time arose from his conduct on the summer circuit. Presiding at the Salisbury assizes, he had, in his charge to the grand jury, denounced the Earl of Essex, Lord Manchester, and others, as guilty of high treason for continuing in arms against the King, to whose necessities he had liberally supplied.

when the Earl of Salisbury commanded a huge military engine, called a *howitzer*, advanced to the foot of the walls, she, in a scoffing rhyme, advised him to take care of his sow, for she would make her farrow her pigs. She then discharged an enormous piece of rock should be discharged on the engine, which wounded it. On another occasion, an arrow shot by an archer of her train pierced the Earl of Salisbury through his complete suit of armour. 'There goes your heart, my tiring pink,' said the gallant Earl of Salisbury, in stern admiration of the shot, 'the countess's love-shafts pierce to the heart.' After a successful siege of six weeks the siege was abandoned by the English troops.

For this act, by an ordinance of the Parliament, he forfeited all property, as well real as personal; and for his charge to the grand jury was proclaimed a traitor to the state.

The circuit was now terminated; and when Chief Justice Bankes returned after his long absence, he was welcomed by his heroic wife in the castle which she had saved, and found the king's forces in the west in the full tide of success. In July, Sir William Waller had been totally defeated at Roundaway Down, and Bristol had surrendered to the fiery Rupert.

In the preceding month, on the 18th of June, Hampden had been mortally wounded in the skirmish of the Chalgrove-field. A clergyman of a neighbouring parish sent the intelligence to the King's quarters, and Sir Philip Warwick introduced the messenger into the royal presence. 'I found,' says Warwick, 'the King would have sent him over any surgeon of his, if any had been wanting.' In London the parliamentary party was in great difficulties, and republican principles were openly avowed by a few. Harry Martin was sent to the Tower for his bold utterance* of what many secretly felt and wished, but not long to remain there incarcerated. The Independents began to menace the Presbyterians, and the daring enthusiasm of the former broke forth in declarations indicating the most extreme measures. In London the pulpit drum was again vigorously beat to rouse the fainting spirits of the populace, and the metropolis was fortified.

On the 10th of August, the King, with his triumphant army, arrived

before Gloucester; that city saved London, and the King lost three of his noblest supporters by the deaths of Lord Falkland, the Earl of Carnarvon, and the Earl of Sunderland.

The queen had now fled to France, and the tide of the royal success began to ebb in the west. Corfe Castle was almost the only place of strength between Exeter and London which still held out for the royal cause; and Lady Bankes, encompassed by threats and dangers on every side, had before her the prospect of a second gloomy winter, which had hardly set in when her husband, the Chief Justice, unexpectedly died at Oxford.†

The new year was ushered in by the execution of the Hothams, father and son, for treason in communicating with the queen. On the 3rd January, in this year,‡ the ordinance for abolishing the Book of Common Prayer was passed; and, on the 10th, Laud was beheaded. On the 14th of June, the decisively crushing battle of Naseby was fought, but some places held out yet.

The royal banner still floated over Corfe Castle and the widowed heroine; but it was now in a state of blockade.

On the 15th of August, Sherborne surrendered to the parliamentary forces; on the 14th of October, Basing House was taken; on the 28th, the blockade of Exeter was completed, and orders were sent for more effective operations against Corfe Castle to Colonel Bingham, governor of Poole.

But the age of chivalry was not gone,§ and perhaps there was no more gallant expedition during the whole course of the civil war than

* That it was better that one family--and he confessed that he alluded to the royal one--should be destroyed, rather than the whole people.

† 28th Dec. 1644.

‡ 1645.

§ Though the palmy days of heraldry were fast waning, the Mumbrazons of that day made an expiring effort which would have done credit to the painters of the Shields of the Seven who went against Thebes. Thus, 'The Earl of Caernarvon had for his device,' says Thom. Blount, gent., 'a lyon depainted, and six dogs bayting or baying at him; one of the six was bigger than the rest, from whose mouth issued a little scrowel, on which was written 'Kimbolton';' the other dogs had each the name of one of the five accused members. The Lord Mollencuz figured a sun obscured by a crescent: the motto from the sun 'Quid si refulsero?' From the crescent the motto ran: 'Væ Cornibus meis.' A gross insult this on the matrimonial infidelities of the Earl of Essex, who, having married two wives in succession, had found full occasion to divorce them both. Sir Thomas Luke (the original of Hamlet) figured 'a Bible and a map of London.' With many more for the banners on both sides, showing the rancorous spirit that prevailed.

that undertaken on the 29th of January, 1246, by a young officer who singularly enough bore the name of Cromwell.

Hearing of the distressed condition of a widowed lady shut up with her daughters in a closely besieged castle, he resolved to make an effort for their relief. Accompanied by a troop which partook of the gallantry of their commander, numbering a hundred and twenty men, he set out, probably from Oxford, and marching with a degree of rapidity which anticipated all intelligence of his design, he passed through the quarters of Colonel Cooke undiscovered, and came to Wareham: the scarfs of Fairfax had replaced their own; the sentinels saluted the officer as he passed; and he rode with his troop into the town, and directly up to the governor's house. The governor, aware that no such troop was expected, took the alarm and barricaded his lodgings, firing from thence upon his assailants. They had not much time to bestow on this attack; therefore, in order to bring the contest to a conclusion, they set fire to a house in the vicinity, which stood near to the powder magazine; and the governor, finding it necessary to avoid this new danger, consented to yield himself a prisoner, and was carried, together with two committee-men mounted behind some of the triumphant troopers, to the foot of Corfe Castle. Here a large force was drawn out to oppose their further progress, but the gallant bearing of this little troop, and the besieged shouting their welcome from the walls, prepared to sally forth if a contest should commence, induced the besiegers to give way. The gallant band accomplished their purpose; and whilst tendering their services to the lady, they presented also for her acceptance the prisoners they had so gallantly captured.

The object of this chivalrous action was probably an offer of escape to the ladies from the castle; it was not, however, accepted; and in their return these brave men, surrounded by superior forces, and not acquainted with the country, sustained a defeat from Colonel Cooke; Colonel Cromwell and some of his troopers were taken prisoners, others of the troop escaped in various directions, and a portion of them returning found a refuge within the castle walls.

But the end was at hand, and treachery did what open force could not do.

The course of events shifted rapidly now, and though the lady of the castle was still as intrepid as at first, it was not so with all who were around her. The captive governor of Wareham pre-

vailed on Colonel Lawrence, hitherto so trustworthy, and still thought to be so, not only to connive at his escape, but to accompany him in his flight. And there was within the walls another traitor, whose conduct was still more base, and his treachery far more fatal in its consequences. Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, an officer in the garrison, had served under the Earl of Inchequin in Ireland, and, being weary of the King's service, let the enemy know that if he might have a protection, he would deliver the place to Parliament, which offer was accepted, transmitted to London, and a protection sent down. On this, he proposed to Colonel Anketil, the governor, that he would fetch one hundred men out of Somersetshire to reinforce the garrison, and would get leave of the enemy's commander, under pretence of procuring an exchange for his brother, then prisoner in the Parliament quarters, for one of the enemy's officers, who was prisoner in the castle. This being approved of, he formed a design with Colonel Bingham, who commanded the siege, that under this colour he should convey above one hundred men into the castle, and as soon as they were entered the besiegers should make an attack.

Pitman led the men in the night to the post agreed upon for their entrance. Colonel Anketil was ready to receive them. Some were in disguise, and knew every part of the castle. Anketil seems to have had some misgivings, for when fifty were entered, seeing more behind, the governor ordered the port to be shut, saying there were as many as he could dispose of. Pitman expostulated with him, but apparently in vain, and those who entered possessed themselves of the King's and Queen's towers, and the two platforms, expecting the time of attack, it being then two hours after midnight.

The besieged, as soon as the fraud was discovered, fired, and threw down great stones upon these intruders, but they maintained their post. There were, in fact, only six men of the garrison in the upper part of the castle, for that was considered impregnable. The remainder of the defending force was placed in the lower wards, which had hitherto been the post of danger. The besieging forces, as soon as they saw their friends on the towers and platforms began to advance; and it was then that the inmates of the castle that were betrayed. A parley was demanded.

and the circumstance of a Parliamentary officer being there with others of that party prisoners in the castle, induced the besiegers to offer conditions which were accepted; but the truce was broken almost as soon as it was agreed upon; two of the besiegers, anxious for the spoil, came over the wall by means of a ladder; some of the garrison fired upon them, and the risk now became imminent of a general slaughter throughout the castle. Colonel Bingham, however, who was no hiring officer, but a descendant of a family long known and highly respected in the county, could not but admire the courage of the lady who was his foe, and he succeeded in preserving the lives of one hundred and forty persons then within the castle; two of the garrison were killed, and one of the besiegers, in this final struggle. Thirty prisoners of the Parliamentary party being found in the castle, were now set at liberty.

Thus, after a resistance of nearly three years' duration, this brave lady was dispossessed of the fortress which she continued to defend so long as a chance remained for the preservation of the crown; and when thus suddenly sent forth with her children to search for a home, it was her comfort to remember how faithful had been the attachment of all her humble neighbours, when the treachery of hiring strangers had accomplished what threats and force had failed to effect. The work of plunder throughout the castle was soon achieved. Here were found stores of victuals and supplies, including seven teen barrels of powder, with match, &c., and there are not a few of the fair mansions of Dorsetshire which have been constructed, in a large measure, with the stone and timber carried away from this castle. The halls, galleries, and other chambers throughout the building were nobly decorated with rich tapestry and carpeting; other articles of furniture also, suitable in taste and value, which had remained, probably, since the splendid days of Sir Christopher Hatton,

were there in abundance, and all these fell into the hands of the despoilers. The county sequestrators,* and officers commanding at the siege, had been ordered by the Parliament to slight the castle, but the solidity of the walls defied in many parts even the force of gunpowder. Whole months were occupied in the endeavour, and heavy charges thrown upon the county-rate for effecting the slow progress of this destruction; and in spite of all these endeavours, the remains of the castle present at this day one of the most imposing masses of architectural structure that are to be seen throughout the kingdom. These ruins have now ivy mantles on their towers, and the grass grows in the vaults and dungeons; but the lapse of two centuries has had no more effect than the ravaging attempts of man for destroying the substantial portions of the building. One large tower was displaced, many years ago, by the effects of a violent thunder storm, and it rolled into the stream below. The weight of this mass is said to have shaken the ground to a degree which produced the effect of an earthquake throughout the neighbouring borough.

The last carriage which is known to have passed over the castle bridge was that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in October, 1814, not without danger from the absence of the parapet and the elevation of the narrow causeway; but it was not then that she was to make black cloth dear in England, amid a nation's tears.

We wish our space would permit us to dwell longer on these pages, which abound with legends, anecdotes, and historical memoranda; but we must unwillingly quit Corfe Castle, not without our hearty thanks to the worthy descendant of worthy ancestors, for his well-written and most amusing book.

* There is a letter extant from the Dorsetshire Committee of Sequestrators, signed by 'Ri. Broderipp' and 'Jno^o. Whitway,' to their superiors in London, requesting their 'Lordships' advice as to the prosecution of the sequestration, and the case of difficulty arising concerning the Lady Banks. But, as Mr. Banks observes, their Lordships in London were at that time too much occupied in the division of the spoil to find time for an answer to inquiries which related only to the maintenance of those who had been plundered.

THOUGHTS ON SHELLEY AND BYRON.

THE poets, who forty years ago proclaimed their intention of working a revolution in English literature, and who have succeeded in their purpose, recommended especially a more simple and truthful view of nature. The established canons of poetry were to be discarded as artificial; as to matter, the poet was to represent mere nature as he saw her; as to form, he was to be his own law. Freedom and nature were to be his watch-words.

No theory could be more in harmony with the spirit of the age, and the impulse which had been given to it by the burning words of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The school which arose expressed fairly the unrest and unruliness of the time, its weariness of artificial restraint and unmeaning laws, its craving after a nobler and a more earnest life, its sense of a glory and mystery in the physical universe, hidden from the poets of the two preceding centuries, and now revealed by science. So far all was hopeful. But it soon became apparent, that each poet's practical success in carrying out the theory was, paradoxically enough, in inverse proportion to his belief in it; that those who like Wordsworth, Southey, and Keats, talked most about naturalness and freedom, and most openly reprobated the school of Pope, were, after all, least natural and least free; that the balance of those excellencies inclined much more to those who like Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, and Moore, troubled their heads with no theories, but followed the best old models which they knew; and that the rightful sovereign of the new Parnassus, Lord Byron, protested against the new movement, while he followed it; upheld to the last the models which it was the fashion to deery, and kept crying to the last, in poetry as in morals, '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*,' and uttering prophecies of the downfall of English poetry and English taste, which seem to be on the eve of realization.

Now no one will, we presume, be silly enough to say that humanity has gained nothing by all the very beautiful poetry which has been poured out on it during the last thirty years in England. Nevertheless, when we see poetry dying down among us year by year, although the age is becoming year by year more marvellous and inspiring, we have a right to look for some false principle in a school which has had so little enduring vitality, which seems now to be able to perpetuate nothing of itself but its vices.

The answer so easy twenty years ago, that the new poetry was spoiled by an influx of German bad taste, will hardly hold good now, except with a very few very ignorant people. It is now known, of course, that whatsoever quarrel Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe may have had with Pope, it was not on account of his being too severe an artist, but too loose a one; not for being too classical, but not classical enough; that English poets borrowed from them nothing but their most boyish and immature types of thought, and that these were reproduced, and laughed at here, while the men themselves were writing works of a purity, and loftiness, and completeness, unknown to the world—except in the writings of Milton—for nearly two centuries. This feature, however, of the new German poetry, was exactly the one which no English poet deigned to imitate, save Byron alone; on whom, accordingly, Goethe always looked with admiration and affection. But the rest went their way unheeding; and if they have defects, those defects are their own; for when they did copy the German taste, they, for the most part, deliberately chose the evil, and refused the good; and have their reward in a fame which we believe will prove itself a very short-lived one. On this subject we had occasion to speak in our last number. We now go on to consider a few points which, as it seems to us, are connected with it.

We cannot deny that, in spite of all faults, these men had a strength. They have exercised an influence. And they have done so by virtue of seeing a fact which more complete, and in some cases more manly poets, did not see. And strangely enough, Shelley, the man who was the greatest sinner of them all against the canons of good taste, was the man who saw that new fact, if not most clearly, still most intensely,

and who proclaimed it most boldly. And his influence, therefore, is outliving that of his compeers, and growing and spreading, for good and for evil; and will grow and spread for years to come, as long as the present great unrest goes on smouldering in men's hearts, till the hollow settlement of 1815 is burst asunder anew, and men feel that they are no longer in the beginning of the end, but in the end itself, and that this long thirty years' prologue to the reconstruction of rotten Europe is played out at last, and the drama itself begun.

Such is the way of Providence; the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor the prophecy to the wise. The Spirit bloweth where He listeth, and sends on His errands—those who deny Him, rebel against Him—tyrants, profligates, madmen, Henry the Eighth and Voltaires, hysterical Rousseaus, hysterical Shelleys, uttering words like the east wind. He uses strange tools in His cosmogony: but He does not use them in vain. By bad men if not by good, by fools if not by wise, His work is done, and done right well.

There was, then, a strength and a truth in all these men: and it was this—that more or less clearly, they all felt that they were standing between two worlds; amid the ruins of an older age; upon the threshold of a new one. To Byron's mind, the decay and rottenness of the old was, perhaps, the most palpable; to Shelley's, the possible glory of the new. Wordsworth declared—a little too noisily, we think, as if he had been the first to discover the truth,—the dignity and divineness of the most simple human facts and relationships. Coleridge declares that the new can only assume living form, by growing organically out of the old institutions. Keats gives a sad, and yet a wholesome answer to them both, as, young and passionate, he goes down with Faust 'to the Mothers,'

'To the rich warm youth of the nations,
Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike in passion and pleasure,
Childlike still, still near to the gods, while the sunset of Eden
Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of Ionian mountains.'

And there, amid the old classic forms, he cries—'These things, too, are eternal:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

These, or things even fairer than they, must have their place in the new world, if it is to be really a home for the human race.' So he sings, as best he can, the half-educated and consumptive stable-keeper's son, from his prison-house of London brick, and in one mighty yearn after that beauty from which he is debarred, breaks his young heart, and dies, leaving a name not 'writ in water,' as he dreamed, but on all fair things, all lovers' hearts, for evermore.

Here then, to return, is the reason why the hearts of the present generation have been influenced so mightily by these men, rather than by those of whom Byron wrote, with perfect sincerity—

'Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.'

These lines, written in 1818, were meant to apply only to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. Whether they be altogether just or unjust, is not now the question; yet it must seem somewhat strange to our young poets, that Shelley's name is not among those who are to try the question of immortality against the Lake School, and yet many of his most beautiful poems had been already written. . . . Were, then, 'The Revolt of Islam and Alastor,' it seems, not destined, in Byron's opinion, to live as long as the 'Lady of the Lake,' and the 'Mariners of England?' Perhaps not. At least the omission of Shelley's name is noteworthy. But still more noteworthy are these words of his to Mr. Murray, dated January 23, 1819:—

'Read Pope—most of you don't—but do . . . and the inevitable consequence would be, that you would burn all that I have ever written.

and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except Scott and Crabbe) into the bargain.' . . .

And here arises a new question—Is Shelley, then, among the Claudians? It is a hard saying. 'The present generation will receive it with shouts of laughter. Some future one, which studies and imitates Shakspeare instead of anatomizing him, and which gradually awakens to the now forgotten fact, that a certain man named Edmund Spenser once wrote a poem, the like of which the earth never saw before, and perhaps may never see again, may be inclined to acquiesce in the verdict, and believe that Byron had a discrimination in this matter, as in a hundred more, far more acute than any of his compeers, and had not eaten in vain, poor fellow, of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. In the meanwhile, we may perceive in the poetry of the two men deep and radical differences, indicating a spiritual difference between them even more deep, which may explain the little notice which Byron takes of Shelley's poetry, and the fact that the two men had no deep sympathy for each other, and could not in anywise 'pull together' during their sojourn in Italy. Doubtless, there were plain outward faults of temper and character on both sides; neither was in a state of mind which could trust itself, or be trusted by those who loved them best. Friendship can only consist with the calm and self-restraint and self-respect of moral and intellectual health; and both were diseased, fevered, ready to take offence, ready, unwittingly, to give it. But the diseases of the two were different, as their natures were; and Shelley's fever was not Byron's.

And it is worth remarking, that it is Shelley's form of fever, rather than Byron's, which has been of late years the prevailing epidemic. Since Shelley's poems have become known in England, and a timid public, after approaching in fear and trembling the fountain which was understood to be poisoned, has begun first to sip, and then, finding the magic water at all events sweet enough, to quench its thirst with unlimited draughts, the Byron's Head has lost its customers. Well—at least the taste of the age is more refined, if that be matter of congratulation. And there is an excuse for preferring *can sucré* to waterside porter, heady with grains of paradise and quassia, salt and *coccum indicum*. Nevertheless, stronger ingredients than capillaire may be disguised by the delicate draught, and the Devil's Elixir may be made fragrant, and sweet, and transparent enough, as French moralists well know, for the most fastidious palate. The private tipping of eau-de-cologne, say the London physicians, has increased mightily of late; and so has the reading of Shelley. It is not surprising. Byron's Corsairs and Laras have been, on the whole, impossible during the thirty years' peace; and piracy and profligacy are at all times, and especially now-a-days, expensive amusements, and often require a good private fortune—rare among poets. They have, therefore, been wisely abandoned as ideals, except among a few young persons, who used to wear turn-down collars, and are now attempting mustachios and Mazzini hats. But even among them, and among their betters—rather their more-respectables—nine-tenths of the bad influence which is laid at Byron's door, really is owing to Shelley. Among the many good-going gentlemen and ladies, Byron is generally spoken of with horror—he is 'so wicked,' forsooth; while poor Shelley, 'poor dear Shelley,' is 'very wrong, of course,' but 'so refined,' 'so beautiful,' 'so tender'—a fallen angel, while Byron is a satyr and a devil. We boldly deny the verdict. Neither of the two are devils: as for angels, when we have seen one, we shall be better able to give an opinion; at present, Shelley is in our eyes far less like one of those old Hebrew and Miltonic angels, fallen or unfallen, than Byron is. And as for the satyr; the less that is said for Shelley, on that point, the better. If Byron sinned more desperately and flagrantly than he, it was done under the temptations of rank, wealth, disappointed love, and under the impulses of an animal nature, to which Shelley's passions were

As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

And, at all events, Byron never set to work to consecrate his own sin unto a religion, and proclaim the worship of uncleanness as the last and

highest ethical development of 'pure' humanity. No—Byron may be brutal; but he never cants. If at moments he finds himself in hell, he never turns round to the world, and melodiously informs them that it is heaven, if they could but see it in its true light.

The truth is, that what has put Byron out of favour with the public of late, is not his faults, but his excellencies. His artist's good taste, his classical polish, his sound shrewd sense, his hatred of cant, his insight into humbug, above all, his shallow, pitiable habit of being always intelligible—these are the sins which condemn him in the eyes of a mesmerizing, table-turning, spirit-rapping, Spiritualizing, Romanizing generation, who read Shelley in secret, and delight in his bad taste, mysticism, extravagance, and vague and pompous sentimentalism. The age is an effeminate one; and it can well afford to pardon the lewdness of the gentle and sensitive vegetarian, while it has no mercy for that of the sturdy peer, proud of his bull-neck and his boxing, who kept bears and bull-dogs, drilled Greek ruffians at Missolonghi, and 'had no objection to a pot of beer;' and who might, if he had reformed, have made a gallant English gentleman; while Shelley, if once his intense self-opinion had deserted him, would have probably ended in Rome, as an Oratorian or a Passionist.

We would that it were only for this count that Byron has had to make way for Shelley. There is, as we said before, a deeper moral difference between the men, which makes the weaker, rather than the stronger, find favour in young men's eyes. For Byron has the most intense and awful sense of moral law—of law external to himself. Shelley has little or none; less, perhaps, than any known writer who has ever meddled with moral questions. Byron's cry is, 'I am miserable, because law exists; and I have broken it, broken it so habitually, that now I cannot help breaking it. I have tried to eradicate the sense of it by speculation, by learning, by action: but I cannot—'

The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

There is a moral law independent of us, and yet the very marrow of our life, which punishes and rewards us by no arbitrary external penalties, but by our own conscience of being what we are.

'The mind which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts;
Is its own origin of ill, and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense
When stript of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things about,
But is absorbed in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.'

This idea, confused, intermitted, obscured by all forms of evil—for it was not discovered, but only in the process of discovery—is the one which comes out with greater and greater strength, through all Corsairs, Laras, and Parisinas, till it reaches its completion in Cain and in Manfred, of both of which we do boldly say, that if any sceptical poetry at all be right, which we often question, they are right and not wrong; that in Cain, as in Manfred, the awful problem which, perhaps, had better not have been put at all, is nevertheless fairly put, and the solution, as far as it is seen, fairly confessed; namely, that there is an absolute and eternal law in the heart of man, which sophistries of his own, or of other beings, may make him forget, deny, blasphemous; but which exists externally, and will assert itself. If this be not the meaning of Manfred, especially of that great scene in the chamois hunter's cottage, what is?—If this be not the meaning of Cain, and his awful awakening after the murder, not to any mere dread of external punishment, but to an overwhelming, instinctive, inarticulate sense of having *done wrong*, what is?

Yet that this law exists, let it never be forgotten, is the real meaning of Byron, down to that last terrible Don Juan, in which he sits himself down, in artificial calm, to trace the gradual rotting and degradation of a man

without law, the slave of his own pleasures ; a picture happily never finished, because he who painted it was taken away before he had learnt, perhaps when he was beginning to turn back from—the lower depth within the lowest deep.

Now to this whole form of consciousness, poor Shelley's mind is altogether antipodal. His whole life through was a denial of external law, and a substitution in its place of internal sentiment. Byron's cry is, *There is a law, and therefore I am miserable. Why cannot I keep the law?* Shelley's is, *There is a law, and therefore I am miserable. Why should not the law be abolished?—Away with it, for it interferes with my sentiments—Away with marriage, 'custom and faith, the foulest birth of time.'—We do not wish to follow him down into the fearful sins which he defended with the small powers of reasoning—and they were peculiarly small—which he possessed.* Let any one who wishes to satisfy himself of the real difference between Byron's mind and Shelley's, compare the writings in which each of them treats the same subject—namely, that frightful question about the relation of the sexes, which forms, evidently, Manfred's crime ; and see if the result is not simply this, that Shelley glorifies, what Byron damns. '*Lawless love*' is Shelley's expressed ideal of the relation of the sexes : and his justice, his benevolence, his pity, are all equally lawless. '*Follow your instincts*,' is his one moral rule, confounding the very lowest animal instincts with those lofty ideas of right which it was the will of Heaven that he should retain, ay, and love, to the very last, and so reducing them all to the level of sentiments. '*Follow your instincts*—But what if our instincts lead us to eat animal food? 'Then you must follow the instincts of me Percy Bysshe Shelley. I think it horrible, cruel ; it offends my taste.' What if our instincts lead us to tyrannize over our fellow-men? 'Then you must repress those instincts. I Shelley think that, too, horrible and cruel.' Whether it be vegetarianism or liberty, the rule is practically the same,—sentiment ; which, in his case, as in the case of all sentimentalists, turns out to mean at last, not the sentiments of mankind in general, but the private sentiments of the writer. This is Shelley ; a sentimentalist pure and simple : incapable of anything like inductive reasoning ; unable to take cognizance of any facts but those which please his taste, or to draw any conclusion from them but such as also pleases his taste ; as, for example, in those seventh and eighth stanzas of the *Ode to Liberty*, which, had they been written by any other man but Shelley, possessing the same knowledge as he, one would have called a wicked and deliberate lie—but in his case, are to be simply passed over with a sigh, like a young lady's proofs of table-turning and rapping spirits. She wished to see it so—and therefore so she saw it.

For Shelley's nature is utterly womanish. Not merely his weak points, but his strong ones, are those of a woman. Tender and pitiful as a woman—and yet, when angry, shrieking, railing, hysterical as a woman. The physical distaste for meat and fermented liquors, coupled with the hankering after physical horrors, are especially feminine. The nature of a woman looks out of that wild, beautiful, girlish face—the nature : but not the spirit ; not

'The reason firm, the temperate will
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.'

The lawlessness of the man, with the sensibility of the woman. . . . Alas for him ! He, too, might have discovered what Byron did ; for were not his errors avenged upon him within, more terribly even than without ? His cries are like the wails of a child, inarticulate, peevish, irrational ; and yet his pain fills his whole being, blackens the very face of nature to him : but he will not confess himself in the wrong—Once only, if we recollect rightly, the truth flashes across him for a moment, amid the clouds of selfish sorrow—

'Alas, I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around ;
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned.

'Nor'—alas for the spiritual bathos, which follows that short gleam of healthy feeling, and coming to himself—

—'fame nor power, nor love, nor leisure,
Others I see whom these surround,
Smiling they live and call life pleasure,
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure!'

Poor Shelley! As if the peace within, and the calm around, and the content surpassing wealth, were things which were to be put in the same category with fame, and power, and love and leisure. As if they were things which could be 'dealt' to any man; instead of depending (as Byron, who, amid all his fearful sins, was a man, knew well enough,) upon a man's self, a man's own will, and that will exerted to do a will exterior to itself, to know and to obey a law? But no, the cloud of sentiment must close over again, and

'Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and still must bear,
Till death like sleep might seize on me,
And I might feel in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony! . . .

Too beautiful to laugh at, however empty and sentimental. True; but why beautiful? Because there is a certain sincerity in it, which breeds coherence and melody, which, in short, makes it poetry. But what if such a tone of mind be consciously encouraged, even insincerely affected as the ideal state for a poet's mind, as his followers have done?

The mischief which such a man would do is conceivable enough. He stands out, both by his excellencies and his defects, as the spokesman and ideal of all the unrest and unhealth of sensitive young men for many a year after. His unfulfilled prophecies only help to increase that unrest. Who shall blame either him for uttering those prophecies, or them for longing for their fulfilment? Must we not thank the man who gives us fresh hope that this earth will not be always as it is now? His notion of what it will be may be, as Shelley's was, vague, even in some things wrong and undesirable. Still, we must accept his hope and faith in the spirit, not in the letter. So have thousands of young men felt, who would have shrunk with disgust from some of poor Shelley's details of the 'good time coming.' And shame on him who should wish to rob them of such a hope, even if it interfered with his favourite 'scheme of fulfilled prophecy.' So men have felt Shelley's spell a wondrous one—perhaps, they think, a life-giving, regenerative one. And yet what dream at once more shallow, and more impossible? . . . Get rid of kings and priests. . . . Marriage may stay, pending discussions on the rights of women. . . . Let the poet speak—what he is to say being, of course, a matter of utterly secondary import, provided only that he be a poet; and then the millennium will appear of itself, and the devil be exorcised with a kiss from all hearts—except, of course, those of 'pale priests,' and 'tyrants, with their sncer of cold command,' and the Cossacks and Croats whom they may choose to call to their rescue. . . . And on the appearance of said Cossacks and Croats, the poet's vision stops short, and all is blank beyond. A recipe for the production of millenniums which has this one advantage, that it is small enough to be comprehended by the very smallest minds, and reproduced thereby, with a difference, in such spasmodic melodies as seem to those small-minds to be imitations of Shelley's nightingale notes.

For nightingale notes they truly are. In spite of all his faults—and there are few poetic faults in which he does not indulge, to their very highest power, . . . in spite of his 'interfluous' and 'innumerable,' and the rest of it—in spite of bombast, horrors, maundering, sheer stuff and non-

sense of all kinds, there is a plaintive natural melody about this man, such as no other English poet has ever uttered, except Shakspeare, in some few immortal songs. Who that has read Shelley does not recollect scraps worthy to stand by Ariel's song—chaste, simple, unutterably musical? Yes, . . . when he will be himself—Shelley the scholar and the gentleman and the singer, and leave philosophy and politics, which he does not understand, and shriekings and cursings, which are unfit for any civilized and self-respecting man, he is perfect. Like the American mocking bird, he is harsh only when aping other men's tunes—his true power lies in his own 'native wood-notes wild.'

But it is not this faculty of his which has been imitated by his scholars; for it is not this faculty which made him their ideal, however it may have attracted them. All which sensible men deplore in him, is that which poetasters have exalted in him. His morbidity and his doubt have become in their eyes his differential energy, . . . because, too often, it was all in him with which they had wit to sympathize. They found it easy to curse and complain, instead of helping to mend. So had he. They found it pleasant to confound institutions with the abuses which defaced them. So had he. They found it pleasant to give way to their spleen. So had he. They found it pleasant to believe that the poet was to regenerate the world, without having settled with what he was to regenerate it. So had he. They found it more pleasant to obey sentiment than inductive laws. So had he. They found it more pleasant to hurl about enormous words and startling figures, than to examine reverently the awful depths of beauty which lie in the simplest words, and the severest figures. So had he.

And thus arose a spasmodic, vague, extravagant, effeminate, school of poetry, which has been too often hastily and unfairly fathered upon Byron. Doubtless Byron has helped to its formation; but only in as far as his poems possess, or rather seem to possess, elements in common with Shelley's. For that conscious struggle against law, by which law is discovered, may easily enough be confounded with the utter repudiation of it. Both forms of mind will discuss the same questions; both will discuss them freely, with a certain plainness and daring, which may range through all grades, from the bluntness of Socrates down to reckless immodesty and profaneness. The world will hardly distinguish between the two; it did not in Socrates' case, mistook his reverent irreverence for Atheism, and martyred him accordingly, as it has since martyred Luther's memory. Probably, too, if a living struggle is going on in the writer's mind, he will not have distinguished the two elements in himself; he will be profane when he fancies himself only arguing for truth; he will be only arguing for truth, where he seems to the respectable undoubting to be profane. And in the meanwhile, whether the respectable understand him or not, the young and the inquiring, much more the distempered, who would be glad to throw off moral law, will sympathise with him, often more than he sympathises with himself. Words thrown off in the heat of passion; shameful self-revealings which he has written with his very heart's blood; ay even fallacies which he has put into the mouths of dramatic characters for the very purpose of refuting them, or at least of calling on all who read to help him to refute them, and to deliver him from the ugly dream, all these will, by the lazy, the frivolous, the feverish, the discontented, be taken for integral parts and noble traits of the man to whom they are attracted, by finding that he, too, has the same doubts and struggles as themselves, that he has a voice and art to be their spokesman. And hence arises confusion on confusion, misconception on misconception. The man is honoured for his dishonour. Chronic disease is taken for a new type of health; and Byron is admired and imitated for that which Byron is trying to tear out of his own heart, and trample under foot as his curse and bane, something which is not Byron's self, but Byron's house-fiend, and tyrant, and shame. And in the meanwhile that which calls itself respectability and orthodoxy, and is—unless Augustine lied—neither of them, stands by, and instead of echoing the voice of him who said, 'Come to me ye that are weary and

heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' mumbles proudly to itself, with the Pharisees of old, 'This people, which knoweth not the law, is ~~accursed~~.''

We do not seek to excuse Byron any more than we do Shelley. They both sinned. They both paid bitter penalty for their sin. How far they were guilty, or which of them was the more guilty, we know not. We can judge no man. It is as poets and teachers, not as men and responsible spirits; not in their inward beings, known only to Him who made them, not even to themselves, but in their outward utterance, that we have a right to compare them. Both have done harm. Neither have, we firmly believe, harmed any human being who had not already the harm within himself. It is not by introducing evil, but by calling into consciousness and more active life evil which was already lurking in the heart, that any writer makes men worse. Thousands doubtless have read Byron and Shelley, and worse books, and risen from them as pure as when they sat down. In evil as well as in good the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing—say rather, the wish to see. But it is because, in spite of all our self-glorifying prans, our taste has become worse and not better, that Shelley, the man who conceitedly despises and denies law, is taking the place of Byron, the man who only struggles against it, and who shows his honesty and his greatness most by confessing that his struggles are ineffectual; that, Titan as he may look to the world, his strength is misdirected, a mere furious weakness, which proclaims him a slave in fetters, while prying young gentlemen are fancying him heaping hills on hills, and scaling Olympus itself. They are tired of that notion, however, now. They have begun to suspect that Byron did not scale Olympus after all. How much more pleasant a leader, then, must Shelley be, who unquestionably did scale his little Olympus—having made it himself first to fit his own stature. The man who has built the hay-rick will doubtless climb it again, if need be, as often as desired, and warble on the top, after the fashion of the rick-building guild, triumphantly enough. . . . For after all Shelley's range of vision is very narrow, his subjects few, his reflections still fewer, when compared, not only with such a poet as Spenser, but with his own contemporaries, above all with Byron. He has a deep heart, but not a wide one; an intense eye, but not a catholic one. And, therefore, he never wrote a real drama; for in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, Beatrice Cenci is really none other than Percy Bysshe Shelley himself in petticoats.

But we will let them both be. . . . Perhaps they know better now.

One very ugly superstition, nevertheless, we must mention, of which these two men have been, in England at least, the great hierophants; that namely, on which we touched in our last—the right of 'genius' to be 'eccentric.' Doubtless there are excuses for such a notion; but it is one against which every wise man must set his face like a flint, and at the risk of being called a 'Philister' and a 'flunkey,' take part boldly with respectability and this wicked world, and declare them to be for once utterly in the right. Still there are excuses for it. A poet, especially one who wishes to be not merely a describer of pretty things, but a 'Vates' and seer of new truth, must often say things which other people do not like to say, and do things which others do not like to do. And, moreover, he will be generally gifted, for the very purpose of enabling him to say and do these strange things, with a sensibility more delicate than common, often painful enough to himself. How easy for such a man to think that he has a right not to be as other men are; to despise little conventionalities, courtesies, even decencies; to offend boldly and carelessly, conscious that he has something right and valuable within himself, which not only atones for such defects, but allows him to indulge in them, as badges of his own superiority!

This has been the notion of artistic genius which has spread among us of late years, just in proportion as the real amount of artistic genius has diminished; till we see men, on the mere ground of being literary men, too refined to keep accounts, or pay their butchers' bills; affecting the pettiest absurdities in dress, in manner, in food; giving themselves credit for being unable to bear a noise, keep their temper, educate their own

children, associate with their fellow men, and a thousand other paltry weaknesses, morosenesses, self-indulgences, fastidiousnesses, vulgarities—for all this is essentially vulgar, and demands, not honour and sympathy, but a chapter in Mr. Thackeray's Book of Snobs. *Non sic itur ad astra* Self-indulgence and exclusiveness can only be a proof of weakness. It may accompany talent, but it proves that talent to be partial and defective. The brain may be large, but the manhood, the 'virtus,' is small, where such things are allowed, much more where they are gloried in. A poet such a man may be, but a world-poet never. He is sectarian, a poetical quaker, a Puritan, who, forgetting that the truth which he possesses is equally the right and inheritance of every man he meets, takes up a peculiar dress or phraseology, as symbols of his fancied difference from his human brothers. All great poets, till Shelley and Byron, as far as we can discern, have been men especially free from eccentricities, careful not merely of the chivalries and the respectabilities, but also of the courtesies and the petty conventionalities, of the age in which they lived; altogether well-bred men of the world. The answer, that they learnt the ways of courts, does not avail; for if they had had no innate good-breeding, reticence, respect for forms and customs, they would never have come near courts at all. It is not a question of rank and fashion, but of good feeling, common sense, unselfishness. Goethe, Milton, Spenser, Shakspeare, Rabelais, Ariosto, were none of them high-born men; several of them low-born; and only rose to the society of high-born men because they were themselves innately high-bred, polished, complete, without exaggerations, affectations, deformities, weaknesses of mind and taste, whatever may have been their weaknesses on certain points of morals. The man of all men most bepraised by the present generation of poets, is perhaps Wolfgang von Goethe. Why is it, then, that of all men he is the one whom they strive to be most unlike?

And if this be good counsel for the man who merely wishes—and no blame to him—to sing about beautiful things in a beautiful way, it applies with tenfold force to the poet who desires honestly to proclaim great truths. If he has to offend the prejudices of the world in important things, that is all the more reason for his bowing to those prejudices in little things, and being content to be like his neighbours in outward matters, in order that he may make them like himself in inward ones. Shall such a man dare to hinder his own message, to drive away the very hearers to whom he believes himself to be sent, for the sake of his own nerves, laziness, antipathies, much more of his own vanity and pride? If he does so, he is unfaithful to that very genius on which he prides himself. He denies its divinity, by treating it as his own possession, to be displayed or hidden as he chooses, for his own enjoyment, his own self-glorification. Well for such a man if a day comes to him in which he will look back with shame and self-reproach, not merely on every scandal which he may have caused by breaking the moral and social laws of humanity, by neglecting to restrain his appetites, pay his bills, and keep his engagements; but also on every conceited word and look, every gaucherie and rudeness, every self-indulgent moroseness and fastidiousness, as sins against the sacred charge which has been committed to him; and determines, with that Jew of old, who, to judge from his letter to Philemon, was one of the most perfect gentlemen of God's making who ever walked this earth, to become 'all things to all men, if by any means he may save some.'

DARTMOOR PRISON:

AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

FEW travellers can have passed for the first time over the line of railway between Exeter and Plymouth, without looking with some curiosity toward the 'lully wilderness' of Dartmoor—towering like a great rocky fortress above the meadows and orchards of the South Hams. Like all similar districts, it has a strange power over the imagination:—

*Præsentiorum et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas ———.**

We must not add the 'nemorumque noctem' which completes the line; for although M. le Baron Maurice does propose that the gubions and fascines for his siege of Plymouth should be cut from the *forêt de Dartmoor*, we beg to assure him, that Dr. Johnson's walking stick would be there regarded as a considerable piece of timber. It is exactly the solitude a hermit would have chosen for retiring into from the world; and St. Bruno himself might have been satisfied with its melancholy wastes of heather, and its ranges of grey tors, lifting their crests one after another into the remote distance.

The reader need not, however, be reminded, that Dartmoor has been supplied with a *Chartreuse* of a very different character. It was here that the chief prison of war was built in 1806; the sparkle from the roofs of which, in the midst of the surrounding moors and mosses, is one of the few signs of life and occupation occurring throughout the district. The whole character of Dartmoor, with its mysterious circles of unwrought stone, 'whose birth tradition notes not,' its ancient mining trenches, its rocky fire beacons, and its deep ferny hollows, once the strongholds of the red deer, insensibly carries the mind far away from 'this present now,' and calls up many a wild vision of history or

romance. And yet strange enough as it is to find the events of little more than thirty years since falling in with, and adding to this feeling, so it was before the prisons were re-occupied as a convict station. The buildings, under all the influences of 'winter and rough weather,' soon became darkened and lichen-spotted, and their open courts were again covered with the short turf of the moors. Their great extent and utter desertion—yet their evident military aspect—combined with the loneliness of the site to produce a singular impression. They became as 'ghaist alluring' as any roofless old border tower. And to add to the effect, stories were afloat of dismal crimes committed within and around them, not the less striking for being obscurely hinted at, rather than told in full broad daylight detail.

All this is now much changed; but some notice of the early condition of the prison will, perhaps, be worth recording; and although the present convict establishment is of the highest interest and importance, we shall begin by carrying back the reader to the time of their original occupation. We have before us the narratives of French and American prisoners,† who were detained here among the *rochers sauvages*—the *montagnes nues et décolorées* of Devonshire—*sous un ciel sombre et mélancolique*—in the most unfavoured (*disgracié*) corner of England;—a very Siberia, where the snow lies through eight months of the year; 'a place,' according to our friend of New York, 'deprived of everything that is pleasant and agreeable, and productive of nothing but human woe and misery.' Perfidious Albion has, no doubt, much to answer for; but in spite of all this 'blaming of climates,' the placing of the prisons on Dartmoor was scarcely one of her enormities; for although the 'ancient moore,' as

* Gray's *Ode on the Chartreuse*.

† *La Prison de Dartmoor; ou Récit Historique des Infortunes et Evasions des Prisonniers Français en Angleterre*. Par L. Catel. Paris. 1847.

The Prisoner's Memoirs; or, Dartmoor Prison. An Impartial Narrative, &c. From the Journals of Charles Andrews. New York. 1815.

Drayton calls her, may be as barren as Justice Shallow's domain, it is, at least, entitled to his one qualifying recommendation—'Marry, good air!' Before, however, proceeding to draw upon the stores of these edifying journalists, we must endeavour to convey some idea of the appearance and management of the buildings—so far, at least, as we can do so without the aid of drawings.

After the battle of Trafalgar, the number of prisoners brought to England increased so rapidly, that it became necessary to make additional provision for their safe keeping. The hulks at Chatham and at Plymouth were no longer sufficient; and in the absence of regular fortresses the difficulty was considerable. Many plans were suggested; among others, it was proposed to refit some of the old Scottish towers. Thieve was to have been one, whose walls were still 'warstling with time;' and the fine old palace of Linlithgow, in Sir Walter's words, 'narrowly escaped being defaced and dishonoured' by an attempt to convert it to the same purpose. Two large prisons were, at length, built in Scotland; and a third, larger and more important than either, at Dartmoor; the position of this last being determined by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, then Lord Warden of the Stannaries. The site for its erection was granted by the Regent, who, as Duke of Cornwall, was Lord of the Forest. The foundation stone was laid by the Warden himself, on the 20th of March, 1806; and the design for the whole structure was supplied by a Mr. Alexander. It was built throughout of granite from the surrounding hills, and cost about 127,000*l*.

We will now suppose that the visitor has passed through the highland village of Prince Town, with its turf smoke and its peat stacks, and is standing before the main entrance of the prisons, as they were some ten years since; gloom and restraint before him—the grey hills of heather, with all their freedom of earth and sky, stretching away from him in all directions. The form of the whole enclosure is circular, with a segment cut off. In this is the principal entrance; a lofty arch, formed of huge masses of granite, chiselled in heavily

cut letters, with the words *PARCERE SUBJECTIS*. Passing through an outer court, the visitor then found himself on the military way which surrounded the whole building, between the extreme outer wall and that enclosing the courts of the prisons. The outer wall is a mile in circumference, and sixteen feet high. Round it, when the prisons were occupied, went a chain of bells, fastened to a wire, the slightest touch of which set every bell in motion. On the top of the inner wall a guard was placed, at the distance of every twenty feet. Crossing the military way, and still in a line with the main gates, a small square is entered, which served as a market for the prisoners, from whose court it was divided by a strong iron railing. To the right and left are the hospital, and a barrack for the guard within the walls. Beyond the market square are the prisons themselves, seven in number, divided by two lofty walls into groups of three, thus leaving one prison in a court of its own in the centre. Each prison had a small yard attached, through which ran a stream of the purest water (*d'une crudité meurtrière*, says M. Catel, who would have preferred a rivulet of cherry-brandy), supplied from a reservoir fronting the main gates. Encircling the courts of the prisons, and within the inner walls of the military way, ran a strong and lofty iron railing, on which lamps were fixed, supplied with powerful reflectors, and kept burning not only at night but also during mists and dark weather. A dreary *cachot*, stone floored and vaulted, for the punishment of the refractory, was attached to the first group of prisons.

Each prison is three stories high, 180 feet long, and 40 broad; and each could contain 1500 men. One story in each building formed but a single apartment, having six parallel rows of upright joists running its whole length, to which the prisoners fastened their hammocks. Low-roofed, long, and obscurely lighted, these gloomy rooms were sufficiently eerie during the abandoned condition of the prisons. As you passed up the broad, dark staircase leading to each floor, and gazed into the shadows of the lengthening cham-

bers, you caught yourself half listening for the tread of other feet than your own along the blackened floors.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.

The number of prisoners at Dartmoor at one time exceeded 10,000. There were among them subjects of almost every European Government—Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Swiss, Germans, Poles, Swedes, French of all departments, from the vine-covered hills of the south to the broomy 'landes' of Brittany; and toward the end of the war, Americans, one of whose greatest complaints was that the blacks (upwards of one thousand in number) who had been taken in the vessels with them, were confined in the same prisons. Almost every trade and profession was here represented. Soldiers and sailors—among the latter the crew of very many merchant ships—formed, of course, the majority. But there were also artists, literary and scientific men, many priests—or, perhaps, we should say, ex-priests—and ordinary workmen in great numbers. One of the prisons, to which its inmates gave the name of *le petit cautionnement* (the Americans called it 'The Commodore'), was set aside for the officers of merchant ships, state officers who had broken parole, and had been retaken, and especially many of those (among them a negro general) attached to the expedition against St. Domingo under General Rochambeau, in 1803, when, it will be remembered, the sudden rupture of the peace of Amiens led England to join in the blockade of Cape Town, where Rochambeau surrendered at discretion, and was himself sent to Jamaica. These Domingo officers had in their prison an excellent military band, which was permitted daily to execute 'those national hymns, those warlike marches, which on the field of battle had electrified our armies of Egypt and of Italy. Their heroic tones put our cruel keepers to shame, and, rousing our national pride, elevated us far above our tyrants.'

So says M. Catel, whose ingenious *Récit Historique* we shall henceforth use, so far as we can do so with

safety; a matter of some difficulty, since its lively author has thought fit to 'furbelow his plain discourse' with a series of narratives as startling and romantic as any Surrey Theatre melodrama. On the other hand, Mr. Andrews, of New York, tells his story after a plainer and more straightforward fashion, contenting himself, by way of embellishment, with a few hard words equally divided between the English guard and his French brethren in misfortune. His *Impartial Narrative* is to be admired. But still we confess a leaning toward the *Récit* of M. Catel. To adopt worthy Mrs. Primrose's distinction: we 'like my Lady Blarney vastly,—so condescending; but Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has our warm heart.'

As soon as the prisons were filled, the French, of their own accord, proceeded to 'organise a constitution.' First of all the inhabitants of each prison elected a president, and then each separate apartment chose its own commissary, who was to bear rule under the former. The suffrage was universal, and the election by ballot. As a necessary consequence, bribery and corruption were altogether banished from this retreat of equality and fraternity, and none were chosen for either office who were not the 'wisest, virtuouslest, discrettest, best' among the whole community. The authority of the presidents and commissaries extended to every point on which it could possibly be exercised. They were at once magistrates, judges, and policemen, and sometimes had to carry their own judicial sentences into execution. On one occasion the cooks of a certain ward were condemned to death by the president and commissary, because unfortunately a number of rats were discovered boiled in the soup. They were respited, however, on making a sufficient apology, and laying the crime of the unhappy potage to the door of the perfidious British guard. At another time, a prisoner convicted of having stolen a shirt was deprived of his political privileges, declared incapable of voting at any elections, and finally sent to Coventry for a period of six months. But ennui, says M. Catel, 'marked him for her own.' He was taken to the hospital,

and died there of 'languenr.' We will add, and not from M. Catel's authority, that all offenders did not escape so easily as the cooks. It is known that very many murders,—judicial or otherwise—took place within the prisons. Among their inmates were men well acquainted with various methods of secret despatch, fortunately unknown in this colder blooded north, so that the judges of the Dartmoor Vehm had no difficulty in finding officers who could carry out their sentences with scarcely a mark of external violence, if they happened themselves to be unlearned in such matters.

The whole body of the prisoners were self-arranged under the following heads:—

1. *The Lords.* These were the richer prisoners, who received regular supplies from home, and carried on a traffic within the walls, making their own purchases at the grating of the market square. They had from sixty to eighty shops in each prison, where they sold tobacco, thread, soap, colloe, &c.

2. *The Labourers.* Those who worked at different trades, thereby supplying themselves with the means of procuring something more than the ordinary prison comforts.

3. *The Indifferents,* who did nothing, but resigned themselves philosophiquement to the tender mercies of the English Government.

4. *The Minables.* Gamblers who were ready to sell their last shirt to satisfy their love of play.

5. *The Kaiserlichs.* Gamblers like the last, but who had attained a more imperial elevation above human cares and necessities. When the annual supply of clothing was distributed,—a pair of trowsers, a yellow jacket marked with black letters, a shirt, and a pair of shoes—the Kaiserlichs at once sold their allotments to the highest bidder, and went all the rest of the year barefoot and shirtless.

6. *Last and lowest* of all, the *Romans.* So called because they occupied the highest story of each prison, called the *Capitol.* They possessed no single article of clothing. Each man wore only a blanket—looked upon as common property—with a hole cut in the middle, through which the head was passed.

In order to become a Roman it was necessary that the candidate's hammock should be sold, and tobacco bought with the proceeds for the enjoyment of the whole society. They might be seen in the common passages of the prisons, five or six together, fighting like dogs for some chance bone or potato peeling, and on one occasion, when the governor's cart had been sent into the court of the prison, the Romans seized the horses, killed and devoured them. When the 'Capitol' was closed for the night, their general, who alone had a hammock, but without mattress or covering, arranged his men in two lines on either side, and at the word *bas* all stretched themselves on the floor in perfect order and silence. Even the solitary blanket was laid aside in their own wards; but the general, besides the dignity of his hammock, was allowed on certain occasions to wear a kind of uniform, of which the embroidery was of straw, curiously worked. Once, when the whole body of the Romans, about six hundred in number, had been permitted to visit the court of another prison, they seized the supplies in the kitchen, actually made prisoners of the guard sent to suppress the riot, and then paraded the court with loud cries of *Vive l'Empereur.* The guard were speedily relieved, and the Roman general dismissed to the cachot; but the scanty military strength which could be allowed for Dartmoor was a source of considerable apprehension during the whole time the prisons were occupied.

Many details respecting these unhappy Romans are here purposely omitted, although M. Catel does not hesitate to relate them, and we have been assured of their truth from other quarters. But the reader will easily conceive them as exhibiting perhaps the very lowest degradation of which humanity is capable. An intense passion for play, manifested more or less by the whole body of prisoners, was the main cause of their condition; but crime in all its shapes was common among them, not the less horrible on account of the reckless and frantic merriment—*gaîté*, M. Catel calls it—with which it was accompanied. And yet among them were some of

the best educated men in the prisons. M. Catel thinks it necessary, before telling their story, to apologise for them, by asserting that in the very heart of London whole bodies of men are to be found equally miserable and equally degraded. We will not ask whether the purlieus of London are worse than those of Paris, because neither one nor the other has anything to do with the matter. What was exhibited at Dartmoor was that same dark tendency of human nature which in all ages has led men encompassed by great and irremediable difficulties—the sword or the fiery pestilence—to catch at the first enjoyments that present themselves. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' The bad then indeed become worse,

Till sometimes their most devilish merri-
ment

Chills their own souls with horror, and
they stare

Upon each other, all at once struck
dumb.*

At Dartmoor everything tended to this result, far more even than in a crowded and plague-stricken city. The throng of prisoners, housed together for long and dreary years, were, it must be remembered, without any of that surveillance which they would have had as criminals or convicts. The object was merely to keep them in safety. Moreover, the mass of them was from classes always more or less uneducated; but in the then state of France utterly without any training but what was military. Can we wonder that they should have become thus degraded, when we have but to turn to the pages of Boccaccio or Defoe to learn what was the state of society in refined and luxurious cities, under circumstances far less unfavourable?

It is worthy of notice, that the Romans of Dartmoor, in spite of their ten years' imprisonment, winter

and summer, utterly without clothing, were more healthy than any other men in the dépôt. Their bodies, says Andrews, had acquired a sort of hardness, like that of the stones on which they slept.† They were at last removed altogether to the prison No. 4, which was separated from the others. Regular supplies in money and clothing were sent them by our own Government four times during the year; but all was got rid of within a day or two. At last (M. Catel has of course forgotten this instance of perfidy) they were taken from their prison, clothed, and put on board a hulk at Plymouth, where they were allowed no intercourse with any but their guards, and carefully watched until their release at the end of the war. They were then 436 in number.

The French Government, from the beginning, contributed nothing whatsoever toward the support of the prisoners. By our own they were supplied with clothing‡ and sufficient daily rations of bread, meat, and soup, and a small sum of money. Each man had his own place in the prison, with a table, stool, and hammock, which last he was obliged to take every morning into the court, where all were piled up under cover. Every day the prisoners were counted in their yards, where, on the great anniversaries, they got up *promenades processionnelles*, headed by the tricolor. A horn sounded at night was the signal for all to retire within the buildings.

The mass of the prisoners discovered numberless methods of beguiling their weariness. Their country's glory, says M. Catel, sustained them in their misfortunes. In addition to the regular English supplies, large sums were sent to many from their friends in France; and with these and their own earnings, this class

* Wilson's *City of the Plague*.

† They were, however, frequently brought to the hospital in a state of suspended animation, from which they were recovered by the usual processes. The general sanitary condition of Dartmoor was, considering the great number of men assembled, remarkably good. The hospital was admirably cared for; and the attention received there is acknowledged on all sides. Fever and small pox were at one time introduced; and the Americans suffered much. But these disorders were most skilfully treated; and letters of acknowledgment were afterwards sent by the prisoners to Sir George Magrath, the surgeon in attendance. There were a few instances of suicide among both French and Americans.

‡ Wooden shoes were provided for them.

traded with the country people admitted to the market grate, and became the merchants of the prison.* Some established coffee-houses in each building; others set up as cooks; and a certain ragout of mutton, potatoes, and peas, called *ratatouille*, is especially commended. Schools, in which every European language was taught, were to be found within these *murs gigantesques*; together with others for writing, drawing, mathematics, music, and dancing. There was no lack of books; and many of the younger men, who were passed in unable to read or write, left the prisons with a good stock of general learning. There was a theatre, where French comedies were performed with considerable *éclat*. Many were greatly skilled in straw and hair work, as well as in bone and ivory carvings, of which specimens are still frequently met with. A ship, two inches long, made of bone by a sailor of St. Malo, and so minutely finished as to be an *œuvre sans pareille*, was sold, M. Catel says, for 2500 francs; which we will not insist on the reader's believing.

There was another sort of work, however, in which they excelled, and which was not stopped without much difficulty. Spanish dollars were collected for them in great numbers by persons without the prison, and from every dollar they contrived to produce eight English shillings. There was also a manufacture of Bank of England notes among them, for which it was suspected the guard furnished materials. So perfect was the imitation, that even at the Bank itself the forgery was long pronounced impossible. In order to stop it, the guard was always searched before relieved. Many thousands, however, were put into circulation in this manner.

Such of the prisoners as were able were allowed to engage themselves as masons and carpenters

on the works connected with the prison. Thus, two of the main prisons, and the walls of the chapel at Prince Town, were entirely built by the French themselves, at the time of their first removal from Plymouth to Dartmoor. Others were employed in repairing the roads, as blacksmiths, coopers, and painters, and as nurses in the hospital. All wore a small tin plate in their caps, and worked under the eye of a guard. If a single prisoner escaped, the pay of the whole party to which he belonged was forfeited,—a plan found sufficiently effectual.

Thus, in spite of their troubles, the mass of the French at Dartmoor (says Andrews) 'really seemed easy under them, lived well, and made money to lay up.' They were in general 'fort gais;' but although agreeing with the fat Knight of Eastcheap on most points, they differed from him in the matter of honour, holding it to be more than an airy word. They were, it appears, on this head *d'une grande susceptibilité*. The *combat au pugilat* was frequent, but the more refined preferred duels with broken scissors or points of compasses fastened to long sticks. It is to be hoped that their kind of honour had more skill in surgery than Falstaff's. M. Catel declares that frightful wounds were constantly the result of these encounters. But notwithstanding all this, the prisoners in general regarded themselves as brethren in misfortune, with the exception of the Americans, who kept as much aloof as possible from the 'ghastly fluttering phantoms' with whom they were compelled to associate, and declared that they had no heart, 'like the cockle in the fable, to sing and dance whilst their house was burning over their heads.' In one respect, it must be admitted, they had sound reason to complain. They were at first placed

* To prevent imposition, the prices of provisions were fixed before any were allowed to be taken into the market. Jews attended in great numbers, to sell old clothes, and to buy the carvings, &c., of the prisoners. One of these worthies met an honest farmer, quietly joggling across the moor, and accusing him of having escaped from the prison, insisted on taking him back for the sake of the reward. The Devonshire Dimont saw his own advantage in the matter, and consented. He was, of course, recognised at the prison, to the dismay of the Jew, who was obliged to pay handsomely for his mistake.

in the same prison in which the French 'Romans' had been assembled; and although these last were soon afterwards removed to Plymouth, the shortest possible association with them must have been sufficiently revolting. Desperate fights took place more than once between them and the Americans.

Few prisoners succeeded in escaping from Dartmoor; but the attempt was frequently made, and the most vigilant guard was necessary, since it was well known that regular plans were organized for their escape, and that the large rewards many of them were able to offer had induced certain persons to become their agents in the matter. Eight-oared boats, of a peculiarly light build, and painted so as to escape observation, were in waiting, at different stations along the coast; and a sort of covered cart, with strong doors at each end, and seats within, for a number of persons, was contrived for their inland carriage. No less than 464 foreign officers, many of them persons of considerable rank and importance, broke their parole, and succeeded in escaping, between 1809 and 1812: when Lord Sidmouth, in introducing his bill for punishing, by transportation, such persons as should be convicted of assisting them, declared that, up to that time, there had been no single instance of an officer in the English service having broken his parole. The realities of these escapes were often sufficiently romantic, since the French officers were scattered throughout most of the principal towns, and had frequently to undertake a long inland journey before they could reach the coast.* But neither this, nor the stone walls of Dartmoor, proved an effectual obstacle. From Dartmoor some of the French managed to escape, by mixing with the guard, at night;

and, during the intensely cold winter of 1813-14, a party of Americans actually succeeded in scaling the prison walls, although most of them were re-taken. On this part of the matter M. Catel has dwelt at length, and with no inconsiderable powers of romance. There is a story of the escape of two prisoners, who had taken part in a *comédie*, and who passed the gates, still dressed for their parts, as M. and Madame Calonne, for which we give him great credit. Another is of a party who escaped in the dress of the English guard, getting, with some difficulty, to Plymouth, where they were suspected, and followed; but, when the mob saw the glitter of their bayonets, they took to their heels at once; for all the world knows, says M. Catel, with what terror the English are always seized at the sight of *l'arme blanche*;†—how they succeeded in getting on board a certain Milord's yacht,—how they were received there, with champagne and *bols de punch*;—how they played deeply, and won *guinées* and 'bank-notes,' without end;—how they managed to carry Milord and his yacht straight into the harbour of St. Malo, instead of Jersey;—how Milord was taken to Paris,—how the Emperor set him and his yacht free, without an instant's hesitation,—and how, as a necessary consequence, *le jeune lord s'enthousiasma fort de l'Empereur*: all this, and much more, will be found, with ample details, in M. Catel's edifying *Récit*.—'Souvenez vous, cher Marquis,' asks the disguised valet, in Molière's comedy, 'de cette demi-lune que nous emportâmes ensemble au siège d'Arras?'—'Que veux tu dire,' is the reply of the more thorough-paced hero, 'avec ta demi-lune? C'étoit bien une lune toute entière.'

The duty of the guard at Dartmoor was no very pleasant one, and on some points the soldiers required

* Officers on parole were allowed by our Government (France contributed nothing) eighteen-pence a day. Their liberty extended to one mile's distance of the town in which they were quartered. They were to be in their lodgings at a certain hour of the evening, and twice a week every officer was obliged to present himself before an inspector.

† The reader has, perhaps, heard a different story. But we none of us know ourselves. 'Here come the French dogs, huzza, huzza, huzza,' shouted the crew of an English ship, and this free translation was given on the spot—'Voici ces terribles Français; notre dernière heure est arrivée.'

as much watching as the prisoners. They carried in forbidden articles—such as rum, candles, &c., under their great coats, and certainly assisted in distributing the forged bank-notes. They caused much tribulation, also, at Plymouth, by turning off, in order to catch the trout, the leat that supplies the good town with water; thereby bringing an infinite loss on the corporation, for whose especial delectation the said trout were reserved. But in all difficult circumstances, with one exception, the guard—frequently a detachment of some militia regiment—behaved admirably. On one occasion, when the prisons contained about eight thousand men, a serious disturbance arose, in consequence of biscuit having been distributed among them instead of bread. The French assembled in their courts, and were only prevented by the quiet firmness of the guard from breaking through the gates *en masse*. As it was, the bars of the principal gate were broken by stones hurled against them from within. It was thought necessary to send for guns from Plymouth, which were planted so as to command the main entrances.* M. Catel complains that the English soldier, on many occasions, insulted the 'grand Empereur' and the tricolor; but on the whole we have both French and American testimony to their forbearance and general kindness. Strange recognitions sometimes took place between them and the prisoners. One evening a sentry on guard at the inner wall, commanding the courts, was found in a state of considerable alarm and agitation. On inquiry, it turned out that he had seen, or fancied he had seen, among the prisoners, a man whom he believed he had killed in a hand to hand fight, some years before, at Talavera. He could not be mistaken, for the look of the

dying man he declared had haunted him ever since. The prisoners were examined, and those who had fought at Talavera made to pass before the sentry. Among them was the man whose supposed death had troubled him—no ghost, having been severely wounded indeed, but recovering to fight another day.

Notwithstanding the failure of all negotiations for an exchange of prisoners, caused, as is well known, by Napoleon's insisting on a general transfer, instead of one of French for English;† notwithstanding also that the French government had in no way contributed to their support or comfort, the prisoners, during the whole time of their detention at Dartmoor, continued firm in their devotion to the Emperor. The news of the Allies having entered Paris, although it promised their immediate release, was received almost as a calamity. Some persons who visited the prisons at this time distributed among them a quantity of white cockades, together with a large white standard, the old flag of the Bourbons. This last they destroyed at once, in sight of the officers standing on the wall; and having themselves mounted the tricolor, fastened the white ribbons on the heads of the dogs belonging to the prison. They were released in detachments, and marched, five hundred at a time, to Plymouth. The number of prisoners in England who were thus set free at the close of the war, exclusive of the Americans, exceeded sixty-seven thousand.

The first draft of American prisoners to Dartmoor was made in April, 1813. The contrast of their bravado with the French 'philosophie' was, from the first, sufficiently remarkable. On one occasion they prepared to celebrate the 4th of July 'in a manner becoming their situation;' and accordingly a flag

* The prisoners, says Andrews, did not consider the walls, nor the soldiers, any great obstacle to their escaping in a body; but they well knew that, supposing the sortie effectually made, the militia would be raised on them long before they could reach the coast.

† He required 'that all the prisoners, French, English, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, should be exchanged, man for man, and rank for rank, on the same footing as the principal powers under whose banners they were respectively ranged. The effect of this would have been,' continues Alison, 'that Napoleon would have obtained restitution of fifty thousand French soldiers and sailors in exchange for ten thousand English prisoners, being all whom he had in his custody.'—*History of Europe*, vol. xiv. p. 104.

was displayed, with the words 'All Canada, or Dartmoor prison for life;' whilst one of the prisoners delivered a characteristic 'oration,' in which the stars and stripes were duly lauded, to the confusion of the British officers within hearing, who 'left the yard much chagrined at facts which they could not deny.* 'There was,' continues our friend Andrews, 'scarce a day but some dispute or strife took place between the turnkeys or guards and the prisoners; who would not hear any abusive language against the President of the United States; and on the first disrespectful word from a sentry stationed singly in the yard, they would knock him down, and he could get no relief till they were willing to release him, for the prisoners immediately surrounded him by hundreds. And the garrison declared that they had more trouble with four thousand Americans than with twenty thousand Frenchmen.' 'Here be brave words,' nevertheless these worthies enlisted in the English service in great numbers.† It must be admitted, however, that their first acquaintance with Dartmoor was as unfavourable in every respect as it could well have been. They were placed in the same prison with the most degraded French, and mixed with the blacks from their own ships. And besides this, the winter of 1813-14 is still mentioned as having been the most severe that was ever remembered in Devonshire. The stream that ran through the prisons was frozen for many months; and the snow drifted in the yards as high as the walls—fifteen feet. The communication between Plymouth and Dartmoor was stopped for some time. Birds and animals everywhere died; and so intense was the cold that, as we have been assured, wine

in the cellars at Prince Town was frozen into a solid mass. The prisoners were allowed to remain in their hammocks during the day; and no sentry could be kept on duty except in the barracks. Such a time promised much for those who were inclined to try the dangers of an escape; and many attempts were made accordingly, although few were successful.

After the release of the French (the war still continuing in the United States), the Americans were dispersed through the prisons, thus obtaining more space and liberty. They immediately set to work upon a plan for their escape which the French had never dreamed of attempting. It was found that a passage two hundred and fifty feet long, would carry them from three of the prisons to the road beyond the outer wall. Upon this they set to work in each building, digging by night in alternate parties, and carrying the earth from the passages into the stream that ran through their yard. About sixty feet of ground had been got through in this manner, when the proceedings in one of the prisons were discovered and stopped. After some delay the work was continued in the others, until the passages were within forty feet of the road without the wall. Every man was then provided with a dagger, made by the prisoners who worked as blacksmiths; and they proposed, on escaping, to make at once for Torbay, where lay, says Andrews, 'a large number of unarmed vessels, fishing boats, and other small craft.' But at this point, one of the prisoners, who perhaps had some discreet doubt as to the result of the enterprise, 'walked out in open day, before all then in the yard,—went up to the turnkeys, and marched off with them to the keeper's house,—

* The orator was most likely Andrews himself, who was also post-laureate of the prison. He celebrated in verse the action in which the British frigate *Phoebe* took the *Essex*; but gave, of course, the honour of the day to America. A more remarkable claim appears in the following lines to the memory of one James Hart.—

Your body on this barren moor,
Your soul in Heaven doth rest,
Where Yankee sailors, one and all,
Hereafter will be blest.

† Two men who had thus enlisted afterwards claimed their American citizenship, and returned to Dartmoor. They were recognised by the prisoners, seized, and tattooed on each cheek with the letters, 'U.S.T.,' United States Traitor. Three men concerned in this matter were tried in consequence, at Exeter.

gave him information of all the operation and designs—and we never saw him after ;' quite as well perhaps for the informer. The prisoners were at once removed to the opposite side of the enclosure.

The confirmation of the treaty of Ghent set free the Americans. There was still however much delay—perhaps unavoidable—in the arrangements for their final release ; and considerable excitement was the result. They hung Beasley, the American agent, in effigy ; and a few days later a very serious disturbance took place at the prisons, owing to some mismanagement in distributing the bread allowances. They broke open the first three gates, drove the sentries to the guard-house, and were only checked by the soldiers of the garrison, who advanced upon them with fixed bayonets. Not a blow however was struck ; but the alarm was great ; and the governor, who as it happened was absent at Plymouth, returned in the morning with additional strength from the troops there. On the evening of that day it was found that an attempt had been made to pierce the wall between the prisoners' yards and an adjoining court, in which were kept the arms of the guard who were off duty. As soon as this discovery was made, it was thought proper to place an additional force on the wall commanding the courts, and to ring the alarm bell, as a signal that 'all was not well.' Unfortunately the prisoners, who seem to have had no intention of at once creating a disturbance, crowded to the first gate : the iron chain by which it was fastened was broken ; and as many as were able pressed into the market square. It was naturally inferred that they were on the point of a desperate attempt at an escape ; and the governor, after for some time vainly endeavouring to induce the prisoners to return to their yards, at last ordered the guard to charge them back. This they did : but the Americans still refused to enter their prisons, insulting the soldiers, daring them to fire, and at last pelting them with large stones. Whether any command to fire was given is uncertain : but it then commenced ; and was without doubt continued and renewed without orders, in spite of

the governor's attempts to stop it. At first, the muskets were fired over the heads of the prisoners, who raised a cry of 'blank cartridges,' and continued their own attack on the guard. It is not to be wondered at that the soldiers lost their temper. Seven of the prisoners were killed, and sixty more or less dangerously wounded.

Such was Mr. Andrews's 'horrid massacre.' The jury who attended the inquest returned a verdict of justifiable homicide ; and both the American and English commissioners who conducted a subsequent inquiry found it impossible to do more than express their sorrow at the whole affair.

The prisoners 'prepared a large white flag as a memento, and had in the middle of it the representation of a tomb, with the goddess of Liberty leaning on it, and a murdered sailor lying by its side, with this inscription over it in large capitals, 'Columbia weeps, and we remember.' This was intended to be carried home with them as a record, and a token of respect for the sufferers. Their whole body, about five thousand, were almost at once released, and conveyed in cartels from Plymouth ; and on the 23rd of April, 1815, our friend Andrews, as he left the Sound, took his farewell look of the rocky hills of Dartmoor.

We have been dwelling on what are at the best but sad details. 'Who loseth his freedom,' says old Lydgate,—

'In faith he loseth all
And I had lever in the wooddes grene
Mekely to sing among the leves small
Than in a cage of silver, bright and
shene.'

Of all the miseries caused by a long war, although many may be more sharp and sudden, few can be harder to endure, few more destructive to both mind and body, than these dreary imprisonments, where the captive, whose sole crime consists in having served his country, is, in many cases not so well provided for as the convict or the felon stained with the very blackest guilt. It is, indeed, true that such statements of British cruelty as appear in the monstrous production of General Pellett, and even in the

Voyages of Dupin, generally so well informed, have been refuted over and over again. And yet, after all this has been deducted, how much remains painful even to read—what, then, to endure? The release of the prisoner, the alleviation of his sufferings, are among the great landmarks of Christianity. The nations of modern Europe may not, indeed, offer up their captive generals in solemn sacrifice, 'after the high Roman fashion,' or give over their prisoners to be the serfs of their captors; but has all been done that might be to soften what is necessarily so severe an infliction? And yet, even in the darkest times, testimony as to the true Christian feeling in this matter has not been wanting. Many a bishop of the church has followed in danger and in pain the Saracen host as it retreated through the passes of the Pyrenees, or into the mountains of Piedmont, endeavouring to ransom, as best he might, the captives they were bearing with them; and many a saint's legend, wild and strange

enough, nevertheless bears witness that in those ages, when the dungeon of the baron's tower was rarely without its victim, it was to the prayers of the hermit, or the power of the departed confessor, that the prisoner looked for succour or release. Among those alleviations of the sufferings of war which Dr. Arnold teaches us to look for with advancing civilization and increasing knowledge, a careful attention to the wants of the prisoner, together with the obtaining for him as great a measure of liberty as is at all consistent with his safe keeping, seem to be the least chimerical and the most to be hoped for.* There are other questions—such as the chartering of privateers, and the taking of merchant ships—which are connected, but which are, in every respect, more difficult of settlement. The abolition of war is, as human affairs are constituted, an utter impossibility; but let the Peace Society turn their attention to the alleviation of its sufferings, and they will, perhaps, not be without reward.

THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES.†

THE twenty-second of December is often a very uncomfortable day in New York. If warm, the pulpy mud in Broadway is showered profusely by omnibus wheels upon the pedestrians who swarm the trottoir, and keep it in constant life, and suggests navigation to the person who is bold enough to think of crossing. If cold, on the contrary, the frost congeals the same mass into a river of frozen mud, which the constant passage breaks through in places, and makes appear like a badly ploughed field, over which the growling passengers jog along, bumping the body of the carriage on the axles every step, and trying their own temper even more than the spring elliptics. Or if the interregnum between the reign

of the gods of the old and of the new year has commenced, and the uncertain skies now pour down sunshine, now rain, now sleet, now snow, into that to-be-magnificent street, it is still more disagreeable.

London uncertainty is well enough in London, with comfortable clubs, warm fires in chambers, plenty of jolly men in town, and with the liberty of doing nothing in grandiose style, and in his own way, for a lazy man like the writer. But a London day in New York, fogs and sleet, and blasts of wind chasing each other up and down the long back-bone of the island like a young lady's hand on the keys of the piano, and other blasts sweeping across from river to river as the same beautiful fingers

* The convention between St. Cyr and Reding, after the taking of Rens, in 1809, arranged that the wounded on either side should not be regarded as prisoners, but allowed to remain where they were, and rejoin their respective armies upon their recovery. We cordially re-echo Alison's wish that such an arrangement could be extended to all civilized warfare; but the difficulties are obvious.

† *Report on the Principal Fisheries of the American Seas.* By Lorenzo Sabine. Submitted to the Senate of the United States, in the Report of Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances. 1853.

glide over the harp, only ten thousand times less musically—pray that you may never suffer that infliction. If, however, it becomes your lot to be caught in that dear, gay, bright, lively, wicked capital on such a twenty-second of December, wrap your stoutest beaver about you, and take the Fourth Avenue railway from the Clarendon (of course you will stop there), and run down to Astor. New York is not unlike a Yankee—very long and very lean; but the enterprising Gothamites have contrived to turn even this to advantage by laying down several lines of railway in their broadest streets, on which they run large cars by horse power instead of omnibuses; and if they would be content with filling, instead of cramming them, and would not compel a gentleman, when the thermometer is ten below zero, or the snow is drifting before a hurricane, to stand upon the outside platform because a 'lady' wants his seat, the substitute would be a great improvement.

While we have been making these wise reflections, you have been carried, dear reader, over two or three miles of the city, and dismount in the Park (an open ground about half as large as Eaton-square), opposite the Astor House. You manage to cross Broadway without a ferry, though at the risk of life, and to the ruin of your cleanly lower man; and you ask Steton what is going on in the house. He tells you, that the New England Society are celebrating Pilgrims' Day, and probably will invite you in as a distinguished foreigner (for the Americans are very civil to Englishmen). You find the magnificent dining-room rather too full of tobacco smoke for real comfort; but being used to the weed, and to fogs and smoke at home, you are soon able to see through the haze, and take your bearings. You find yourself in the midst of Yankees, the original Simon Pures, who boast of their English descent, and meet once a-year, at this very disagreeable season, to celebrate the day when their ancestors first set foot on Plymouth Rock—the men who were said by Sam Slick to be so 'cute,' that put two in a room together, with a 'jack knife' a-piece, and they would come out in half an hour, each a gainer of five dollars by 'swap-

ping;' and who are so ingenious, that the same authority tells us they will go into a tree with the same knife, stay an hour, and come down with a wooden clock under each arm. They boast that they are emphatically *the* Americans—that their race, emigrating to all parts of the country, has stamped its character on the institutions of every State, and impressed itself on every society. You see by a glance at the two or three hundred comfortable smokers before you, that their boast, like many others of the same sort, is not very well founded, and that these well-to-do gentlemen have little in common with the reckless, generous-hearted, lazy, adventurous, whisky-loving, manly, son of the Prairie, who already rules the destiny of the Western Empire.

Your entrance does not interfere with the oration of the tall gentleman speaking through his nose, and gesticulating forcibly with each period, and you seat yourself near the chairman, light a cigar, and pound upon the table with your knife and wineglass as lustily as anybody when he finishes. He tells you of the greatness of the Puritans (perhaps you have been at Boston and seen how their descendants still wear the mantle of their sanctity and ape their long-drawn faces), tells you how they fled from oppression (forgetting to say how well they profited by the lesson), dwells upon their since expanded influence, and sketches, in conclusion, the branches of industry which they have developed for the country—how they have created wealth out of barren rocks and fields of ice—how their ships go to every clime—how their manufactures thrive and increase—how their agriculturalists prosper from the same causes; and lastly, he touches mournfully on the fisheries—tells you of a people dwelling on rocks and sands, where literally no blade of grass will grow—how they came to this bleak coast, enticed by rumours of rich fisheries—how they suffered in their early days, and were driven on the water for the sustenance denied by the inhospitable shore, and established the fisheries in the American waters with the first northern British colony on the American continent—how they fought against the French for the

honour of the British crown, and to extend British dominion—how, at length, the foe was driven out—how they then began to quarrel with the mother country—and how, since the separation, they have gained a hardy livelihood, but have remained stationary while all around them has advanced. And if he touches upon the difficulties which surround the cherished interest of New England, the troubles between the fishermen of the States and of the Colonies, and the example set by departed statesmen of a zealous determination to stand by Yankeeism, 'hook and line, bob and sinker,' and protect this 'right arm of the national strength,' you feel, from the vociferous applause with which he is received, that he has reached a sensitive chord in the national heart.

The picture we have drawn is not one of pure imagination. The Bank and Coast fisheries, as is well known, have always been subjects of solicitude to the federal government, whom they furnish with a constant and sure supply of excellent sailors for the national marine. The late administration directed one of the Massachusetts Members of Congress, who had been long resident among the fishermen, and who had given his life to this one study, to report upon the history and the condition of this branch of the national industry. He did his work *con amore*. The curious document whose name stands at the foot of the first page of this article, contains some common-place matter, and is evidently the work of a person unaccustomed to book-making; but it also displays research, and an intimate knowledge of the subject; a good judgment in sifting the facts, and an indomitable antiquarian energy in bringing them to light, that redeem it from little errors of judgment and ignorance of art; and it is full of a generous enthusiasm rivaling that of old Izaak himself. We have read the historical, and the personal portions of it with great pleasure, and shall draw freely from the information it contains.

These fisheries have been the cause of more quarrel and bloodshed than any other interest of equal value in the world. A tithe of the treasure that has been expended in maintaining them (estimating na-

tional honour in the Manchester way, by pounds, shillings and pence), would buy up all the fish that ever swam—mermaids excepted. Barnum would bid too high for a '*feuchtes Weib*' fresh from the Rhine, to permit us to include them in the estimate. At this very moment it is understood that they (the fisheries, not the mermaids) are the subject of negotiation in London, in consequence of the repeated squabbles between the fishermen of the United States and of the British Colonies. *Fraser* is not disposed to take the question out of the hands of the negotiators. There let it rest quietly—let the American Legation duly bombard the Foreign Office with a 'note'—let Downing-street fire a full broadside of foolscap at Portland-place in reply—let the battle rage fiercely (taking good care to have a judicious bottle-holder)—let the war of words be magnificent, but take care that there is nothing but a paper contest; and when all is amicably arranged, let triumphal crowns of codfish and cotton deck the heads of the successful negotiators, and let Mons. Jullien compose an international quadrille, blending the stirring notes of Yankee Doodle and Rule Britannia; and then let the American Minister and Lord Clarendon lead off, while the fraternizing nations rejoice!

Until the triumphal procession is formed in honour of this peaceable settlement (which we shall join of course) we are disposed to leave the knotty questions in dispute exactly where they now rest.

English commerce is an affair of the last three centuries, and really began on an extensive scale in the prosecution of these very fisheries. An enterprising German, Dr. Pauli, who had before brought to light the Saxon treasures of the Bodleian, has lately discovered in the accumulated dust of the Tower, which he had the bravery to penetrate, a quantity of curious and instructive correspondence concerning the trade of the island with the Continent prior to and at the time of the discovery of America, when the Low Countries and the free towns of Germany controlled the commerce of the world. The more shame to Englishmen that this work has been done by a foreigner. It is evident that at that

time there was little foreign commerce of magnitude in English hands. Newfoundland was discovered by Cabot in 1497, but many years passed away before the English fishermen took advantage of the rights acquired thereby. Henry the Bluff was too much occupied with his wives and the Pope to pay that attention to the extension of the foreign power of the kingdom which had characterised the later years of the reign of his more vigorous father. In 1517 there were only about fifty vessels at Newfoundland—English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was distinguished by a more vigorous aid to this branch of national wealth. A succession of laws was passed for the encouragement of the fisheries, and the capital of the country was largely embarked in the business. In 1577 there were fifty English vessels on the banks, and in 1603 two hundred, employing ten thousand men. Sir Humphrey Gilbert had taken possession of the island in 1583, in the name of her Majesty, and planted a colony there. The sad fate of this heroic man is familiar to all through the touching poem of Longfellow. It was not thought beneath the dignity of the first men of the realm to enrich, or attempt to enrich themselves by these adventures. Raleigh took them under his protection, and Bacon was one of the patentees to plant a colony 'in the southern and eastern parts of Newfoundland, whither the subjects of the realm have been used annually in no small numbers to resort to fish.' The fisheries increased so rapidly, and became so prosperous, that large numbers made the island their permanent home, and began boat fishing from the shore, which so seriously affected the sea-fisheries that in 1670, instead of two hundred as in the beginning of the century, there were only eighty English vessels employed there. The alarm was sounded by the merchants interested in the trade, and the same year a Government force was sent out to drive away British fishermen and destroy British property in a British colony. The destructive measure had the desired effect; in four years after the annihilation of the rival boat fisheries the vessels employed had in-

creased to two hundred and eighty, and the men to nearly 11,000. The destructive wars with France, which marked the eighteenth century, seem to have sometimes repressed and sometimes advanced this interest in the Island of Newfoundland. They resulted at last in driving the French out of the Continent, since which time the boat fishing has gained upon that carried on in vessels, until there are at present but eighty of the latter. The boats now number ten thousand, and produce an annual yield of a million quintals, valued at 600,000*l*. The total annual produce of the fishing interest of the colony is estimated at about 1,000,000*l*.

The fish are caught near the land with lines, and as often as the boat is filled the catch is put ashore, where the 'cut-throats,' the 'headers,' the 'splitters,' the 'dryers,' and the 'salters' pass them through from stage to stage, till they are converted into the identical salted codfish which constitute the Saturday's dinner and the Sunday's breakfast from Hudson's Bay to the Potomac.

The fluctuations of the French fisheries in these waters have been very striking. In the early part of the sixteenth century they had a dozen vessels there from the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. In the beginning of the seventeenth they employed one hundred and fifty vessels in this branch of industry—how large a portion off Newfoundland we are not able to state, but probably a large one. In the middle of the eighteenth century, after the last fearful struggles of the reign of the magnificent Louis, but before the contest under his successor, which lost the Canadas to France, nearly six hundred French vessels, employing 30,000 men were engaged in codfishing. The magnificent fortress of Louisburg was erected at an expense of fifty millions of livres to protect their interest, and control the continent of America and the surrounding seas. It fell into British hands in 1763, and was entirely destroyed. The French have now the right to fish off a certain portion of the coast of Newfoundland, and also within the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and occupy as a rendezvous for their vessels in these rough seas the two desolate islands of St. Pierre and Mi-

guelon, only two leagues in extent, and without wood or fuel. By the help of a large bounty (fifty francs per man on the outfit, and from twelve to twenty francs per metric quintal on the produce) they succeed in maintaining four hundred vessels and twelve thousand men in this business, and produce annually from three to five hundred thousand quintals of fish. From this source, though not a commercial nation, they are assured of an unfailing supply of seamen for the national marine. There is no better school for sailors than those seas. We have crossed them often, and rarely seen them quiet. The mingling of the current of the gulf stream, setting up from the Bay of Mexico, densely charged with caloric, which it retains even until it settles about the British shores, with the ice-charged stream from the north, produces a constant restlessness in the air above and the water below. Even if engaged in the boat-fishing off the coast of Newfoundland, or about the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, the French fishermen must pass through these seas; if engaged upon the Grand Bank, the most extensive submarine elevation in the world, and abounding in shoals of fish, he anchors with his little vessel of one or two hundred tons in deep water in the midst of them, and pursues his occupation in strong boats till the 'fare' is secured, and then takes it to St. Pierre for curing. The interest could not be supported without a large bounty. It requires larger vessels and a greater outlay of money than the rival colonial boat fisheries, and is carried on with the disadvantages of a distant home and uncertain market. It is to be regarded rather as an element in French naval strength than as an item in the national prosperity and wealth.

The Newfoundland and Labrador seal fisheries, one of the most valuable branches of this dangerous industry, were created by the French invasion of the British cod-fishing grounds, and have grown to their present magnitude within a very few years. The vessels employed for this purpose from Newfoundland now number three hundred and forty-one, and the men ten thousand. The annual yield of seal skin is

500,000, valued at 50,000*l.*, and of seal oil over six thousand tons, valued at 170,000*l.* In the early spring, when the ice begins to descend, they leave the Islands in vessels hardly large enough for a Thames yacht, and force themselves into the floating fields as far as they can. They gather in the 'game' (rather than the 'catch') from all sides, stripping off the flesh and the fat, and leaving the coarse meat behind. It is not difficult for one who is familiar with the sea to picture the peril of such an occupation—the floating masses of ice tossing about on the restless ocean, the little craft wedged in among it, and liable at any moment to be crushed—the fearful storms descending from the Arctic—the hurricane dashing the snow over the deck and clothing the rigging with sleet—the tossing waters severing the loose ice and piling it in fragments—and above all, the prevailing northeast gales, driving the whole mass towards the mainland, and threatening instant destruction to all.

The codfisheries also upon the Labrador Coast have become very valuable, and are in the hands of the Newfoundland and United States fishermen. It is estimated 'that about twenty thousand British subjects are at present required during the fishing season, in the catching, curing, and transporting the various products of these remote seas.' The cod fishermen arrive on the coast in the latter part of May and early in June, and, anchoring in some quiet place, where they may ride in safety, they send out their boats with a skipper and a man in each to look up the fish. If, after search none are found, or not enough to make it worth while to stay, they change their anchorage, until they find themselves near good waters. The fishing is carried on by boats, which return to the vessels with their catch, and the cleaning and curing is generally done by a portion of the crew who are taken for that purpose. Frequently British vessels take two 'fares' in a season, in which case the second load is cured at home.

The other cod fisheries are at Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Magdalen Islands, and the Bay of Chalevrs, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the Bay of Fundy, and about

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The descendants of the French Acadians, whose memories are embalmed in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, still clad, according to Mr. Sabine, in the peculiar costume of Normandy, feebly prosecute the fisheries of the Magdalen Islands and of the Bay of Chalevrs in boats. The valuable waters which surround Cape Breton are turned to even less account.

The disputes between the United States and the British Government grow out of alleged aggressions on the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fisheries. Nova Scotia, the Acadia of *Evangeline*, is perhaps the richest fishing ground in the world. It is surrounded with deep bays and harbours, swarmed with every species of the piscatory creation, that come to the very door of the fisherman's hut. He is thus enabled, at little expense, to take cod with boats and lines and mackerel with sieves and nets, under the shore, safe from the reach of the storm and the swell of the Atlantic, and ought with an expenditure of the least possible energy to drive out of the market the foreign competitor, who is obliged to fit out a large vessel, bring it a long distance, and is then not permitted to fish within three miles from the shore. But instead of entering into a manly competition, he enacts a stringent law against poaching and calls upon the home Government to enforce it, which is done in a very prudent manner, while he does little, according to Mr. Haliburton, but 'eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, and lounge at taverns.' The Bank fisheries are nearer to this province than to any other, the cod and mackerel lie on the shore for their exclusive catch, the shad, the salmon, and the herring ascend their rivers, and yet they employ but ten thousand men in the business, and their exports of fish are less than 200,000/ a year. They have most especially advantages for taking the mackerel, which come from the south in large shoals in the latter part of May and early in June, and make into the narrow inlets and the straits of Canso, on their way to the bay of Chalevrs to spawn. The Americans are obliged to catch this fish in the deeper waters with the hook; but

the colonists have the advantage of taking them in the shallow waters off the shore with nets and sieves. 'To secure two, four, six, and even eight hundred barrels at a time, it is only necessary to set a sieve, to tend it, and at the proper moment to draw it to the shore.' They exported in 1851 a hundred thousand barrels of mackerel, or about one-half of the whole catch of the same fish in Massachusetts the year before.

The American mode of catching this fish by line is enthusiastically described by Mr. Sabine:—

The master of the vessel, after reaching some well-known resort of the fish, furls all his sails except the mainsail, brings his vessel low to the wind, ranges his crew at proper intervals along one of her sides, and, without a mackerel in sight, attempts to raise a *school*, *scnol*, or *shoal*, by throwing over bait. If he succeeds to his wishes, a scene ensues which can hardly be described, but which it were worth a trip to the fishing ground to witness. I have heard more than one fisherman say that he had caught more than sixty mackerel in a minute; and when he was told that at that rate he had taken thirty-six hundred in an hour, and that with another person as expert, he would catch a whole fare in a single day, he would reject the figures as proving nothing but a wish to undervalue his skill. Certain it is that some active young men will haul in, and jerk off a fish, and throw out the line for another with a single motion, and repeat the act in so rapid a succession, that their arms seem continually on the swing. To be 'high-line' is an object of earnest desire among the ambitious; and the muscular ease, the precision, and adroitness of movement which such men exhibit in the strife are admirable. . . . Oftentimes the fishing ceases in a moment, and as if put an end to by magic: the fish, according to the fishermen's conceit, panic-stricken by the dreadful havoc among them, suddenly disappear from sight. . . . The approach of night, or the disappearance of the mackerel, closing all labour with the hook and line, the fish, as they are dressed, are thrown into casks of water to rid them of blood. The deck is then cleared and washed; the mainsail is hauled down, and the foresail is hoisted in its stead; a lantern is placed in the rigging; a watch is set to salt the fish, and keep a look-out for the night; and the master and the remainder of the crew at a late hour seek repose. The earliest gleams of light find the anxious master awake, hurrying forward preparations for the

morning's meal, and making other arrangements for a renewal of the previous day's work. But the means which were so successful then fail now, and perhaps for days to come; for the capricious creatures will not take the hook, nor can all the art of the most sagacious and experienced induce them to bite.

A word about the Bay of Fundy, and we have made the tour of the fishing-grounds. The fisheries within this bay are carried on by boats from the shore, and are deemed to be less important than those on the sea-side of the Peninsula. The men engaged in them are poor and thriftless, and are so scantily paid for their dangerous occupation, pursued on a stormy coast, with tides of fearful height and velocity, that they have little temptation or opportunity to become anything better. The shore fisheries of the States and the Colonies here touch each other; but there is, strange to say, little jealousy between the subjects of Her Majesty and the free and enlightened citizens' of the Republic, and the Colonial laws against poaching are consequently administered in the most lenient manner.

The rights of the United States fishermen in these waters are regulated by the Convention of 1818. They received by that instrument the liberty to fish 'on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland; from the said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and also on the coasts, bays, harbours, and creeks from Mount Joly on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast; and the liberty to dry and cure in the unsettled bays on the same Newfoundland and Labrador coasts; and they renounced the liberty 'to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within the above-mentioned limits;' provided their fishermen should be 'admitted to enter such bays or harbours for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages

therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever.' The disputes grow out of this last clause, which John Bull says excludes his dear cousin from all the Nova Scotia bays, according to established principles of public law; while the young gentleman in return claims the right to fish in all bays over six miles from headland to headland at the mouth, and to enter the other for the specific purposes named. But, as we said before, we do not purpose to take this question out of the hands of the negotiators, and deprive them of the glory of settling it.

The inhabitants of New England have been fishermen from the outset. Gosnold went fishing off the Massachusetts's coast in 1602, and in honour of his success gave the name of Cape Cod to the sandy arm which reaches round into the sea, and takes up a part of Massachusetts Bay. The steeple-crowned saints who followed in his footsteps some eighteen years after, had an eye to the same good things in coming to this 'stern and rockbound coast.' A ten years' residence among the herring-catchers in Holland had taught them the value of such matters, and they showed a commendable determination in taking hold of them and turning them to a good purpose, which their descendants have since been constantly striving to imitate.

In 1625 they had established a settlement at Gloucester, on the opposite promontory of the bay; and at the close of the seventeenth century the products of the colony of Massachusetts Bay amounted to 80,000*l*. They were undoubtedly injured by the witch mania which ran through that part of New England, to the terror of old women, honest men, and people whose measure of sanctity and reverence for the ecclesiastical rulers was in doubt; but the exports had advanced by the middle of the eighteenth century to 150,000*l*., notwithstanding the wars for the possession of Canada and the fishing grounds. So large had the interest become, that New England was able to furnish seven thousand sailors for the expedition against Louisburg. Since the peace of 1815

it has not advanced in proportion to the increase in the wealth and power of the country. American statesmen attribute the want of vitality to the superior advantages which the colonial fishermen enjoy in the exclusive use of their shore fisheries, to the stringent enforcement of the provincial laws, and to the want of sufficient protection to these interests in the United States. But we are inclined to think that the real cause of the decline is to be found in the impulse given to other and more lucrative branches of navigation and commerce in the United States, which draws away capital and men from the fisheries; and to the improved condition of the labouring classes, which allows them better food than cured fish.

It is impossible to conceive anything less inciting than the Massachusetts shore all the way round from Plymouth to Cape Cod. In some places there is scarcely a blade of grass to relieve the desolate appearance of the sand, and where the soil is firm enough to give it life, it is not deep enough to give it much strength. We have been told that the gardens, such as they are, in the extreme towns, are supplied with earth from Boston, brought down as ballast in the little craft which ply across the bay, and in the fishing smacks which land their cargo there, and then come home to winter. The island of Nantucket has even less claim to be called land. Without rocks, or rivers, or trees, or hills, and scarcely with grass, it just lifts its sandy surface above the level of the ocean, protected by a belt of breakers from the swell of the Atlantic, but by nothing from the storms that lash it into fury. As on the Western Irish, and the Eastern coast, so on Nantucket and Cape Cod everybody lives by the sea; and of course sometimes an unexpected hurricane brings mourning and desolation into every house. They have not much of this world's wealth, (or rather the Cape Cod people have not, for the islanders are rich from the whale fisheries,) but, on the other hand, they are not poor. In the winter, the young men and damsels go to the public schools, and the fathers look after their matters about home,

get the vessel, lines, and dets in trim for the next year's work, read the local newspapers (and possibly a weekly journal from Boston), to 'post themselves up' as to what is going on in the outer world, of which this is the only time they get a glimpse. Some one, the staidest and most respectable, is selected for the 'General Court' in Boston: that is, for the Legislature of the State. Care is taken, however, to pick out a person who has not too recently enjoyed the lucrative salary of two dollars a day belonging to the office. He goes to Boston, finds lodgings in some cheap part of the town, votes knowingly on all questions relating to the inspection of fish, and leaves the rest of the legislation to take care of itself. Meanwhile, his neighbours have been getting ready for taking the spring fires, and in May or early in June they set sail for the Grand Bank or for Labrador, or the Bay of Fundy, or Nova Scotia. Their mode of fishing resembles substantially that of the French, which we have undertaken to describe; and if they are successful, they return home in the autumn, having suffered much and passed through many dangers, and with a reward quite inadequate to the difficulties and perils.

The American cod is not as good a fish as the one sold at Billingsgate. It is coarser, less firm, and not as well flavoured. The salmon is much the same as the English and Scotch. The turbot does not exist in those waters. Mr. Higginson, the first 'Minister' of Salem, published a pamphlet in 1630, giving an account of the colony, in which he says, among other things, that there were plenty of turbot, and some still earlier writers speak of having seen large soles in those waters. But we have never seen an American who had eaten the fish there. Captain Mackinnon, who knows America very well, asserts that the turbot is to be found (off the southern coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island, we think, but are not positive). American lovers of good living, however, assure us that the Captain must be mistaken, and lament, with all the Yankee 'go-ahead' spirit, they have never yet been able to

'got up' turbot and soles. They fall back on their Shrewsbury oysters, which they assert to be more delicious than anything in Europe, and try to content themselves with them in the absence of the daily luxuries of an Englishman's table.

Mr. Sabine's quaint sketch of the fisherman shall close our remarks on this subject:—

His rank is humble, but sometimes he inscribes his name on the page of history. Beukels, who invented the process of preserving the fish of Holland in pickle, and who, according to the sneer, caused the 'Dutchmen's' bodies to be built of pickled herrings, was a benefactor to his race; and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, accompanied by his sister Margaret, of Hungary, visited his grave, and ordered a magnificent monument to be erected to his memory.

Massaniello, the young fisherman of Naples, led his countrymen in their revolt against the Spanish rule, and rose to supreme power more rapidly than mortal had ever done before him; but, shot down at last without trial, and like a dog, was dragged by the rabble, set on by the nobles, through the ditches of the city. In American annals, Phipps and Pepperell rose to the highest rank to which colonial subjects ever attained, and were envied and traduced in consequence of the honours bestowed upon them. In our own day, a Spanish fisherman, of the name of Jep-del-Estango, joined the party of Don Carlos as a simple volunteer; but, promoted step by step, was finally appointed to the command of an army of eighty thousand men. So, too, the Count de Morello, whose father was of the same humble occupation, and who himself commenced life as a pauper-student, became, by the force of his talents and the circumstances of a civil war, the second general in the Carlist army.

The fisherman is a privileged man. In the colonization of Massachusetts, when every arm and every purse were needed for the public defence, he was relieved from the performance of military duty and the payment of taxes. In the time of William of Orange, when the avenue to the palace of Holland was supported by a toll of every passenger, he was excused and exempted. In war, and in the midst of hostile fleets, he has been allowed to pursue his avocation unharmed.

He is a grateful man. In the War of the Revolution he was the prisoner of

Nelson, on the coast of Massachusetts. Released by the young hero, whose crew were sick and dying of the scurvy, he conveyed refreshments on board of the royal ship at the peril of his own life.

He is a patriotic man. His services, as a countryman of ours, and in the navies of England and France, have been related. In the recent struggle for liberty in Greece, he fled from the continent to the isles, where he was foremost in resisting the oppressors of his country. True to the end of the contest, he gave his boats and vessels freely, and without recompence, to be converted into war and fire-ships.

He relieves distress. Mungo Park, during his travels in Africa, passed through many fishing villages, and was kindly treated. At one the chief magistrate was rude and surly. Park was worn and weary. A fisherman kindly relieved him from the difficulties which surrounded him, by transporting him to a distance from the inhospitable ruler, in a canoe.

His wife may not be fitted to adorn the higher walks of life; but she is a woman in her affections and sympathies, for all that. It was a 'fish-woman' who carried Chateaubriand to a hut, who waited upon his wants, and to whom he owed his life, when sick, destitute, and about to perish. So, when Gifford, the critic, whose unsparing severity will not soon be forgotten or forgiven, was forlorn and in rags, and in his misery had ceased to hope, almost to wish, for a change, the pity of fishermen's wives, and their continual rehearsal of the story of his sufferings to others, caused his removal from a vessel to a school, and thus laid the foundation of his subsequent fame as a scholar. And who has not been touched at reading of the custom of the fish wives of Venice, who, repairing to the shores of the Adriatic sea, as evening approaches, chant a melody, and listen until they hear an answer from their husbands, who are guided by the sounds to their own village?

Last of all, and more than all, the fisherman is loyal to duty. 'Jesus of Nazareth reigned in the fishing-boat from which he taught.' The faithless one who betrayed him was not among the disciples who had cast their nets in the sea of Galilee: he who took the thirty pieces of silver was neither Andrew, the first chosen one, nor Peter his brother, nor Thomas, nor James, nor that disciple who, ever present with his beloved master, has come down to us as the one whom Jesus loved.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.*

BUT a short time ago it might have been thought that nothing could surprise the present age. Wonders, discoveries, revolutions of all sorts, had thronged so thick upon it, that it was fast falling into the most fashionable apathy, blasé with its own work, sceptical almost of its own existence, turning with vitiated appetite to every imposture which promised it an hour's enjoyment of mystery. Science was materializing the world; and the *souls* of men, yielding reluctantly to her dominion, rejoiced in any delusion which, were it but for a moment, reminded them of their spiritual life. No thaumaturgist was too fantastic for popular credulity, even while *Incredulus odi* trembled from every tongue. When suddenly from the far east, from the quarter whence least it could be expected, from that strange empire which had so long treated the rest of the earth as barbarian, came news of wondrous change—of change both political and religious, and in either respect of surpassing interest—tidings at which England started from table-turning and spirit-rapping; and almost halted in her material triumphs, to remember that she still possessed a conscience and a faith. China, we were told, was in open revolt against her Tartar usurpers; the insurgents were everywhere victorious; and their leaders were Christians.

Later intelligence has considerably modified these first advices, but it has also confirmed them in some important particulars, and has not diminished their interest. Nankin, according to the last accounts, had for some time been in the hands of the rebels, and more recently they had taken Amoy, one of the ports opened to commerce by our arms. But the reports of the religious character of the insurrection have assumed a more questionable shape, and the personality and position of its chiefs have become more obscure. The difficulty of forming a judgment is increased by the habitual mendacity of the Chinese in public af-

fairs. The moral precepts of Confucius in this respect are neglected alike by imperialist and rebel, and the only trustworthy evidence is that of accomplished facts. Now, though under these circumstances it is clearly premature to dogmatize on the subject, and impossible to predicate results, the great interest attending the struggle may make a brief sketch of its rise and progress, derived chiefly from the work named in our note, not unwelcome to many of our readers.

M. Callery, as Mr. Oxenford informs us in his preface, was once a missionary, and afterwards interpreter to the French embassy in China. He is also the author of several works on the study of the Chinese language. His coadjutor, Dr. Yvan, physician to the same embassy, has written a book of travels. Both gentlemen, therefore, may be considered well qualified for the task they undertook. But it is impossible for a Frenchman to cast his skin, and we have been rather diverted at the decidedly French *tournaire* which occasionally marks their narrative. This is lively and picturesque, and loses none of its spirit in Mr. Oxenford's translation. The latter gentleman has also added a supplementary chapter, in which he gives certain corrections afforded by recent information to the statements of the original authors. Plunging at once into our story, we shall begin with a quotation.

On the 26th of February, 1850, at seven o'clock in the morning, the entrances to the imperial palace of Peking were obstructed by a dense throng of mandarins of the inferior orders, and servants in white dresses and yellow girdles, who spoke in a whisper, and wore an aspect of official grief on their countenances. In the midst of this ocean of subalterns were stationed sixteen persons, each accompanied by a groom, who held a horse saddled and bridled. These sixteen persons wore the satin cap tied under the chin and surmounted by a white ball; also a girdle hung with bells; a tube of a yellow colour was slung diagonally over their

* *History of the Insurrection in China; with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents.* By MM. Callery and Yvan. Translated from the French, with a Supplementary Chapter, by John Oxenford. London: Smith and Elder. 1853.

shoulders, and they held in their hand a long whip. One of the high dignitaries came out from the palace, and with his own hands gave each of these men a folded document, sealed with the red seal of the Emperor. The sixteen, after bowing to receive it, swung round the tube, which, with the exception of its yellow colour, perfectly resembled the tin cylinders in which soldiers, released from service, enclose their *congé*. In this they respectfully placed the official despatch; after which they mounted on horseback, while the grooms secured them on their saddles with thongs that passed over their thighs. When they were firmly fixed, the crowd gave way, and the horses set off at full speed. These sixteen horsemen, who are called *Pai-ma*, or 'flying couriers,' had each of them to perform in twenty four hours a journey of six hundred *li*, or sixty leagues French. Their office was to carry the following despatch to the Governor-general of the sixteen provinces of the Celestial Empire:—

'The Board of Rites gives notice in great haste to the Governor-general, that on the fourteenth of the first moon, the Supreme Emperor, mounted on a dragon, departed to the ethereal regions. At the hour *mao* in the morning, his Celestial Majesty transmitted the imperial dignity to his fourth son, *Se-go-ko*, and in the evening, at the hour *kai*, he set off for the abode of the gods.'

In short, the Emperor, Tao-kouang, was dead, and was to be succeeded by his fourth son, who thereupon took the name of *Hiên-foung*, signifying 'Complete Abundance.' The change produced a more than usual crisis in Chinese politics. Tao-kouang, 'Brilliant Reason,' had been a monarch of energy and prudence, exhibiting upon the throne the same firmness and bravery with which in early life he suppressed an incipient rebellion against his father, *Kia-king*. A conservative at first, faithful to the old traditions of the kingdom, swelling with contempt for the outer barbarians, he had at length learnt wisdom in the opium war, and had for some years entrusted the government to mandarins of what we should call reforming tenets. An instance of his progressive spirit is given by an imperial edict, substituting percussion guns for the old arquebus, which was fired with a match. The accession of his son arrested this new civilization. The old ministers were ignominiously degraded, and their

places supplied from among the most fanatical enemies of Europeans and European customs.

Strange rumours were already current among the people. Reports ran that the 48th year of the present cycle, which began in 1851, would witness the restoration of the dynasty of Ming, the last native royal house of China, overthrown by the Tartars in 1644. A sage who had lived under the latest of those monarchs was said to have preserved the imperial standard; the champion who should raise it would ascend the ancestral throne; and already this new Labarum was rumoured to be unfurled. Some fond folk might even look for the reappearance of that last sovereign in his own person, as the Britons expected the re-coming of their mythic Arthur, and as the Portuguese still await the avatar of Don Sebastian. A ferment seized the public mind. Under the direction of the 'men of letters,' a profession in China, clubs were formed; public meetings held in many places; and the instability of the Tartar dynasty became a common topic of discussion.

Secret societies, it is well known, have long existed in China, and have always excited the terror, and called forth the rigour, of its foreign despots. The sect of the White Water-Lily, whose badge was the lotus, that universal symbol of reproduction in the East, had been dissolved in 1803 by a vigorous proscription; but its scattered branches soon took fresh root, uniting into the more formidable Triad Society, which assumed for its new device the trinity of Confucius—Heaven-Earth-Man, and extended its ramifications to the farthest bounds of the vast empire. Externally this association bore no slight resemblance to Freemasonry. Its management is vested in three persons, who are denominated *Ko*, elder brethren. Initiation takes place at night. The oath of secrecy is administered before an idol, to approach which the neophyte passes under a bridge formed of swords; and at the time of swearing the head of a cock is cut off to intimate, 'Thus perish all who divulge the secret.' Members make themselves known to each other either by mystical numbers, of which the chief is three;

or by signs, as for instance by raising a tea-cup in a particular way with three fingers. To pretend that the objects of the society are known would be to belie its quality of secrecy. The ostensible aim is benevolence, as expressed in a distich motto :—

The blessings mutually share,
The woe reciprocally bear.

But its power appears to have been perverted to securing immunity for crime, and, included by Sir John Davis in the perversion, to acquiring political influence by the expulsion of the Tartar dynasty. To us it seems probable that the latter was always one of the chief objects of

Vast was the central nation—flourishing the heavenly dynasty,
A thousand regions sent tribute—ten thousand nations did homage,
But the Tartars obtained it by fraud, and this grudge can now be assuaged.
Enlist soldiers, procure horses—display aloft the flowery standard ;
Raise troops and seize weapons—let us exterminate the Manchou race.

But beside the rumoured prodigies and the secret societies, another cause now favoured the outbreak of revolt. During the opium war the Government had excited to the utmost the popular hatred of foreigners. It had encouraged public meetings, and hired orators to stimulate their zeal. It had sanctioned patriotic clubs, and armed corps of volunteers. All these engines now recoiled upon their authors. The Government agitators were succeeded by others, who took advantage of the public appetite for excitement to turn opinion against the corruptions of the imperial court, and to preach the expulsion of the Manchous. The terrified courtiers would have silenced them, but hesitated and were lost.

A yet further aid to the insurrection is mentioned by our authors. The 'men of letters' at Canton, easy and indolent, had hitherto neglected or despised the learning of the West. Our triumph in the opium war awakened their dormant curiosity. They sought the acquaintance of the Protestant missionaries. Gutzlaff, first interpreter to the English governor, and whom the French authors represent to be of Chinese extraction, although born in Pomerania, founded his Christian Union. A certain number of the disciples of Confucius learnt and adopted the creed of Martin Luther, and armed

the association, and that it was very possibly coupled with a desire to rescue the ancient (Chinese) orthodoxy of Confucius from the mystic idolatry of Buddhism, and the superstitious rationalism of the followers of Laou-tse. These two aims are naturally accordant, and the latter especially might be favourable to the admission of Christianity. Meanwhile the presence of the unseen force was occasionally felt. In October, 1828, a paper, of which the following is an exact translation, was found in a burying-ground at Macao, and shown to the mandarin of the district, who, fearing punishment for its mere discovery, implored that it might be kept secret.

with that faith re-entered the consultations of the Triad.

A profitable mystery enveloped the leader of the revolt. Tièn-té, its first reputed chieftain, was described as a young man of three-and-twenty. His name is translated by our authors 'Celestial-Virtue,' but we perceive that it might also mean 'Heaven-and-Earth,' and would so bear a seeming reference to the tenets of Confucius. In stature tall, of mild but determined countenance, he was reserved and taciturn in demeanour, exposing himself rarely to public view, and never to the hazard of the battle-field. It would appear that he desired to acquire a certain sacred character, an inviolability of holiness. And it was a good device towards this end that he assumed to be guided solely by one intimate adviser, whose history was unknown. This mysterious councillor attended him wherever he went, but no one of his train knew who or what he was—whether his father, his master, or simply his confidential friend.

The birthplace of the insurrection was equally advantageous. The province of Kouang-si, lying to the north-west of Canton, is a wild and mountainous region, full of jagged peaks of fantastic shape, bare of all vegetation. The strange landscapes seen on Chinese screens and vases are said to be derived from these in-

hospitable hills. The jutting rocks assume the forms of gigantic animals; the chasms worn by mountain torrents are crossed by frail and frightful bridges; the whole scene appears the capricious handiwork of some genie of eastern fable. Poverty often accompanies beauty in nature as in life, and the Kouang-si is miserably poor. An army of disaffected partisans might be easily raised among its barren hills, while its defiles and ravines afforded so many fortresses in case of a defeat. A miracle marked the first raising of the standard. The chiefs desired to celebrate the day by erecting a monument. In digging for its foundation the workmen came upon a stratum of singular and very heavy pebbles. These proved to be lumps of argenteriferous lead of surprising richness. And by their means the young Pretender at once paid his soldiers their hire, and attached them to his enterprise by faith.

But more than this, the wild province was the abode of as wild a race. The Miao-tze are natives of a mountain chain which rises in the far north of the neighbouring Kouang-Toung, and stretches away to the centre of the empire. They dwell in secluded spots, in communities never exceeding 2000 souls, entirely apart from the rest of men. Their houses are raised aloft on poles, in the manner of the Malays, and their domestic animals share their roof. Brave, proof to fatigue, and reckless of danger, they have never succumbed to the Tartar usurpers. They preserve the ancient national costume, wear their hair long, and repudiate all the customs of their neighbours. Chinese geographers leave their country a blank in their maps, and Chinese superstition invests the Miao-tze with fictitious terrors. By many they are believed to have tails like apes, and to resort to various barbarities for steeling their children against fatigue, and imbuing them with ferocity. They are the ogres of Chinese nurseries. Descending armed into the plains, they have not seldom carried ruin and desolation on their way, and have also shown no little address in beguiling their enemies. Thus, in 1832, one of their war parties bound torches to the horns of a herd

of goats, and sent the poor animals scampering by night down a long defile to become the mark of the Chinese gunners, while they themselves, rushing down another, took the enemy unexpectedly in the rear, and completely annihilated them. During the present contest the imperial troops on one occasion attempted to imitate this stratagem, substituting buffaloes for goats; but they so completely mismanaged the manœuvre, that the lights employed betrayed their own position, and simply served to direct the aim of their enemies.

It was, then, in the neighbourhood of this warlike race that the insurgents first set up their flag in the early part of 1850. Town after town fell rapidly into their hands. Their tactics consisted in feigning flight, and thereby drawing their enemies into an ambuscade, where they slaughtered them without mercy. The alarm spread far and wide. Siu, the viceroy of the province, betook himself to Peking for advice. The advance of the rebels became bolder in his absence. The Emperor summoned old Lin, the celebrated commissioner of the opium war, to check their progress. They encountered the appointment with this remarkable proclamation:—

The Manchous, who, for two centuries, have been the hereditary occupants of the throne of China, were originally members of a small foreign tribe. With the aid of a powerful army, they took possession of our treasure, our lands, and the government of our country, proving that superior strength is all that is required for the usurpation of an empire. There is, therefore, no difference between us, who levy contributions on the villages we have taken, and the officials sent from Peking to collect the taxes. Taking and keeping are both fair alike. Why then, without any motive, are troops marched against us? This appears to us very unjust. How! Have the Manchous, who are foreigners, a right to collect the revenues of eighteen provinces, and to appoint the officers who oppress the people: while we, who are Chinese, are forbidden to take a little money from the public stock? Universal sovereignty does not belong to any individual to the exclusion of all the rest, and no one ever saw a dynasty which could count a hundred generations of Emperors. Possession—and possession only, gives a right to govern.

The austere precision of this document is worthy of Tacitus. The frank assertion of parity between the rebel and the usurper, the attribution of title to possession alone, coupled with the protest against prescription—taking and keeping are both alike—show a clearness both of sight and aim, which may well carry their owner to his mark. This proclamation was the last act of the insurgents in 1850. The opening of the new year was signalized by a still bolder step. The long tail hanging from the crown, inseparable in our fancy from the idea of a Chinaman, is in fact a badge of servitude, imposed by the Mantchou conquerors. The same force had compelled the adoption of the Tartar tunic in place of the open-breasted jacket worn under the Mings. To cut off the tail was to commit high treason, to throw away the scabbard. But to this extreme the rebels now resorted, and not without sound policy, for the tailless were irretrievably committed to the cause, and better than be captured might perish in the field.

The proceedings of the imperialists were little calculated to gain the sympathy of the people. Was a town taken by the insurgents, abandoned, and then re-occupied by the 'Tigers,' as the Tartar soldiers are called, the exactions of the latter were generally greater than those of the former. Vainly might the distant court degrade governor after governor for bad fortune. Vainly might it give a command to the ferocious Tchang-tien-tsio, the lip-slitter of opium eaters. Nothing checked the progress of the rebels. Soon it was known that their chief openly pretended to the throne of the Mings; he was dressed in the imperial yellow; his portraits were distributed among the people, arrayed in the ancient costume; but he himself was still veiled in an atmosphere of mystery; rumours began to circulate that he was really a descendant of the Mings; and it was added that his course was everywhere marked by the overthrow of pagodas and idols, and that he was in fact a Christian.

Siu, the old governor of the Kouang-Si, was at this time at Canton, raising supplies for the imperial

forces. Among his other measures directed against the rebels, one was eminently Chinese. He ordered that no candidate from the insurgent districts should be admitted to the literary examinations, thus punishing the people in the persons of their most intelligent men. Nor was this a light punishment. Literature, we have already remarked, is a profession in China. It is always open to the humblest of her sons, and it may conduct an aspirant, much more certainly than in our own country, to the very highest dignities of the State. Success in examinations of continually increasing severity tests the qualifications of the candidates. The ordinance published by Siu closed this avenue to preferment to all concerned in the insurrection. Still literature turned against him. An insulting placard stared him in the face when on the point of quitting the city to march against the rebels. He was smarting under the affront, huddled up in a corner of his palanquin, when he reached the street. 'Kind-Affection,' the Fauxbourg St. Germain of Canton, and suddenly ordered the porters to stop.

They were before the house of one of those poor artists who make large images of household gods, and paint family pictures. This man had displayed against the outer walls of his residence some of his most remarkable works, and, strange to say, in the midst of smiling deities, offended genii, and pictures of footless women, who seemed to fly about like birds in the fluttering folds of their light raiment, appeared the figure of a decapitated mandarin: the dignity of the person being indicated by the characters on his breast-piece. The body was on its knees, and the head, separated from the trunk, was lying near a felt cap, decorated with the ball of honour. It was this horrible painting which had called forth the wrath of the viceroy.

'Let the author of this painting be brought before me,' he exclaimed.

At these words a poor miserable painter came out of his shop, trembling, and fell on his knees before Siu's chair.

'Why did you set up this figure in my path?' cried the mandarin, in an angry voice.

'Only to dry it, my lord,' replied the artist.

'Was it not rather to put an evil omen in my path?' asked the Viceroy, enraged.

'How could I, your excellency's

humble slave, be guilty of such a crime?' cried the painter, with his face in the dust.

'Why, then, did you paint this abominable picture?'

'Alas! my lord, because it was ordered. I gain my living by my work.'

'Good! To teach you not to get your living by daubing horrible subjects of this sort, you shall have twenty strokes of the bamboo,' said the Viceroy, turning towards the officers of his suite.

The porters again set themselves in motion, while the poor painter was seized and taken to the city gaol, where the Viceroy's sentence was executed. It was with these two events fresh in his mind that our mandarin set off for the war.

We cannot follow him through his campaign, which was as unsuccessful as usual, although in support of his arms he resorted to the insidious aid of bribery. In the month of July an attempt was made, at Peking, to stab the Emperor, as he was walking in the superb gardens of his palace. A chamberlain caught the arm of the assassin, and saved the life of the 'Son of Heaven.' Eighteen mandarins, with every member of their families, lost their heads to expiate the crime. The rebels regarded it as a favourable omen, and proceeded to assume another imperial prerogative, by an issue of coin stamped with the name of the Pretender. Success still waited on their arms. They had not, indeed, yet taken Kouei-Lin, the capital of the province, but many cities of note, and an immense amount of booty, had fallen into their hands. Occasionally they committed frightful massacres, but more generally contented themselves with executing or mutilating officers who refused to acknowledge their leader, Tièn-té, while they uniformly spared the people. Not so the imperial troops, whose cowardice before the enemy and cruelty to the populace occasioned the latter to exclaim, 'You are mice to the rebels and tigers to us.' Meantime the emperor, having recovered from his late shock, busied himself in writing a poem in celebration of a Tartar general who, in the mendacious gazette of Peking, had been represented as victorious.

In the course of 1851, more than 700 executions took place at Canton.

Every day some unhappy wretch, shut up in a bamboo cage, or shackled like a wild beast, was brought from the insurgent districts, to lose his head in the dismal street known to Europeans as the 'Potter's Field,' but to the Chinese as the 'Quay of the Thousand Characters.' An eye-witness describes the slaughter of one gang of fifty-three:—

In a short time the roll of the tam-tam announced to us the arrival of the whole procession. Mandarin of every degree, with the red, white, blue, or yellow ball, riding on horseback, or carried in palanquins, and followed by an escort of musicians, shirri, and standard-bearers, alighted at a short distance from the place of execution. Contrary to their ceremonious habits, they arranged themselves in the dismal enclosure.

Then arrived the criminals. They were fifty-three in number, each shut up in a basket, with his hands tied behind his back, his legs chained, and a board inscribed with his sentence hanging from his neck.

* * * * *

Many of these unfortunate persons were very young: some were not sixteen years of age; while others had gray hair. Scarcely were they thrown on the ground pell mell, when they were compelled to kneel; but the greater part of them were so debilitated from suffering, that they could not keep in this position, and rolled in the mud. An executioner's assistant then picked them up, and arranged them all in a row; while three executioners placed themselves behind them and waited the fatal moment. You doubtless recollect those horrible figures whom we have often seen together in the *cortège* of the criminal judge of Canton—those figures dressed in a red blouse, and wearing a copper crown, adorned above the ears with two long pheasant's feathers. Well! these were the executioners who now waited the signal with a rude and heavy cutlass in their hands. These enormous weapons are about two feet long, and the back of the blade is two inches thick: altogether it is a cumbersome instrument, shaped like a Chinese razor, with a rude handle of wood.

A mandarin who closed the *cortège* then entered the enclosure. He was adorned with the white ball, and held in his hand a board, inscribed with the order for execution. As soon as this man appeared the frightful work began. The executioner's assistants, each clothed in a long black robe, and wearing a sort

of head-dress of iron wicker-work, seized the criminals behind, and passing their arms under the shoulders of their victims, gave them a swinging movement, which made them stretch out their necks. The executioner, who was now in front, holding his sword in both hands, threw all his strength into the weapon, and divided the cervical vertebrae with incredible rapidity, severing the head from the body at a single blow. The executioner never had to strike twice; for even if the flesh was not completely cut through, the weight was sufficient to tear it, and the head rolled on the ground. An assistant then levelled the victim with a kick, for the corpse would otherwise have remained in a kneeling position. After three or four decapitations, the executioner changed his weapon; the edge of the blade seeming completely turned. The execution of these fifty-three wretches only lasted some minutes.

These severities wholly failed in arresting the progress of the insurrection. Before the end of 1852, the islands of Hai-Nan and Formosa, important as nurseries of soldiers, were completely revolutionised, and the insurgents had possessed themselves of several important towns in the central provinces of the empire. But a new characteristic was now becoming apparent, both in the proclamations of the chief, Tièn-té, and in the outbreaks of the revolt. At first, the rebels had marched from post to post, abandoning each as soon as it was conquered, pushing continually straight forward for the capital, and holding themselves out as commanded by one man. But now they begin to retain a longer hold of their new possessions; separate revolts are directed by independent chiefs, of whom the most remarkable is Tai-ping-wang, 'King-grand-pacifier;' and the rebel proclamations point to the establishment of a federal empire as the great aim of the insurrection. Such a constitution, we may observe, would partly accord with ancient precedent, China having been governed on a sort of feudal system, not unlike the clanship of the Highlands, until about the Christian era, when it fell under the strong hand of a Chinese Louis XI. The authors of the present revolt appear to have foreseen that so vast a territory could never be formed into a single

sovereignty by revolution, and to have promeditated as the result of success its division into separate royalties, owing more or less allegiance to a central head. They thus tempted the ambition of independent adventurers, and postponed all internal jealousies, at least until after the prize should have been won. And in the secret societies which we have already described, the machinery of organization was ready to their hand.

The rebel chieftains sometimes attest their fidelity by ceremonies, of which we can hardly say whether they are more revolting or grotesque. Thus, two of them preparing for the conquest of Formosa,

Made between them the oath of blood --that is to say, they swore to live and die together, fighting for the same cause; and for this purpose, putting off the Tartar dress, and putting on the austere costume of the time of the Mings, they went to a desert place on the sea shore, where, in the presence of some friends, the elder of the two opened a vein in the hand of the younger, and received in a cup the blood which flowed from the wound. He then handed over the sharp instrument to his friend, who performed a similar service in return. After this operation the blood of the two friends was mixed with a small quantity of water, and the whole was poured into one of those metal cups which are used at marriage ceremonies. Houg and Ki then drank the sanguinary mixture alternately till the last drop was gone. From this moment the blood was supposed to flow in their veins, and they were bound by a tie which they could not break without infamy.

While the conquests of the rebels were thus extending over the empire, we obtain a singular glimpse of their mythic leader. Tièn-té had established himself on a mountain not far from Kouéi-Lin, and Siu, the governor, took advantage of his proximity to send him an embassy to treat for peace. Our authors present us with a translation of the ambassadors' report of their interview. They were received by a dozen officers dressed in the fashion of the Mings, ushered through a number of gates, and before entering the presence of the Pretender were compelled themselves to adopt the ancient costume. It is not said, however, that they lost their tails.

Tièn-té received them courteously, and listened attentively to their arguments, but answered haughtily, that they entirely misunderstood him. Could a prince submit to his own subjects? He was the eleventh descendant of the Emperor Tsoung-tching, of the great dynasty of the Mings, and rightfully levied troops to recover the possessions of his ancestors. 'Masters,' he concluded, 'you are still subjects of the Chinese empire, and you perfectly understand the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. Can you have entirely forgotten your lawful prince, and remain contentedly the subjects of foreigners?' Plainly it was hopeless to treat with a spirit like this. Siu hit upon a notable and thoroughly Chinese expedient to exhibit his zeal to the Emperor. He sent an obscure captive to Peking, to personate the rebel leader, and to feign a confession. In this curious document, published in the *Peking Gazette*, Tièn-té is made to ascribe his first revolt to resentment at being 'plucked' at the literary examinations, a misfortune which he also attributes to some of his associates. The confession then alludes to the religious notions of the insurgents, and appears to claim the alliance of the Christian Union, under the name of the 'Society of the Chang-ti' (Protestants). Mr. Oxford seems to think this paper more authentic than the French authors consider it, both on the internal evidence it affords, and because Tièn-té is alleged to have actually disappeared about this time. But we would observe that the evidence in question was matter of notoriety, and that the personality of Tièn-té seems to have been always very questionable.

The 'Son of Heaven' was now beginning to feel serious alarm. The rebels, under the command of Tai-ping-wang, who here assumes a prominent place among their leaders, had advanced to the Yang-tse-Kiang, the great river that waters Nankin, and were rapidly subduing the cities along its banks. The Viceroy of the province of Kouéi-Tcheou, towards the south-west, reported that his country was filled with armed rebels. The same *Peking Gazette* which contained this news stated also that a mandarin of

Chan-Toung, in the north-east, the birth-place of Confucius, had been slain by insurgents. The symptoms of insurrection were terribly strong in all directions. In the midst of these disasters, the imperial treasury was exhausted, and the finance minister came waiting to his master over the roguery of the tax-gatherers. For the 'Son of Heaven' is the best robbed man in his dominions,—robbed by his own officials, robbed by his generals, robbed by his mandarins of every rank and colour. In the present crisis he sought money by a miserable sale of titles and dignities, as if a country was ever saved by prostituting its honours.

Still the rebels held their triumphant way down the mighty Yang-tse-kiang. The triple city which stands at its confluence with the Han, with its 5000 richly freighted junks, its multitude of pagodas, its myriad of wealthy merchants, its enormous population, this great city fell almost without a blow. 'The troubles of the South,' wrote the afflicted emperor in announcing the calamity, 'deprive us of sleep at night, and of all desire to eat.' The same decree which contained these lamentable words, deprived Siu of all his dignities, and the wretched general, unable to survive this second disgrace, was reported to have put an end to his life by poison. A ball of gold leaf, say the Chinese physiologists, being taken into the stomach, unfolds there of itself, and coats the whole interior with a film of the precious metal, causing death within a few hours. Such is the fashionable suicide of melancholy mandarins, and such was now said to be the termination of poor Siu's career. He lived, however, as we find afterwards, to die by the sword of the executioner.

Meantime levies of troops were ordered, for the purpose of being concentrated at Nankin, now visibly threatened by the rebels. But few volunteers or regulars responded to the call. At Chang-Hai (Shang-hae) for instance, out of a population of 100,000, only 200 mustered in the cause. A more signal mark could hardly be found of the decadence of the empire. At length the 'Son of Heaven,' in the extremity of his dis-

tress, determined on appealing to the magnanimity of the barbarians. Ou, the provincial governor, despatched a circular for the consuls of all Christian states, imploring that the war-steamers of each honourable nation might advance to the protection of Nankin. Honourable nation now, and no longer outer barbarian. We know by this time that the request was not granted, and that the foreign consuls preserved a strict neutrality. The date of this application was March 16, in the present year.

The king-grand-pacificator and his four brother chiefs, the kings of the North, South, East, and West, being now marching on Nankin, our authors pause to describe the organization of their army. Here again we find it stated that there are Protestants among their councillors. Another proclamation stirs the people to revolt; tracts are distributed in great numbers; patriotic hymns, of a semi-religious character, are very popular in the camp; and the Tri-metrical Classic, a confession of faith, of which more hereafter, is everywhere widely circulated. And thus, passing triumphantly from town to town, with a formidable fleet and an army estimated at 50,000 men, the five kings arrived before Nankin.

Nankin, say our French authors, is the Paris of China, *par excellence* the city of pleasure and learning, or only rivalled by Sou-Teheou-Fou on the great canal; and they linger fondly over its luxurious magnificence. We quote a description of two of its fair ladies.

At Canton, the mandarin Pan-sotchen had two doves of Nankin in his haron. They were about seventeen years of age, of slight and graceful figures, like that of a young girl of thirteen: their features were childishly delicate, and they resembled those dolls which the artists of our *journaux de modes* give as specimens of French ladies. Their long, black, silken eyelashes, which seemed drawn towards the temples, almost concealed their small sparkling black eyes, while their narrow mouth was like a line drawn with carmine. One had her feet compressed, the other wore hers in their natural state; and beautiful they were: with such feet as those one ought to walk without shoes, or put on slippers of glass! These young girls wore round

their heads a narrow band of black satin, adorned with pearls, garnets, and emeralds. They were crowned with flowers of lan-hoa, which emitted a most penetrating odour; and their hair, which was completely surrounded with this fragrant garland, terminated in a top-knot. Their faces were as white as milk: in China ladies paint *white*, and these were so completely white-washed that they positively resembled the fantastic figures which cover those screens and fans in which appear a swarm of young flying girls—the voluptuous visions of the artists of the Kingdom of Flowers. The girls had been very carefully educated. They made verses, which they sang, and accompanied themselves on the *kin*, a sort of primitive lyre with eight silken strings, which vibrate softly on a long sounding board of ebony inlaid with ivory. This is the piano of the Celestial Empire; a modest instrument, differing widely from that noisy machine which is often so overpowering in our saloons at the touch of the most delicate fingers.

The ‘Son of Heaven,’ in his sore distress, now resorted to an expedient which, if it could not redeem his fortunes, might at least procure him some domestic consolation. He married, and raised the new empress to a share of his throne. To us there is something unusually strange in the mode of announcing his intention to the people. Its apologetic gravity, mixed with singular good sense, has a ludicrous effect, and several of the details are curious to our ears. Thus, with little omission, runs the imperial manifesto:—

The Emperor, by the will of heaven and the perpetual revolution of the world, says—

Absorbed day and night by the vast occupations belonging to the inheritance with which Heaven has entrusted me, through the medium of my pious ancestors, I have need of an assistant actuated by the same spirit as myself. Niu-loukou is a lady of honourable extraction, whose excellent disposition is highly esteemed within the precincts of the palace, where the natural goodness of her heart, and her exemplary character, are shown by the scrupulous exactness with which she performs her domestic duties. Following the examples of antiquity, she does not shrink from washing fine or even coarse linen with her own hands. Frugal and amiable, kind and gentle, she deserves to enjoy every kind of happiness. We therefore desire that she be clad in the Imperial costume,

and be at the head of the ladies of the six pavilions. In conformity with ancient usage, I shall respectfully communicate this event to Heaven, to earth, to the manes of my ancestors, and to the tutelary spirits of the territory and of the harvests, on the seventh of the first moon—the day on which she will be seated by us on the Imperial throne. Then, also, it will be officially registered in the archives of the empire, that the virtuous and worthy lady Niu-lou-kou, is constituted Empress. From that date she will reside in the palace of the Nenuphars, and will aid us in our administration in the perfumed precincts of her apartments.

We cannot, of course, tell of what avail the inspirations of the new empress might have proved, had they been earlier employed; but we know they came too late to save Nankin. That great city fell into the hands of the insurgents on the 19th of last March, and was still in their possession in May, when they also added the open port of Amoy to their conquests. Some frightful butchery attended their success. The 20,000 Mantchous, men, women, and children, who occupied the inner city, flung themselves on their faces without striking a blow, and submitted to be massacred like so many sheep. Out of the whole number it is thought not more than one hundred escaped. But some degree of order was soon established. The rebel generals were visited by English officials, and found to be favourable to European intercourse; and more precise, but still uncertain, intelligence of their designs was obtained. Sir George Bonham tells us that little mystery was made concerning the origin of the great pacificator; it was admitted he was a literary graduate of the Canton province, who, being disappointed in taking honours, had studied what the Chinese call 'strange doctrine,' that is, the missionary tracts; and who, beginning with a scanty band of followers, had advanced from conquest to conquest to the capture of Nankin. Our readers will observe that this account is at variance with the theory of separate insurrections advanced by the French authors.

We have already said that it is as yet premature to speculate on the results of the revolt. This is felt in every page of the present volume,

which reads more like a *réchauffé* of newspaper intelligence, varying from day to day, than a retrospective history. The facts are too recent, and too vaguely known, for such a review to be satisfactory. We fear, however, that the first impressions respecting the character of the insurgents have been too favourable. One of their latest proclamations, and a striking document it is, runs as follows:—

The object of this proclamation is to call upon you all to expel the Mantchous at once, wherever they are found, and to await the establishment of our court at Nankin, where those who pass their examinations with credit will receive degrees proportionate to their merit. Let the barbarians of other countries remain at a distance for awhile, until, after the due submission of the empire, we publish a proclamation respecting commerce. As for the stupid priests of Buddha, and the jugglers of Tao-se, they must all be put down, and their temples and monasteries must be demolished, as well as those of all the other corrupt sects.

Let every one tremble and obey!

The hope of commercial relations held out by this manifesto, is somewhat dashed by the arrogance exhibited towards the barbarians, which shows that the old Chinese bigotry still influences the insurgents. And the same spirit is displayed in their address to Sir G. Bonham of the 1st of May, in which they assume that the distant English, here so-called, 'have not deemed myriads of miles too far to come, to acknowledge their sovereignty.' It is needless to say that Sir George repelled this assumption in the most express terms. Then again, while MM. Callery and Yvan are silent respecting the morals of the rebels, we know from other quarters that they have not abandoned polygamy, and that they have practised horrible atrocities not only upon the Buddhists, but also, it is said, upon Roman-Catholics.

We wish we could speak with more decided hopefulness of their religious tenets. That they are thorough iconoclasts there is no doubt; but it is not so easy to say what faith they would set up on the ruins of the idols. The introduction of the name of the Saviour of the world into Chinese polytheism is no novelty. Dr. Milne mentions it as oc-

curring, with more or less of Christian history, in a treatise on the subject some two centuries old. It is well known, also, that the Roman missionaries had long familiarized the Chinese people with the Mother of our Lord. The Trimetric Classic of the insurgents, so called because every line contains three words, the authenticity of which is stated to be indisputable, claims an equal origin for the leader of the revolt. After a rapid abstract of the Old and New Testaments, and as brief an account of the growth of idolatry in China, this singular confession thus proceeds:—

God is therefore displeased,
And has sent his Son
With orders to come down into the world,
Having first studied the classics.
In the Ting-yow year (1837)
He was received up into heaven,
Where the affairs of heaven
Were clearly pointed out to him.
The great God
Personally instructed him,
Gave him codes and documents,
And communicated to him the true doctrine.
God also gave him a seal,
And conferred upon him a sword,
Connected with authority,
And majesty irresistible,
He bade him, together with his elder brother,
Namely Jesus,
To drive away impish fiends,
With the co-operation of angels.

Other details follow, more extraordinary, and to the Christian sense more revolting. In fact, the place assigned in this confession to the Founder of our faith is scarcely equal to what conceded by the prophet of Islam. And Mr. Oxenford remarks with great truth, that it gives no reason to suppose 'the insurgents are otherwise than orthodox Confucians, with a superstructure of spurious Christianity.' Three religious systems have divided China. That of Confucius was simply a material pantheism, without temples or priesthood, setting great store by human virtue and wisdom, but ignoring alike a Providence and a future state, under which, popularly, the visible heaven became the chief ob-

ject of worship. The Taou sect, founded by Laou-tse six centuries before our era, deified pure reason, but surrounded her with a legion of demons and imps, to which evil influences the people made their prayers. Lastly, there was the spiritual pantheism of Buddha, degenerating into a very vulgar idolatry, but supported by a multitudinous priesthood, slothful and corrupt. Our extracts from the rebel proclamations have contained eulogies of Confucius and denunciations of the opposing sects. The Trimetric Classic gives a spiritual governor to the material universe, adopts the scriptural history of our race, and acknowledges an expiatory sacrifice and a judgment to come. In a despatch addressed to Sir G. Bonham, the insurgent rulers further admit that the English nation has preserved the truth, in worshipping the Father and the Son. But in the same document, as before in the Classic, they claim a divine origin for their sovereign chief. He is still the 'younger brother.' Even while we write, we receive news of their pretending to visits like those vouchsafed to the patriarchs of old. While, therefore, we gladly welcome their awakening from idolatry, we cannot but fear that the Chinese reformers are still far from Christianity.

Of the ultimate success of the insurrection there seems to be little doubt. Canton itself proclaims its sympathy with the new dynasty. In all the great cities hatred of the Tartars is openly displayed under the very eyes of the mandarins. The young men of fashion join the opposition by cutting off their tails, and adopting the Ming costume. And the achievement of success seems to be almost assured by the confidence with which it is anticipated. 'It would be wrong for you to help them,' said the rebel chiefs, in speaking to Mr. Meadows of the Mantchous; 'and what is more, it would be of no use. Our heavenly Father helps us, and no one can fight with him.'

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1853,

CONTAINS,

MORALS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—SECOND PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO NEW SOUTH
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THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.

FRASER'S
M A G A Z I N E

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TOWN, AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XLVIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1853.

LONDON :

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE for JANUARY, 1854,

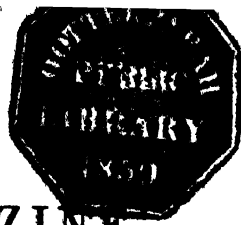
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G E N E R A L B O U N C E ;

OR,

THE LADY AND THE LOCUSTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND.'



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1853.

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

A FEW years ago a party of naturalists, proceeding in a boat up some unexplored river in South America, came suddenly upon a floral specimen which filled them with amazement and delight. They beheld, peacefully floating upon the waters, a lily of such gigantic proportions that its petals could not be embraced by the outstretched arms, and whose boat-like leaves were able to support the full weight of a man. Extraordinary as this discovery was considered at the time, no one could have imagined the train of events to which it was destined to give rise; that the sudden surprisal of this Brobdignagian flower in its native wilds, where for thousands of years it had blown unseen by man, would be the immediate cause of a new order of architecture—yet so it is. When the Victoria Regia lily was brought to this country, and removed to the princely grounds of Chatsworth, it was found necessary to build a conservatory purposely for its accommodation; this conservatory was constructed by Mr. Paxton of glass and iron, the first of its kind ever erected; and this little house of glass was the first fruit of that mother thought which reared the gleaming arch, and stretched the vast arcades upon the emerald sod in Hyde-park, and which is now filling all the important capitals in Europe and America with palaces of crystal, such as we read of only in old fairy tales.

Strange thought, a gardener, tending lovingly upon a flower, suddenly rears a marvellous palace beneath a wondering nation's eyes, and rises up a belted knight beneath his sovereign lady's hand. If such a thing had happened in the old days of the Persian, Hafiz would have

sung that the spirit of beauty in the flower had thus rewarded the gardener for his watchfulness, and perchance the poet would have spoken but the words of truth and soberness, for nature in her flowers gives man his subtlest sense of form, and proffers him her most gorgeous and ever varying palette.

The glorious fabric of 1851, which held within its fragile walls the art-products of the world, no longer flashes like a wall of fire at sunset between the elm-trees of Hyde-park. The spot on which it stood is emerald bright with untrodden grass; of the dusty millions who once thronged its floors, no trace is left behind. The elm trees that stood in the nave, and on whose topmost boughs the civilized world looked down, have come forth again, sickly and sapless, from their long captivity, and stand out in the plain once more, doubtless on clear nights to tell to the listening trees around the many strange things they have seen whilst taken into the company of men. The paths across the park, which from narrow sheep tracks suddenly swelled into huge dusty roadways underneath the broad rivers of people that rolled towards the palace, have shrunk into their narrow channels as of old, and not a sign is left of the World's Fair of 1851, and of its marvellous 'Palace of Art.' The stranger, however, standing beneath the Grecian gateway of the park, and within rifle range of its old site, may again behold it, lying like 'a huge leviathan many a rood' upon a distant hill-side in Surrey.

We need not here enter into the old controversy whether the people were to retain their own palace in their own park, or whether they

should not, because certain persons would thereby have the view from their drawing-room windows interrupted—that matter is settled, and all circumstances considered, it is well it is, for had it been otherwise, the people would have lost a portion of their park, instead of gaining a fresh one, and half the fruits of Paxton's genius would have remained undeveloped. The palace has arisen, phoenix-like, far more beautiful than ever, and in exchange for an ordinary hill-side, the gardener of the lily has revived another Eden for us at its foot.

The method in which the building was saved from destruction is worthy of record, as it affords an instance of the 'pluck' of English men of business, and of the confidence entertained by them that the people of England really cared to have the palace preserved. As long as it was every body's business, the fabric stood a very good chance of being sold piecemeal before the eye of the public. Sir Joseph Paxton's appeal on its behalf called forth, it is true, the universal support of the press, and of almost every individual who had a taste for the fine arts; but all their sympathy was of little avail—the Commissioners insisted upon the fulfilment of the stipulation, to remove it by a certain day, and unless persons could have been found who were determined to do as well as talk, the metropolis would speedily have seen this splendid building, like 'the baseless fabric of a vision,' slowly yet for ever melt away. At this juncture, according to the statement of Mr. Scott Russell, 'ten Englishmen, believing in each other and in the people of England, and believing that it ought not to pass away, *tabled the money* and bought the palace.' A rather spirited proceeding considering the purse to be made up was no less than 75,000*l.*, and that its purchase entailed upon them the launching out into a vast undertaking necessitating the expenditure of more than ten times that amount. The Crystal Palace Company, registered on the 17th of May, 1852, which comprises the names of the most influential capitalists, speedily however took this vast responsibility out of their hands, and a capital of 600,000*l.*

subscribed, the present site of the building and park was fixed upon by Sir Joseph Paxton, and the removal of the materials from Hyde Park took place in an incredibly short space of time—the ground being given up to the Commissioners by the appointed day clear of all incumbrances.

The estate fixed upon by Sir Joseph Paxton was in every way fitted for the reception of the people's palace. Those who have travelled on the Brighton line, must remember how, after flying over the tops of miserable houses, and skimming the fearful squalor of Bermondsey and its adjacent neighbourhoods, they have found themselves all at once skirting the wooded slopes of Norwood and Sydenham, and from the depths of urban wretchedness transported to the height of sylvan beauty. In the most charming portion of this undulating scenery, Penge Park, the Crystal Palace Estate is situated. It lies in the parish of Battersea, partly in Surrey and partly in Kent. The original purchase consisted of 389 acres, but 100 acres of this has been resold to Mr. Wythes, of Reigate, at an enormously increased value; there remain therefore 289 acres, 20 of which is allocated to the building itself, and 269 to the park and gardens. The character of the ground, as we have before said, is admirably suited to its purpose, it forms a portion of the hill side lying between the Sydenham and Anerley stations, and has a fall of 200 feet from its highest point—the road which borders the top of Dulwich Wood, where it has a frontage of 3000 feet—to the railway, where it has a frontage of 1300 feet. The spot chosen for the new building was of course on the very brow of the hill, from which point London and Westminster and the winding river are clearly visible from the back gallery, whilst the front galleries command all the gardened richness of Kent and the sea beyond.

Here, then, in the very lap of English rural scenery, the first column of the new palace was raised in 1852, the inscription on which will tell its tale to future ages, when the tooth of time shall have brought this noble fabric to the ground. Here it is:—

THIS COLUMN,
THE FIRST SUPPORT OF
THE CRYSTAL PALACE,
A BUILDING OF PURELY ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE,
DESTINED TO THE RECREATION AND INSTRUCTION OF
THE MILLION,
WAS ERECTED ON THE 5TH DAY OF
AUGUST, 1852,
IN THE 16TH YEAR OF THE REIGN
OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
BY SAMUEL LAING, ESQ., M.P.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.

The original structure of which this column forms a part, was built after the design of Sir Joseph Paxton by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., and stood in Hyde-park, where it received the contributions of all nations,

AT THE WORLD'S EXHIBITION,
IN THE YEAR
OF OUR LORD
1851.

I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you knew not of.

The address of the chairman on this occasion showed the noble spirit in which the undertaking was commenced. 'And truly,' said he, when we consider the work which has this day been formally commenced, it is no light enterprise which lies before us. Former ages have raised palaces enough, and many of them of surpassing magnificence. We have all read of the hanging gardens of Babylon, the colossal palace temples of Egypt, and the gorgeous structures of Nineveh and Persepolis. Many of us have seen the scattered fragments of Nero's golden palace on the Palatine Hill and the vast ruins which still speak so magnificently of the grandeur of imperial Rome. But what were all these palaces, and how were they constructed? They were raised by the spoils of captive nations, and the forced labour of myriads of slaves, to gratify the caprice or vanity of some solitary despot. To our age has been reserved the privilege of raising a palace to the people. Yes, the structure of which the first column has just raised its head into the air is emphatically and distinctly the possession of the people, as it is the production of their own unaided and independent enterprise. On us to whom circumstances have entrusted the direction of this great popular undertaking devolves the duty of seeing that it is carried out in a manner worthy of the public spirit of the age in which we live, and of

the magnitude of our high mission. I assure you, we feel deeply the responsibility of our position; and although, for the reason to which I have already adverted, we have judged it premature and unseemly to make any formal religious ceremonial on the present occasion, we feel not the less profoundly that in carrying out the undertaking as we hope to do, to a successful issue, we are acting as the instruments of that beneficent and over-ruling Providence which is guiding our great British race along the path of peaceful progress.'

The promise of the directors, that the undertaking should be carried on in a manner 'worthy of the public spirit of the age,' is being more than realized. We have watched the works from day to day for many months, and at every visit our wonder is excited at the magnitude of the works on hand. The English people of late years have been familiar enough with royal palaces and royal gardens, both at home and abroad. Versailles, Hampton Court, and Windsor, have shown them the utmost efforts of absolute monarchs, augmented and beautified by many succeeding generations; but nothing of the kind in this country or abroad can compare with the palace which, in two years from its commencement, will be ready for the occupation of the people. Beautiful and novel as the old Crystal Palace undoubtedly was, it had its faults, which the eye of

taste instantly detected. It was too long for its elevation, the transept was not in the centre, and the nave lacked the arched roof suggested by Sir Charles Barry. In the new building all these errors are rectified. Indeed the very character of the site necessitated an entirely new arrangement of the materials. The rapid fall of the land towards the railway has forced the formation of a ground floor of solid masonry, consequently an additional elevation is given to the *side* of the old building, which has now become the *front*. The magnificence of this façade with its three transepts, placed as it is upon the sky-line of a steep hill-side, far surpasses the flat, tame structure of three steps, which could not be well seen from any point of view in Hyde Park. Again, in addition to this new arrangement of the old design, the building has gained two wings, which stretch out at right angles from either end of the palace, and beyond are lofty towers of crystal, rising to a height of 230 feet. On the tops of these towers will be vast reservoirs of water, supplying sufficient pressure to drive the highest fountains in the palace and garden.

Returning, however, to the palace proper, a glance convinces the spectator that even the huge structure of 1851 has grown mightily in all its proportions. The nave is now arched, and there are three transepts. The addition of transepts to the ends of the building has the effect of bringing the whole fabric together, and of enabling the mind to measure it with a glance. A very great improvement has also been made by recessing the ends of the transepts looking over the garden, to a depth of 24 feet in the great central one, and of 17 feet in the two others; this expedient affords masses of shadow to the otherwise plain wall of glass, and avoids the ugly appearance of the old flat termination of the transept, which looked marvellously like the end of a trunk. A very great addition, also, is the imposition of low, square towers at the junctions of nave and transepts.

The interior gives a still better idea of the enlargement which the palace has undergone, even than the exterior. The nave, by reason of its circular roof,

is 44 feet higher than the old one, and is upwards of 120 feet wide. The monotonous effect produced by the long perspective of pillars, which in the old building fell too close upon one another towards its end, has been avoided by advancing, every 72 feet, pairs of columns (21 feet apart) eight feet into the nave. By this means the length of the nave will be better measured by the eye, and when the pillars become clothed with creeping plants, the charming gradations of light and shade produced by the side-lights, as they chequer the long arcade of living green, will have a beautiful effect. The transepts are also enlarged, the centre one being 120 feet wide by 194 feet high, and the side ones 150 feet high by 72 feet wide. The effect of the new nave viewed from end to end is astounding, and painted as it will be by Owen Jones, with a yet bolder brush than before, the combination of primary colours will give it (if we may judge the whole by the part completed) the effect of a vast tunnel of rainbows fading off into the pearly glowing hue of an opal cave—this colour will show through the green tracery of leaves and trailing stems, and the effect will be gorgeous beyond conception. Whilst we write, the bare glass and iron skeleton is gradually being clothed with all the beauties of Nature and Art. The ground-floor, a solid and stupendous structure, composed of column, and girder, and massive brick-work, is ready to receive the machinery and the engines ready to move it. ‘Sir Joseph Paxton’s Tunnel,’ which is a wide underground passage, running the whole length of the building, destined for the convenience of the work-people, is nearly completed, and the boilers—one at every fifty yards—are being placed for warming the water, which will traverse through fifty miles of iron pipes, placed, in double rows of seven each, immediately beneath the flooring of the ground story, for the purpose of heating the building. The ground floor itself north of the central transept (which is entirely glazed) swarms with foreign artisans. In this portion of the building, art in its thousand different phases is to be exhibited to the spectator. In the old palace temporary partitions of

wood and cloth marked off the different courts, and the visitor could have poked his stick from the Mediæval chamber into the Canada department; but in the new building all will be durable and permanent. A dozen structures of solid brick have taken the place of the calico canopies of 1851; and the curious spectator, as he traverses the galleries, looks down by turns upon the roof and court-yard of a Pompeian house, the massive capitals and entablatures of Egyptian palaces, the solemn gloom of an Assyrian hall, the light beauties of a Greek corridor, and the gorgeous walls of some court of the Alhambra.

But let us rather descend and see what Owen Jones and Digby Wyntt have designed for the architectural instruction of the multitude, and whilst we pass the massive halls and lengthened vestibules, let us note how, since the earliest recorded time, the genius of different nations has stamped its image on enduring stone. As we enter the building from the Dulwich road by the grand entrance of the central transept, on the left hand lie the Nineveh courts.* It will be scarcely necessary to say that these apartments are placed first in the splendid suite we shall have to traverse, because they come first in chronological order. In these apartments the visitors will be shown not merely the detached casts of the sculptured slabs which tell the stories of monarchs who lived whilst the Bible was being written, not only the fac-similes of the very winged bulls and lions, which perchance the robe of Sennacherib has often swept as he went forth to battle, or which must have stood as grim sentinels of the portals through which Sardanapalus carried his incendiary torch; but the very audience-chamber (100 feet long by 48 broad) of the Assyrian monarchs will be presented to us just as it stood in all its magnificence 3500 years ago. To Mr. Fergusson is given the task of constructing this chamber and its courts, and of presenting to the stream of visitors, which will flow perhaps for cen-

turies through them, a perfect likeness of the dwellings of those dread monarchs we read of in the Book of Kings. Mere fancy will not be allowed to enter into these revivals; when Mr. Layard first broke through the sand mounds which were piled over a long lost civilization, enough remained of the brickwork, the dimensions and colouring of these very chambers, to enable the artist to revive them in the exact image of their original appearance. Around the walls the pictured history of Assyria, now exhibited in disjointed slabs, in the British Museum and in the Louvre, will be displayed, and the vast winged bulls and lions will flank the portals as of old, and the exact casts of the very throne on which Sardanapalus, and perhaps a long line of ancestors, were once seated, the curious spectators will be enabled to inspect as narrowly as the coronation-chair of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey.

From the Assyrian chambers we are transported at once to Egypt, and the perspective of mighty columns, crowned with palm-tree capitals, takes us onward in the stream of history to the time of Cheops. Mr. Bonomi, whose long residence in Egypt, and whose knowledge of her architecture, at once pointed him out as the fit artist to preside over these restorations, has reconstructed on a reduced scale the temple of Abousaimbul with its gigantic guardian deities cut out in the solid rock. A model of one of these statues, in a sitting posture, nearly 70 feet in height, will be placed in the nave. Here also the architectural student will find representations of the different orders of columns, 20 feet in height, to be found in the yet standing temples of Upper Egypt. Copies of the hieroglyphics and statues to be seen in the British Museum and the Louvre, and subjects taken from tombs, temples, and other buildings, engraved upon the walls, will also engage his attention. Not merely bold, glaring plaster casts here will meet the eye, but the gorgeous colouring of

* This, the original arrangement, has since been altered—the Assyrian chambers now occupying the extreme northern end of the nave—an arrangement which we regret, as it breaks the regular chronological arrangement at first designed, and which we prefer to keep in this paper.

the old Egyptian artists, which still remains in the unexposed chambers as vivid as when first laid on. It is strange how entirely ignorant the public has hitherto been with respect to the architectural embellishments of the ancients. The prevalent idea seems to be, that the dull gray of foggy England is the classical colour for all massive buildings. But every day shows us how erroneous this opinion is. Owen Jones never used the positive colours so boldly as the artists who adorned the ancient temples of Egypt. The frieze of the Parthenon was coloured, and some of the finest pieces of Greek statuary bear evident marks of the brush.

From the massive simplicity of the Egyptian architecture, and the strange though pure formula of her statuary, the visitor passes into the Greek court, beautiful with innumerable statues. And here we must repeat what we have before said of these courts, the spectator sees not merely a reproduction of the marbles of the British Museum, but a collection of casts from the most precious works of art of the civilized world. When Messrs. Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt set out upon a roving art expedition through Europe, in search of whatever it contained of rarity and beauty, they were backed by two powerful letters of credit, one from the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Malmesbury, to the different European courts, the other from the chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, authorizing the expenditure of 40,000*l.* upon the objects of their mission; with two such powerful persuaders it need not be wondered at that the palace doors of every sovereign, and the galleries of most museums, were thrown open to these gentlemen and the small army of modellers in their pay. By these means, and by a judicious system of exchange with our own British Museum, they were enabled to return loaded with the richest spoils of European art, both ancient and modern; and it cannot be denied that the artizan who will pay hereafter his shilling and pace these splendid galleries, will see more of the fine arts of Europe than any nobleman who goes 'the grand tour' at the cost of thousands; and not only will

he see more of what is good, but he will see nothing that is bad, for the good grain has been separated from out the heaps of chaff that cumber even the best of continental galleries. Of these rarities we shall point out as we proceed some of the principal, as a mere mention of their names will prove to those acquainted with continental galleries the pains and taste with which they have been selected, and to the uninitiated, a guide to whatever is most curious or beautiful.

The two great groups of the Greek courts will be that of the Niobe of fourteen figures, and the Toro Farnese. Of colossal statues there will be the Farnese Hercules and Flora, the Diana of Velletri, and the Venus of Metis. The life-sized groups will include the principal works from the Ludovici Villa, Greek works that are very little known, classical animals, including the Florentine dog and boar, the Torso Belvidere, the celebrated equestrian group from the gallery of Munich and several others. One side of the long gallery will be adorned with casts of the Elgin marbles restored, and with the blue background and varied colours of the originals, an addition which adds vigour to the sculpture. The monumental pieces from the Parthenon, the most wonderful statues in the world, will be found here, and an entire angle of the temple of Theseus is to be erected. Of course all the well known statues will take their places in these courts, which will be decorated and painted in the purest Greek taste.

Passing to the Roman Court, the student will immediately see how the Greek teaching was modified by national habits and tastes. Among the works to be found here will be the colossal equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius from the Capitol, the Apollo Belvedere, and all the best Roman statues, together with the Medici, Borghesi, and Vatican vases, many colossal busts, including the Jupiter Seraphus, and the finest known sarcophagi. Among the bassi relievi is that from the arch of Titus, representing the celebrated Jewish Captivity, with the Jewish vessels of the Temple. Here, also, will be erected a complete model of the Roman Forum, 15 feet long; a restoration of the Coliseum, 12 feet

long; and a model of the Temple of Neptune at Paestum; and a curious collection of casts of gems, from the antiques in all the museums of Europe. Excellent photographs will also adorn this court, illustrative of the present condition of the buildings and works of Roman art, together with copies of buildings of Venice, and of the Roman remains to be found in France. The courts of the Alhambra, in the Moresque style, follow the Roman department. This portion of the building constitutes its extreme northern end, and is to be used as a place of refreshment. Here Owen Jones is to culminate. It would be impossible to conceive a more gorgeous apartment than we shall have in the Hall of Justice, with its roof, a hanging honeycomb of gold and richly-blended colour. The construction of its gorgeous vaulting in the original is a wonder in itself, the whole being composed of 5000 self-supporting pieces. Next to the Hall of Justice will be the Court of Lions, open of course at the top, and surrounded by a colonnade of Moresque architecture. The floors of marble, the pillars and entablatures of jasper and mosaic, green predominating—the effect of this splendid court will be that of coolness to the eye, whilst the alabaster fountains, sending silver streams into the air, will produce a grateful atmosphere to the flushed sight-seer, who will repair hither to eat his ice beneath luxuriant orange trees, brilliant with their golden fruit.

Crossing from the extreme north-western corner of the building to the north-eastern, we enter the Byzantine court, which will be filled with fragments of various friezes, bassi relievi, columns, &c., mostly modelled from works in France and Lombardy, that afford the best idea of this peculiar style of art. Stiff and pedantic as it was, and utterly wanting in all that grace which marked the revival of Roman art, consequent upon the recovery of the ancient Greek sculpture, it is yet interesting, and possessed of a certain truthfulness, which will attract the attention of the artistic mind. Here the pre-Raphaelite will find a constant field for his individualizing tone of mind. Nothing is idealized:

the figures, the drapery, the very ornaments of the sculptors and the painters of this period of art, seem to be taken from nature, without selection—they are in fact portraits of the most minute kind. Nevertheless, throughout everything they did, a certain disagreeable formula always obtained, which cannot be overlooked.

Close to this court will be found the space devoted to mediæval architecture. Here we shall have specimens of the most curious Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman remains, gathered from the principal cathedrals of the Continent and of England. Viewed under a subdued light, the student will here see the most beautiful and characteristic forms of early church architecture. The antique ornaments and vessels of the Catholic worship will also be reproduced, to prove what exquisite taste existed among the artists in the pay of the Church, whilst all outside her pale was barbarism and darkness. These courts will be so arranged as to show the progress of the different cognate style of art, so that we shall be able to trace from the Byzantine, the Anglo-Norman, and the Early Gothic. At the end of the spacious court in which so many styles will be collected, we shall have cool and shady cloisters, and in foreign art the finest works of the Pisani; among these will be found the large altar of the Church of Or San Michele, in Florence, the greatest work of Andrea Orcagna. Of all these courts, however, the next that we enter, the Cinque Cento Court, will afford specimens of precious art most novel to the mass of Englishmen. The very doors of this space will be fitted with copies from Genoa of the most elaborate works of the different artists of this period, and when we begin to enumerate the riches ready for the interior we almost fear for our space. The principal of these will be a most elaborate window from the Certosa of Pavia, and the door-jamb of the entrance doorway of the Certosa, a work nearly twenty feet high, consisting of elaborate pilasters, including alti relievi by Bambaya, the most minute and astonishing relievi in existence. Then there will be three arches from the cloister Maggiore of the

building, to be reproduced in terra cotta, similar to the original, and making up a twenty-four feet bay of the court; the entire end of the monument of Jan Galeazzo Visconti, in the Certosa, which is an astonishing sample of carved work in marble, and various specimens of the finest Venetian architecture, and the entire frieze of the Hospital of Pistoia, representing the acts of Mercy. These works will chiefly enrich the walls of the court, whilst in the middle there will be the finest works of Ghiberti, from Florence, including the gates of the Baptistry, said by Michael Angelo 'to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise.' The Nymph of Fontainebleau, executed by Cellini for Francis the First; and famous works by Donatello, Jean Goujon, and Germain Pilon.

The next court is that of the 16th and 17th century work, which will contain Elizabethan and Flemish architecture specimens of the Renaissance, and the finest works of the revived classical period, by Michael Angelo and others; the figures from the Medici Chapel, the Pieta from St. Peter's, and the Christ from the Church of the Minerva. After the 17th century, no country seems to have produced a national architecture; revivals instead of invention appear to have obtained everywhere since that time. The long series of rich forms which, from an early period, changed with almost every century, here suddenly stop — a significant fact in the history of architecture, significantly set before the people by this method of arrangement. The court of modern sculpture follows, and fills up the dreary void. The series is to commence with Canova's works, of which there will be eleven, including the two colossal Lions from the tomb of Pope Rezzonico, at St. Peter's; the finest efforts of Thorwaldsen, including the colossal Christ from Copenhagen; and the best works of Gibson, Wyatt, Tenerani (Canova's most favourite pupil), Benzoni, Rinaldi, Macdowell, and of a number of foreign artists resident in Rome.

A worthy and fitting termination to this grand architectural march and procession of art, will be the

portrait gallery—or, as the Germans would call it, the Valhalla—which will contain the great men of every age and country. Towards this collection, upwards of three hundred busts, and several colossal and life-sized statues have already been obtained, including busts of celebrated Americans by Hiram Power. There is something noble in this idea of collecting together the effigies of the great intellectual captains of the world. Bavaria may have her Valhalla, and France her Pantheon, but England, instead of retaining her old isolation, has grown so fast that she can afford to be cosmopolitan, and to place beside her own undoubted men of genius those of every foreign land. The future visitor, wearied to satiety by the magnificent scene the Exhibition has offered him, after having gazed upon the masterpieces of art and the grand results of science, might well feel for a moment revived at finding himself among this goodly company; and as he passes in review those ponderous brows, and those eyes which seem bent on goals far beyond the ken of ordinary men, he will not be able to avoid paying due honour to this high company, which, in all corners of the world, from the remotest time up to the living present, has been the main instruments in lifting man from the condition of a savage, and in contributing to the erection of this gorgeous palace and its precious furniture.

As we leave the northern portion of the nave, and enter its southern half, we pass from the region of pure art, and come upon the economical and trading portion of the building—the grand bazaar, or world's fair, in which England will enter the lists, as in the old Exhibition, against the whole world.

We must not, however, omit to mention the Pompeian House erected to the left hand of the south-east transept entrance. This structure is modelled exactly after a house found in Pompeii. As the visitor enters the compuvium, or open court, he is immediately struck with the beauty of the building. The beautiful cornices, supported by the outspread wings of angels, and the exquisite painting upon the walls of the main court itself, and of the

chambers or cubicals opening from it, shows us how refined must have been the taste of the people of this buried city. Italian artists have covered almost every inch of the walls with designs traced from the original, and here we have the most complete facsimile of the house of a wealthy Pompeian. The pillars of the peristyle are painted half-way up, with a bright vermilion, which looks very brilliant, whilst the elegantly designed cornice is of the most delicate blue and white. Passing between the pillars of the peristyle, we see the Triclinium, a beautiful chamber which is to be used as a refreshment room for this end of the building. The walls are covered like those of the other parts of the building, with fanciful designs and figures painted in distemper. On the occasion of her Majesty's last visit to the palace, this apartment was used as a refreshment room for the accommodation of herself and suite, and excited the admiration of the whole party.

The ornamentation of the interior of this building gives an excellent idea of the peculiar combination of colours the Romans used in their decoration. Thus the ground colour of some portion of the walls is black, others again are chrome yellow, and throughout tints are used which are peculiarly Roman. The court of this building has a very curious effect from the gallery, as the spectator looks down through an open roof of Pompeian tiles into the brilliant court below.

The entire space on each side of the nave will be filled with counters stored with most precious goods. And here we shall have not merely a vast bazaar, struck, as it were, with commercial death, as in Hyde-park, where the sale of goods was prohibited; but an active mart, in which all the world and his wife will be seen from the galleries simultaneously 'shopping.' Here the chief staples of our manufacture will be, as of old, collected together, and we shall have a progressive march of manufactures, as in the other end we shall have of architecture. The different courts on one side, are to be dedicated to hemp, flax, and woollen goods; cottons, plain and printed; silk and lace; whilst on the other there

will be courts devoted to Birmingham and Sheffield goods, to furniture, carpets, stationery, book-binding, paper-hanging, &c. It appears to us that the determination to throw open the goods here exhibited for sale, will give it some disadvantages as compared with the old Exhibition. Thus, the palace being no longer merely a court of honour for the trial of nation against nation, but a court of profit, there will be temptations, we fear, to exhibit, on the whole, a lower class of goods. A tradesman taking a stall in either of these courts will naturally look to profit, and of course in driving a retail custom his interest will lead him to suit the wants of the majority of his customers. These will probably be found in the middle and lower classes, and the purchases will, we should think, tend to take the form of souvenirs of the palace of an inexpensive kind, rather than of articles entailing a heavy expenditure. A bedstead, or a sideboard, a carpet, or a dining-room table, would cost too much in carriage, even if 'persons about to be married' should go as far as Sydenham in search of such things. But a pen-wiper for 'our Mary Ann' at home; a work-box, ticketed 10s. 6d., for 'Sister Mary'; or 'something in the handkerchief way for Tom,' will be incessantly called for; and as demand unchecked always brings supply, there will be a tendency, in the world's fair at Sydenham, to degenerate into a gigantic kind of Soho Bazaar. We believe the directors have foreseen as much, and have laid down regulations to ensure the supply of the best class of goods only to the building. It will require the most absolute authority of this kind to prevent the degeneracy we speak of.

No doubt the great manufacturers will send specimens of their best work, as pattern cards only, and wealthy persons wishing duplicates, will order directly of the manufacturer; in this way much of the difficulty as regards the heavier and more expensive goods will perhaps be got over, orders being executed by commission, as they were openly and in defiance of the rules of the Royal Commissioners in Hyde-park. We shall certainly gain a much better

idea of the relative worth of Continental and British productions by having the prices at which they can be sold made public. Many a victory, or apparent victory, was gained over us in the last Exhibition by our foreign competitors throwing all their skill and time into the production of certain articles, and thus producing a brilliant result. In measuring ourselves, however, with the foreigner, what we wish to know is whether they can *equal or beat us at the same price*. In reality we are struggling for the markets of the world, and not for a royal medal or a certificate of honour.

The galleries will also be dedicated to the counters of manufactures. Here porcelain, china, glass, musical and mathematical instruments, stained glass, works in the precious metals, clothing, and ironmongery will be exhibited. In fact the galleries along their entire length will contain what the old galleries in Hyde-park did, and in addition, much that was contained in the northern portion of the ground floor, all of which is now occupied with works of art.

These galleries will not be nearly of the size of the old ones, in fact, they will present the appearance of mere balconies, hanging into the recessed and irregular lines of pillars which form the sides of the nave, and the chief part of the counter room will be next to the glass walls of the building, as the middle portion will consist of a series of square apertures to give light to the courts of art and manufacture below, which are much more numerous than in the old building.

And now let us come into the nave, and see with anticipating gaze the wonders that 1854 will unfold to us. Beautiful as the old building appeared fading off into misty blue, from its extreme length—something yet was wanting to give variety and richness to the monotonous repetition of rectangular lines, and the endless blending of the tricolour decorations; and this something Sir Joseph Paxton will give by clothing column and girder, arched roof and long-stretching gallery, with emerald tinted leaves. Trailing and creeping plants of every clime will soon be twining their fingers

into every recess of the iron-work, and mounting still higher by every pillar and “coigne of vantage,” until they have gained the skylike arch of glass. Others will drop their long pendant tracery, or hang their beautiful festoons from point to point; each plant at its appointed season sending forth its countless blossoms and swinging its censers of fresh perfume. We shall walk, not apparently in a vast corridor of iron, but in the great green bower of some enchanted wood. On the ground, a beautiful garden will extend on each side of the nave, and between the various courts dedicated to manufactures, whilst flower beds, green banks, and ornamental devices, will be grouped around the long drawn lines of columns, and perpetual blossoms will variegate and enrich the margins of this stupendous covered walk, ten thousand camellias so arranged as to flower throughout the year, and eighty thousand scarlet geraniums, forming two of the items.

But it must not be supposed that we shall see here merely a Chatsworth conservatory many hundred times enlarged, and calculated to give delight only to the senses; the aim of Sir Joseph Paxton is far higher than this. He purposes to divide the nave into two regions—that lying to the north of the central transept, representing a tropical climate, and heated to an appropriate temperature; and the division to the south a temperate clime, and moderately heated. Each portion will have its appropriate vegetation. In the one, the lofty palm, reaching to the translucent roof, the feathery sugar cane, the bread tree dropping its dark pillars of shade, and the date will take us at once to the regions of India and Africa—the other filled with foliage more familiar to us, and with ever-blooming flowers. As these two regions approximate, however, the vegetation of each will be made to assimilate—thus, the ever-green arborescent trees of Australia and New Zealand will form the extreme end of the tropical or northern portion of the nave, while the class of European vegetation which borders upon the tropical regions will mark the commencement of the temperate division of the nave. But the ingenuity of the plan does not

end here. These broad divisions of the flora of the globe will be again sub-divided, so as to indicate the particular vegetation of different countries, and grouped together in each division will be specimens of the race of men, animals, birds, fishes, and insects, which properly belong to them. And these are not to be, like museum specimens, placed 'all of a row,' but in the very attitudes they assume whilst in a state of nature. Thus, in the Indian group we may have the Hindoo weaving beneath the shadow of a banyan-tree, whilst the branches are alive with gorgeous-coloured birds, and the furtive tiger may be seen slinking through the jungle. In the desert region, the Arab will, perhaps, recline under the date-tree; his mare tethered by the well, and near at hand the dead camel preyed upon by the jackal and the vulture will complete the picture. The Australian savage will sleep on his opossum rug, whilst the kangaroo looks fearfully on. In this manner, natural history will be presented to the multitude in a series of pictures, which can never fade from their minds, and thus will be carried out to its full extent Lancaster's system of instruction. Some people may smile at this attempt to teach men by a method introduced for the use of the youthful intellect. But experience teaches us that the intellect of the ignorant man is but the intellect of a child, and that he is most impressed by images which appeal directly to his senses. And how much may even the cultivated mind learn from a walk through this splendid educational gallery? Here he will see what has never been seen before, the science of ethnology illustrated. Specimens of men from every race and clime, habited in the very dresses they wear, armed with the very weapons of defence they use, and attended by the very implements of husbandry they employ. How Prichard would have glowed in such a popular exposition of his favourite study. If it is asked, who warrants the truth of these representations? the name of Dr. Latham will prove an answer that the learned will accept. If it is objected that the specimens of animals, birds, and reptiles may only represent natural

history, read by the glasses of some ignorant stuffer or maker of preparations, the directors may with pride appeal to the names of Edward Forbes, Waterhouse, and Gould—names that naturalists hold in respect; and those who are not naturalists, may remember the remarkable specimens of stuffed birds and animals in the transept of the old building—may remember the hawk whose very wings seemed to flutter and whose foot seemed more rigidly to extend itself as his bloody bill tore up the fibres of his carrion—may remember the still life fight between the heron and the falcon, where the deadly strife seemed to be going on beneath the eyes of the spectators—in such a spirit and by such artists these specimens will be prepared. But how are the fish, the reptiles, the crustaceans, and the zoophytes to be shown? asks a third caviller. Those who have gazed with mingled wonder and delight at the glass vivarium, in the Regent's-park Zoological-gardens—who have seen the strange fish lying still beneath his native stone, and watched, not without a shudder, the sea-worm drive his spiral way in search of food, and the hundred arms of the zoophyte playing around to seize its prey—those who by this singular contrivance have had brought to their leisurely view the very bottom of the insatiable deep, and have seen here realized in miniature the sights of Schiller's diver, will understand how art can collect together the combinations of nature in her most hidden recesses.

Both ends of the nave and the sides of the three transepts will be given up entirely to rare plants and flowerbeds, and these will be so arranged throughout, in fact, that a complete botanical garden, according to the Linnæan method, will add another attraction to those who will seek here for positive instruction. But art will vie with nature in this portion of the building also, and will rear her noblest and most gigantic productions beneath the plume-like leaves of the towering palm, and the sweeping fans of the arborescent ferns. At each end of the nave, noble fountains will be erected, with basins of such extent, that for the convenience of the public they will be

bridged in the centre. Here the Victoria Regia lily, in the perpetual movement of the water caused by the falling jets from the fountain, will find one of the chief conditions of its existence, and will open its huge alabaster cups, whilst its great leaves will float motionless around, the lazy golden fish coasting them like continents. In the middle of the centre transept a crystal fountain of far larger dimensions, and of more beautiful and appropriate form than the old one, will send its woven threads of living silver to the roof. In this spot, too, will be collected all the first works of art which require space to show them. Here Praxiteles will show us how Phaethon drove the Horses of the Sun; this famous group, it will be remembered, is in the courtyard of the Vatican. The spectator looking from this spot, either to the north or to the south, will see countless lustrous statues of marble and alabaster standing out clear and crisp against the bright green of the foliage. As he looks north he will see the vast Egyptian seated figure, seventy feet high, one of the wondrous four that ever keep watch at the portals of the temple of Abousambul; this enormous god, whose forehead will be level with the topmost palms, is already built up by Bonomi in the exact proportions of the original. Near at hand, shooting up its slender shaft of granite to the light, he will see Cleopatra's Needle, the gift of Abbas Pasha, and removed from the sands of Alexandria at enormous expense by the company. As he looks south his eye will catch, towering above the other works of art, the precious north-west corner of the Doge's palace at Venice, with its noble group of statuary, and its elegant colonnades, modelled immediately from the original; and further on the scene looking head of the colossal statue of Bavaria. Here also he will see copies of the finest continental equestrian statues, and find how far foreigners have outstripped us in this branch of art. The imagination cannot paint the magnificent appearance this vast nave will put on when nature has clothed it with her most delicate tracery, and studded it with her choicest flowers, when art has planted in its

midst the utmost efforts of the human mind, and when the light balconies, hanging halfway among the verdure, shall hold the moving crowds of beauty clothed in silks and satins glowing with iridescent light.

When the eye is tired of this exciting scene, the spectator will have only to ascend the gallery, and gain the open balcony of the great transept, and whilst the breeze is blowing the hair from his brow, to contemplate such a scene as only England can afford. Looking out from this deep recess, with the gleaming arch of glass rising over his head, higher than the vaulted roof that forms the nave of St. Paul's, he will see before him, not a garden, but a whole hill-side fashioned into a perfect Eden of beauty. Immediately beneath him lies the 'pleasaunce,' or Italian garden, held in the embracing fold of the two wings of glass which have been added to the original design of the palace. Here will be thirty acres of ground devoted to intricately woven flowerbeds, and, interspersed among them, sumptuous and ever playing fountains, designed either by English artists or copied from the most famous continental originals. Throughout the entire length of this garden, for a third of a mile, runs a double terrace. The upper of the two is fifty feet in width, its balustrade, adorned with statues in marble from the antique. This noble terrace, built of solid freestone, upon Italian arches, would hold an army upon its level pavement. At every couple of hundred yards deep embayments occur, filled by cedars and other forest trees, which rise in groups from the lower ground. Broad flights of granite steps lead down, at intervals, to the Italian garden. This is faced by the second terrace, which is balustraded like the upper one. After the eye has glanced over this foreground, enriched with every accessory of art and cultivated nature, it rests upon noble sweeps of the most verdant turf, dotted with groups of forest trees, and upon broad walks and fountains, which latter drill the air for 200 feet. Here Sir Joseph Paxton has brought to perfection English landscape gardening, and turned a wooded hillside into a per-

fect paradise. Far beyond all, extending for full forty miles on every hand, lies the rich and natural garden of Kent and Surrey. As far as the eye can see runs the finely wooded landscape, peaceful and quiet, yet alive with labour, dotted with cottages and villas, and the tapering spires of churches. If the spectator wishes to extend his view, he has only, with labouring breath, to ascend either of the crystal towers which rise on each flank of the building to a height of 230 feet, and should the day be clear he will be repaid by a sight of the blue sea of the Channel on the south, whilst all London, shrouded with smoke, will lie below him on the northern plain, towards which the back of the palace looks.

The visitor can descend into the garden by either of the three portals which are situated on the basement immediately beneath the transepts. Long flights of granite steps, flanked on either side by sphinxes, twenty-four feet in length, lead down to the upper terrace. The middle flight, which will form the chief garden entrance, is full a hundred feet in breadth. A noble terrace walk leads from this flight, down the hill side, to the bottom of the grounds, and about midway its line is broken by the grand fountain, the basin of which has a circumference of 1200 feet. Beyond the fountain, the walk is flanked on either side with a series of descending steps in solid masonry, which will take their part in the grand system of waterworks we shall presently describe. On either hand gravel walks will lead off from the main path, through the verdant slopes and woodlike shrubberies of the grounds—some to the Kiosk or Turkish summer-house, Owen Jones has designed, glittering with colour, and beautiful in form, as a place of out-door refreshment,—some to the mounds Sir Joseph Paxton has heaped to the right and left, round which spiral paths will lead the panting citizens to the top,—some to the pic-nic woods, where pleasure parties may sip the pure bohea in the midst of the shady woodland, where Nature has been allowed to retain her ancient form and dress,—some to the great lake, where the Venetian Gondola will be propelled by the

bright costumed Gondolier,—and some to the antediluvian world at the very bottom of the grounds. Here the spectator will see the commencement of that history of the creation, the last and most modern phases of which we have already shown him in the nave. Here he will find himself surrounded with animal, vegetable, and mineral forms, such as he has never seen before. On the shores of the lake of thirty acres, he will find vitreous rocks, looking more like the refuse of some vast smelting works than a simple product of nature; he will see the earth-crust upheaved by volcanic action, in the Plutonic formations in which no trace of a once organized life is to be discovered; and in this scene he will be told to look upon the fresh form and mould of the earth whilst yet it was under the scorching action of fire. All this tract will be without life, or semblance of life. In another portion of the lake, the slime and mud of a later period will denote the modifying influence of water, and here the first vegetable life will appear, and the spectator will be startled by sights of gigantic creatures, belonging by form, neither to beasts of the field, birds of the air, fish of the sea, nor to creeping things of the earth, but partaking of the characteristic forms of all. Models of gigantic size, but not greater than the life, will appear, as handed down to us embedded in the blue lias; stone puzzles from the pre-Adamite, or indeed the prefloral age which science has at last unriddled. Among these the plesiosaurus will stretch its swan-like neck, as though it were pursuing its prey along the surface of the water, as of old; specimens of crustacea, such as no longer exist, will hang upon the rocks, and the curious stone-lily will hold its solid chalice up to the sky like a tulip flower transformed to stone. A little further on the geological book will disclose a still later page in the history of the globe. Here the slimy mud, exposed to the retreating waters by the action of the sun, will have become dry land, and a profusion of vegetable life will be seen clothing its undulating surface. Vast palm trees will arise on every hand, and the food and

temperature being now prepared for the advent of animal life—the huge megatherium and mastodon, monsters of sixty feet in length, built up exactly as they lived in the old world, will be shown bursting through the rank vegetation as easily as an elephant finds its way through a reed-bank. Then again will succeed the period which brings us down to the present condition of the globe. In this epoch have been found many specimens of living plants and crustaceæ mixed up with others which have perished from the earth. Thus, the fossil forms of the still flourishing nautilus, and of the extinct ammonite, lie side by side in the stratum proper to this period. Fossil forests will also be represented, in which a link of connexion is seen between the coniferous structures and the palms and ferns, wrought, as though for the special purpose of preservation, to the latest posterity, into the hardest silicified condition.

Well may the poor cockney, who has rarely strolled farther than his own street, feel bewildered when he finds himself of a sudden transported to this strange spot, where the land looks like something he has seen in a nightmare, and the animals like the strange creatures in the wizard scene of *Der Freischütz*. After doubting his senses for awhile, he will, perhaps, look upon the whole affair as a hoax, and many will be found doubtless to put the question, —How can any one ask us to believe, in representations of the earth as it appeared, ere yet a living thing inhabited it, or to put faith in the representations of huge beasts and reptiles which lived or crawled the earth long before man came upon the scene? Yet there can be little doubt that these restorations will be pretty nearly as like the truth, as the restorations of the Assyrian architecture. Science knows that certain forms must arise from the action of certain elements upon each other, and thus the chaotic epoch will be capable of being pretty correctly generalized. For the rest, nature has left us fragments enough of her early rude sketches to enable us to fill up and clothe them in all their details. The anatomy of the earth the geologist has mastered; and he places stratum upon stratum as

faithfully as they are placed in the great stone-book of nature itself; neither has he neglected to discover those disjointed fragments of fossil animals, and of vegetable life deposited between its leaves as regularly and as certainly as the dried specimens in a collector's book. Here then, indeed, might all men read 'sermons in stones' without fear that they are looking upon mere chimeras of the brain. A Cuvier from a tooth and a hoof could as faithfully build up the fearful bulk of the Mastodon as a sculptor could replace the self-indicated limb of some expressive torso.

And now let us suppose the spectator to be at the bottom of the finished garden. If he turns his eye towards the palace he will see at one view the combined beauties of both. The gardenes hill smiling with sunny slopes, interspersed with magnificent fountains, and dotted with noble groups of trees, rises for nearly two hundred feet, until it meets the lower terrace faced with its bank of emerald turf; beyond this again, over thirty acres of parterre and yet more beautiful fountains, he will see the upper terrace stretching for two thousand feet, its parapet adorned with marble statues from the antique, its façade enriched with Italian arches and innumerable sculptured niches, and yet higher still the whole is crowned with the crystal diadem of the palace; as his eye drinks in the exquisite beauties of this scene, his ear suddenly detects the beat of the steam-engine, the mighty heart of the garden. It is a fête day, and the engine has just commenced with its tireless iron arm to lift through the Artesian well, from a depth of 500 feet, the water from the vast cup of the chalk basin on which the country stands. With every beat this pure arterial stream is driven up the hill and forced into the great reservoir on the Sydenham side of the palace, which is 150 feet square and 20 feet deep. Here another engine drives the stream up the crystal towers into the reservoirs placed at their summits, a height of 230 feet. Whilst the spectator has been looking, the unseen flood has been toiling upwards of nine hundred feet from its deep bed to these crystal eyries. At a given signal its vast pressure is suddenly allowed to

exert itself. The grand terrace for two thousand feet lets fall a living fringe of silver from dolphins' mouths into the long-drawn basin at its foot—the central fountain shoots up 230 feet—its 1000 jets contrived to form a moving constant pyramid, like some arctic glittering peak of ice; on every side he sees the thread-like streams of silver drilling the air, and down on either hand of the grand avenue leaping floods form long descending stairs of glittering light, and then sweep tumultuously into the lake. Such will be the circulating system of this garden, and such the force of its heart's pressure, that 2000 tons of water will be forced through its entire frame every minute.

The water-works at Versailles, hitherto the finest in the world, are but very rarely set in motion, and the cost of working them is said to be 500*l.* each time. Those of Sydenham will be five times as extensive, and will play fifty times in the year.

But how is the great public to take advantage of all these wonders, located far away in the country, and without easy reach of people's pockets or time? This difficulty has been seen and forestalled by the directors, who, in order to provide for the City and North-Eastern traffic to the Palace, have come to an arrangement with the Brighton Railway Company, by which people will be carried from a station especially devoted to the Crystal Palace, direct from London Bridge to the building for one shilling, admittance into the building included. The carriages will run on new rails laid down upon the Brighton line as far as the Sydenham station, where they will diverge upon a branch which makes a wide sweep round the bottom of the grounds, then mounts its southern flank, an incline of nearly 200 feet, and enters a spacious crystal gallery, formed by the right wing of the Palace. Trains will take up and set down here every quarter of an hour. The West-End traffic will be provided for by the Crystal Palace and West-End line, which will have two termini in London, one near the Penitentiary, the line from which will cross the Thames by a bridge

between the Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, and run on through Lambeth until it joins the branch coming from the south side of the new Battersea bridge, at the corner of the park, along the eastern flank of which it will run, until it communicates with the South-Western line; from this point its progress will be through Norwood to the Palace. By means of this line the north-west of London will be well supplied with railway conveyance to the new Palace, as well as its south-western portion by means of the junction with the South-Western Railway. A third communication is sketched out by a company, which proposes to run a direct line to Hastings from a station on the north bank of the river, situated between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, crossing the river thereabouts, going on through Clapham, and then sending off at Dulwich a branch to the Palace. Thus, it will be seen, there will be three lines of railway to the People's Palace. Still, if the undertaking is to be a success, which we sincerely believe it will, yet more communications will have to be opened, for we question even if the three lines combined could send down as many as a hundred thousand people with any promptitude or comfort; and surely twice as large a number as this will often, in the summer, rush down here on fête days, when the grand fountains are to be seen in full play. More than 100,000 never visited the old building in one day, yet we all know what a constant river of people was always seen flowing on fine days towards the Palace from every open corner of the park.

Louis XIV., it is said, was so terrified at the cost of Versailles, that he burnt all the bills. We question, however, if that splendid pile cost anything like the sum that the people's palace will ultimately draw from the pockets of the shareholders. At the last general meeting of the Company the report stated, that payments had already been made to the extent of 440,550*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* Can it be doubted, then, that a million will be approached, before the undertaking is completed? With such an expenditure will the Crystal

Palace pay? It strikes us that, to ensure its paying, the most lavish expenditure is absolutely necessary. Unless the Crystal Palace is made one of the wonders of the world it will not draw a sufficient stream of people, seven miles from their homes, and it will not extend its centripetal force to the uttermost ends of the earth. But there can be no doubt that, whatever the ingenuity of man can accomplish, and whatever art, regardless of expense, can produce, will here find their home. Lovers of the beautiful, who are generally a little sanguine, are not the only persons who think it will succeed. On the Stock Exchange, where fancy and imagination are at an awful discount, the shares of the Company are at a premium. More, then, upon the question, Will it pay? need not be said.

On the faith of this success, land, in the neighbourhood of the Palace, has risen to ten times its former value. The Company, itself, sold 100 acres of the Penge estate, which it did not require, for 100,000*l*. Already we see the skeleton of a city sketched around the Palace. In every direction we find new roads laid out, in a rectangular manner, terraces begun, and intimations of 'land to be let for building purposes.' A splendid hotel has already been planted, close to the Palace, and this one will shortly be eclipsed by a building to be constructed by the Crystal Palace Company, which is, we believe, to be more extensive and beautiful than anything of its kind in England. From this establishment a covered way will lead direct to the Palace, and it is supposed that many persons affected with chest complaints will take up their abodes here for the winter, and pass their days in the warm and equable temperament of the nave, which will thus become to them a kind of home Madeira, and, it is to be hoped, will prove a valuable aid to the physician, in the attempt to tide valuable lives over the trying portion of the year, in our changeable climate.

It seems to be the 'mission' of the present age to bring to a head questions which heretofore all parties have allowed to remain in abey-

ance. The erection of the Crystal Palace has raised the question whether innocent recreation for the toiling millions on the sabbath is a thing to be desired or denounced. We must confess that to us shutting the Palace and its grounds on a Sunday would be like playing Hamlet with the character of Hamlet left out by special desire; for on what other day can the working-classes of all denominations escape from the drudgery of life? It is argued by many excellent persons that the opening of the Palace would form a precedent for the universal desecration of the Lord's Day. But surely this precedent has long enough been established without such awful consequences by the Government itself, in throwing open on Sunday to thousands of grateful visitors, Kew Gardens, with its museum, and Hampton Palace, with its picture gallery. But against this argument it is urged that no charge for admission is made to these places, and the chink of coin does not break the peaceful silence of the seventh day; an argument which seems to us completely disposed of by the fact that more money is taken for Sunday pleasure-trips by railway, upon many lines, than during the whole remainder of the week, or the notorious truth, that on that day it is 'high change' at the gin-shop.

We cannot help agreeing with the opinion of Mr. Maurice, that 'every crystal palace may be closed, but there will not be one human spirit more quickened or purified.*' Whilst it is to us equally evident that the Sunday opening of this Palace of Beauty and Instruction will prove 'a heavy blow and great discouragement' to the publican 'interest' of the metropolis. If this positive good were alone to result by answering in the affirmative the question, 'Shall the Crystal Palace be opened on a Sunday?' we should say ay most heartily; but it is impossible to deny that the influence of the place itself will have a vast effect in civilizing and *Christianizing* that portion of the populace which cannot be driven to places of worship either by act of parliament or private exhortation.

* Sermons on the Sabbath Day.

GREEK AND ROMAN PHILOLOGY.*

TWO editions within fourteen years of a pair of treatises upon Linguistic Science—a subject which must, in some degree, be presumed *caviare* to the general reader—imply both sterling merits in the volumes themselves, and no inconsiderable amount of philological interest in the public at large. On both accounts, therefore, it may be thought that such good wine needs no bush, and that further recommendation of these treatises on our part is, at least, superfluous. Yet the contents of Dr. Donaldson's volumes are so various, suggestive, and important, that we make no apology to our readers for drawing attention to them, more especially as, although they have been much read, they have hitherto been rarely noticed by our critical contemporaries, and because, also, since the date of their first publication, geology and physiology, the sister-sciences of philology, have thrown new light upon the history and vicissitudes of mankind. Our readers, however, need not apprehend from us a dissertation on Grammar. We shall confine ourselves to such portions of the volumes before us as deal with the families and the dispersion of the human race, rather than with the divisions of their speech or the mechanism of their expression. Once again the human swarm is setting forth to replenish the waste places of the earth: and it may be interesting to glance, however briefly, at the course and history of its earlier migrations.

A word or two is, however, due to philology itself, and its present aspects and functions in this country. Its recognition as a science, putting forth equal claims, and standing upon parallel ground with the exact sciences, is comparatively of recent date. The term philologist has undergone several changes. At one period it was nearly as vague as that

of 'Francis Moore, physician.' It implied, simply, a person addicted to literature, and was appended to works treating of archaeological, historical, and even ethical questions. Thomas Hearne dubbed himself a philologist, and orator Henley, from his 'gilt tub,' professed to give lectures on 'philology.' Next, it was restricted to proficients in the languages of Greece and Rome; and if Hicks, Lye, or Manning, with all their knowledge of the Teutonic idioms, had styled themselves philologists, the insulted majesty of Oxford and Cambridge would have been up in arms against such presumptuous intruders. We have become more tolerant, as the knowledge of languages has advanced. The title of philologist is now as willingly accorded to Bopp and Grimm, as to Hermann and Buttmann. Rome and Greece submit to the custom of gavelkind, and no longer assume an elder-brother's share. Linguistic science surveys mankind from China to Peru, and embraces the speech of all the families of the earth, without reference to the superior mechanism or refinement of one or more among their various dialects.

About twenty years ago, the learned Archdeacon of Lewes, in the Preface to the *Philological Museum*, deplored, and with much reason, the general feebleness of English philology. He observed, that, with one or two brilliant exceptions, our native scholars had contributed, for several years, a mite, and a mite only, to the knowledge of classical antiquity: and that our principal reviews, which at one time handled such topics with considerable learning and acuteness, had, since 1825, nearly abandoned that field of speculation. From works then on the anvil, or of which samples had been published, this distinguished writer, who has himself done much

* *Varronianus: a Critical and Historical Introduction to the Ethnography of Ancient Italy, and the Philological Study of the Latin Language.* By J. W. Donaldson, D.D., Head Master of King Edward's Grammar School, Bury St. Edmund's. Second Edition, enlarged. London: John W. Parker and Son. Cambridge: John Deighton. 1852.

The New Cratylus: Contributions towards a more Accurate Knowledge of the Greek Language. By J. W. Donaldson, D.D. Second Edition, much enlarged. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1850.

to remove the reproach he makes, augurs, indeed, a renaissance of the philological spirit among us. His augury has since been amply fulfilled. We have no longer cause to blush at the disproportion between the learning we impart and that which we produce. The ancient spirit of our Gattakers, and Hickeses, and Bentleys was not dead, but sleeping; and we can at the present moment point with becoming pride to a well-appointed auxiliary corps of English philologers, keeping time and step with the sturdy and numerous German phalanx.

Whether merited or not, we Englishmen have the character of being a particularly practical race; and as history is the most practical offspring of philology our progress in that science has very consistently been most conspicuous in the department of ancient history. In Thirlwall and Grote, in Arnold and Merivale, we possess a quaternion of writers in that province unsurpassed by laborious Germany or by livelier France. In Mr. Kemble's *Saxons in England*, we possess a work founded on sound philological investigations, and treating of the fontal problems of the English constitution. Mr. Paley's editions of *Æschylus* and *Propertius* will entitle him to be addressed, as '*docte sermones utriusque linguae*;' and prove that, while other departments have been more generally studied, verbal criticism has not declined. Professor Wilson and Colonel Rawlinson sustain our ancient reputation for oriental scholarship—a field which, considering the extent, importance, and expansion of our Indian Empire, should be peculiarly our own; while Dr. Donaldson, in the treatises we now proceed briefly to notice, contributes to general and comparative grammar—the nursing parent of all branches of philology—two solid bases or buttresses, at least, which, by their reception, both at home and abroad, are confirming Dr. Arnold's prediction, that 'he would one day produce a work on the science of language which would rank beside the most acute and elaborate performances of German erudition.'

Neither our limits now, nor the general character of our pages, permit us to dissect with the minute-

ness due to such works either the *New Cratylus*, or the *Varronianus*. We can merely afford to glance at their design, plan, and materials, with a strong recommendation indeed of their more recondite chapters to all 'studious readers.' But philology is a science much more comprehensive than grammar; and from its many aspects we shall select the ethnological, both as the easiest of compression and as the most generally attractive in itself. And we the rather incline to this selection, because ethnology not only readily and indeed almost inseparably connects itself with geology and physiology, but also, owing to certain present movements and mutations of the human race, promises to exhibit some novel features, and to be entering upon strange and extensive combinations in at least two quarters of the globe.

The *Spectator* remarks that, in order to relish a book thoroughly most persons require to know something of its author's appearance and complexion, life, and conversation. The observation may be extended to the titles of books, especially if, like the *New Cratylus* and *Varronianus*, they contain something allusive, not to say enigmatical. So acting on the spirit, although not on the letter of the *Spectator's* remark, and leaving the author to be his own biographer if he will, or to take his posthumous chances of being chronicled justly, we shall pause for a moment to ask why he has so denominated his literary offspring. What is *Hecuba* to us? Who is *Cratylus* that he should expound Greek to us, or *Varronianus* that he should pore into the origins of Latin? Who the new *Cratylus* may be, will perhaps be best understood by ascertaining the character and pretensions of *Cratylus senior*. Of him many persons know thus much, that he was a disciple of *Heracleitus*, who accommodated Plato with his name as the title of a dialogue principally turning on etymologies. But knowing this is by no means an intimate acquaintance with *Cratylus père*. There are few more unfortunate positions in life than that of a person who, firing off a jest in company, is taken to be in earnest, and set down as a dealer in truisms, if not indeed a profane and scurrilous fellow. Now this is

very nearly what has happened to old Cratylus, or rather to his representative Plato. The philosopher had been vexed in his inmost soul by the verbal tricks and quibbles of the Heraclitean and Eleatic schools, and thought to expose and extinguish them for ever by reducing their linguistic fooleries to *ad absurdum*, and making them ridiculous in the eyes of the laughter-loving Athenians. The wits and sages of his own days probably understood his drift; but the pleasantry was quite thrown away upon the learned of later ages, who either adopted Plato's jests as so many etymological canons or abused him for attempting to bamboozle the whole grammarian race. Old Cratylus, then, has been until very recently a much misrepresented gentleman. He meant to be amusing; he was supposed to be serious and dogmatical, and, under this delusion, he was not unfairly put down for a most unconscionable twaddler. There is no danger of Cratylus *filii* being similarly misunderstood. Now and then indeed he shows himself by an occasional spurt of wit capable of shooting with his father's bow; but he is generally a grave and earnest investigator of his subject, dealing after a trenchant fashion with the Eleatic and Heraclitean sciolists of his day. His name is nearly all he borrows or inherits from his humorous but mistaken ancestor.

But what is the import of *Varro-nianus*? According to Roman usage the name would imply that for private or political ends Dr. Donaldson had been adopted by some paterfamilias who had no lineal heirs, or having such, thought them 'slow coaches,' and not likely to do credit to his *gens*. Now, had this been so, we should have said that the adopting Varro had secured for himself a very learned and sharp-witted successor—a highly creditable graft upon the Varronian stock. But it is no such matter. M. Terentius Varro, it appears, nearly nineteen centuries ago published, although he never printed, an instructive work entitled, *De Lingua Latina*, wherein, after the ancient fashion, he boggled a good deal about the origin of words, but preserved many curious examples of their earlier uses and forms, besides rescuing many from oblivion.

And now Dr. Donaldson, in consideration of Varro's learning and other merits, enrolls himself in his clan, so far as philology is concerned, and discourses, with far ampler means and appliances at hand, upon the roots, cognates, and offsets of the Roman tongue.

Having thus in some measure acted upon the *Spectator's* hint we proceed to examine the contents of these treatises, giving precedence to the elder volume, which professes on its title page to be 'a contribution towards a more accurate knowledge of the Greek language.' And let us not be deemed paradoxical for asserting, *in limine*, that an English doctor of divinity—*for Cratylus filii* is no less—writing several centuries after the Greek ceased to be a living tongue, may be better acquainted with its structure and relations than even an Athenian or Byzantine born. Of the Greeks in all ages—whether listening to Demosthenes in the assembly, or expounding Homer to Petrarch and Boccaccio at Florence—it may be affirmed that they were neither themselves philologists, nor did they possess the materials for philological inquiries. Language they regarded universally from a purely literary point of view, and as their own unrivalled literature reigned paramount—having within the range of their observation *nihil simile aut secundum*, they felt and expressed a lordly scorn of all other mundane dialects. For all purposes of art, logic, and elaboration of the internal mechanism of their language this exclusive pride was highly serviceable. But it was fatal to all pretensions to philology, of which the strength lies in expansion, not in seclusion, in comparative, not in single examples. Nay, in some respects it was unfavourable to the development of the Grecian mind itself, since it severed the Hellenic race, in a measure, from the human family, and by narrowing the ground of their sympathies and interests, hastened their intellectual decline. The Greek grammarians, like the Italian Della Crusca, comprehended perfectly the right usage and the fine and almost imperceptible shades of meaning in their subtle and harmonious idioms. But here their function ends. They never dreamed—and they would have resented the

suggestion of them as an affront—of the affinities between the speech of Hellas and that of Persia, even though a few months' practice enabled Athenians and Spartans to converse without the aid of an interpreter with the Great King himself. They ignored the language of their Roman conquerors, although it was an elder branch of their own vernacular idiom, and with the single exception of Plutarch, a good natured cosmopolite in his way, no Greek writer for four hundred years makes more than a passing mention of any Roman author. We cannot, indeed, concede to Mr. John Stuart Mill that such singleness of speech rendered the Greeks worse logicians than they would have been, if, like ourselves, they had been constrained to learn several languages. But we have no doubt, on the other hand, that their contempt of foreign tongues disabled them from becoming sound etymologists even in their own. What we have written of the Greeks applies in hardly an inferior degree to the Romans also. The Emperor Claudius was perhaps the only man in the empire who could read Etruscan as well as Greek. But his accomplishments earned him, Caesar as he was, little or no credit. He was accounted at best a learned simpleton; and the Romans, having in their wide provincial dominion the most ample field for the cultivation of comparative philology, neglected it altogether, forced the Gauls, and Iberians, and Africans to learn Latin, and when they transmitted to posterity a few words from provincial dialects, they disguised them as effectually as if they had intended a practical jest, and had foreseen the torments they were inflicting upon etymologists for ever. It is no paradox, therefore, to assert that, so far as regards aids and appliances *ab extra*, the modern philologist is in a better position for enucleating the fountal problems of the Greek and Roman languages than if he had sat among the spectators of the Antigone, or been among the hearers of Cicero.

The *New Cratylus* opens with a delineation of the functions and a statement of the claims of philology to be regarded as a science. In the first place, its value as an organ of liberal education is considered, and, for this purpose, the palm is most

justly awarded to the two most perfect of the ancient dialects—partly because their formularies are now beyond the reach of transition, and partly because of the essential merits of the literature which they contain. We think that Dr. Donaldson overrates the advantages derived from the practice of composition in the dead languages. We believe the same ends might be attained at a less expense of toil, and yet more valuable time, by the study at school and the university of our own classical writers. We have often had occasion to marvel at the skill displayed by ingenuous youth in writing Greek iambs, and by the solecisms they commit in English prose. We have known Shakspeare and Massinger made to speak the very language of Sophocles, by a man who could not write six sentences of tolerable English. This, however, is not the place for discussing a much vexed question; but whenever a real reform of university studies shall take place, we trust that English literature will be deemed as worthy of a professor's chair as Greek or moral philosophy. The statement of the claims of philology is followed by a review of its origin, progress, and present state; and we would especially point out some most instructive and interesting remarks upon the philology of the schoolmen, as embodied in what Coleridge described as the greatest of controversies—that between the Nominalists and Realists.

In his third chapter, Dr. Donaldson treats of the philosophy of language, and enters largely upon the questions of its original unity, its subsequent divarications, its affinities, transitions, and corruptions; its various aspects among races which have been early settled in one region, or which have spread themselves over the earth's surface; its relations, on the one hand, to the history of matter, and, on the other, to the development of mind. We have not space to enter upon the highly metaphysical character of many of these inquiries; but the following vindication on philological principles of the unity of the human race will, we think, prove equally acceptable to the scholar and the theologian:—

Not to speak of the uses of philol -

gical criticism, it may be shown that linguistic ethnography contributes in no small measure towards establishing the grounds of Revelation. All the truth, or at least all the intelligibility, of the Christian dispensation, depends on the derivation of the human race from one stock. If mankind had not a common origin, there must be branches of our race which have no more share in hereditary corruption or transmitted sin, than the supposed inhabitants of another planet. Now it is by philology alone that we can attempt to demonstrate the primeval unity of man. We are already so far advanced as to be able to divide all the known languages of the world into two main classes; and although we do not possess sufficient knowledge of the whole body of languages to be able to say what affinity exists between the two great divisions, approximations have been made to the conclusion that there are certain points in which they osculate; and, judging from the progress of linguistic studies hitherto, we may fairly hope that, as in the case of languages now known to be cognate we were impressed with the differences long before we perceived the similarities which are now the most prominent features, so it will be hereafter with all the languages of the world; and investigation will fully confirm what the great Apostle proclaimed in the Areopagus, 'that God has ordained that from one common parentage all the different tribes of men should spread themselves over the whole face of the earth, having determined the particular times of their successive emigrations and the boundaries of their respective settlements.' Thus much may be expected from comparative philology.

The section, however, of the *New Cratylus* which possesses the highest value for the general reader is that 'upon the ethnological affinities of the ancient Greeks.' If ethnology can be presumed to be, at any period, a subject of universal interest, it must emphatically be so considered at an epoch when a new dispersion of mankind appears to be imminent, and when the races of the old continent are pouring forth themselves in masses towards the regions of the west and south. The United States and the Canadas are now monthly receiving accessions to their population from the Celts of Ireland, from the Teutons of Europe, and from those semi-oriental races which are unloosed by revolution and calamity from their homes on its eastern frontier. In the western states of North America,

from the Hudson and St. Lawrence to the Gulfs of Mexico and California, the Celt, the Hungarian, the Pole, and the Saxon, are now seated side by side, and in another century these branches of the great Celtic, Slavonian, and Teutonic stems will be interwoven with one another by the bonds of civil, political, and family union. With these more eminent varieties of mankind are combined also an oceanic element through the immigration of labourers and artisans from China, and if the harbours of Japan be thrown open to the commerce of the world, we may anticipate that a gradual infusion of western blood will affect the most pure and exclusive of the islanders of the Pacific. Again, in the far south, and in regions scarcely a century old in the annals of geography and commerce, the auriferous tracts are rapidly leading to a *col-luvies gentium*, to a demolition of the barriers of races, to the annihilation of some, to the amalgamation of many, and eventually to the production of varieties of mankind in which it will be no longer possible to discriminate between the original stock and the hybrid offspring. Since, indeed, the great dispersion from the plains of Shinar, or that no less memorable breaking up of the great deeps of the north, when the Rhine and the Danube precipitated upon the exhausted plains of Greece and Italy their hardier sons, and founded new and vigorous dynasties in the heart of a decaying empire, the world has beheld no commingling, interweaving and accretion of races equal or similar to that which is now proceeding under the eyes of the present generation. Philology uplifts the curtain from past migrations, and displays, by the light of scientific analogies, the probable course and future gyrations of the great gulf-stream of human life.

Therefore on all accounts, before new combinations of races shall have obliterated in a third of the world the former distinctions, it is important that ethnology should be placed upon a secure basis, and that the fountains of the stream should be, if possible, laid open before they are irretrievably concealed by the multitude of arteries which emanate from them. And therefore we greet with much satisfaction all such works as,

Like the *New Cratylus* and *Varronianus*, apply one crucial test—the test of languages—to the problems of derivation and dispersion, and to the phenomena which mark and accompany the ‘peopling of the earth.’ For enucleating these problems three sciences are necessary, and each of them has now for some years been in active operation. The time has fortunately gone by when it was deemed impossible to reconcile the disclosures of geology with the records of the creation. No one out of St. Luke’s, or beyond the dim recesses of a country parsonage, a prebendal stall, or Exeter-hall, deems that Moses and Sir Charles Lyell are committed to a deadly feud. No one now dreads that physiology will unsettle the great fact of the unity of the human race, inasmuch as the deeper the physiologist probes his subject, the more cause he discovers for affirming the scriptural assertion that all flesh proceeded from a single pair. And few, we trust, remain who believe that philology legitimately exercised, can ever disturb the foundations of faith, while, on the contrary, the number is daily increasing of those who hold that the sounder the interpretation of the Greek and Hebrew tongues shall become, the more completely will the ways of God to man be displayed and vindicated.

The earth and its inhabitants are the most interesting of topics to all studious and reasoning men. The structure of the earth is revealed by the geologist; the form divine and the wonderful mechanism of man is examined by the physiologist, and between these sciences the conditions of eventual harmony are already securely established. But a third power, or as the elder metaphysicians would have phrased it—a third force is demanded for completing the reconciliation, and for solving the lingering questions which lie beyond the province of him who deals with the earth and of him who is busied with the individuals and families upon it. Man was endowed by his creator with articulate speech, as well as with a living soul. His speech, as a whole, discriminates him from other animals, and by its divinations further divides him from his brethren. Geology points out the zones and radii of the earth

which are the best suited to population; physiology discloses the adaptation between the organs of man and the places of his habitation—but philology, or the science of language, alone demonstrates the cause and manner of his dispersion, and follows him to the extreme verge, or traces him back to the fontal source of civilization. The aspects of civilization may be divided into two main streams—the one extends into the far east, and may be comprised under the general head of Indian—the other permeates the extreme west, and may be described, in consideration of the superior civilization of the continent in which that civilization was developed, as the European. With the Indian aspect we are but remotely concerned; it affords ample and lively illustrations of our own system, but it does not directly affect or determine it. It is enough to know that beyond the extremest bounds of Grecian and Roman conquest, and at epochs when the Seven Hills were covered with primal forest, and the acropolis of Athens was a bare peak of stone, empires existed powerful in arts and arms, guided or deluded in religion by awful creeds and shadowy mythologies, and governed by laws which sometimes excite our admiration by their profound and subtle jurisprudence, and at others shock and estrange our feelings by their systematic and reckless cruelty. It is interesting to know also that their august yet sombre dynasties at certain epochs, touched without osculating the great empire of the west, and that at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, or perchance at Trapobane or Ceylon, the Roman merchants met the swart and turbaned Hindoo, and, perchance, amidst the cares of business or avarice, compared notes with each other as to the relative grandeur of imperial Rome and the holy city of Benares.

The field of inquiry traversed in the *New Cratylus* is the wider and more diversified; but the *Varronianus* is, in our opinion, the more mature and masterly work. Comparatively, also, it is more original, or at least more novel in its details than its predecessor; for great as the progress of philology has been during the present century, its advances have been made on the side of

Grecian rather than Latin scholarship. We do not complain of the preference; yet we rejoice to perceive a turn in the tide, and to find, both in Germany and in England, a reviving taste for the literature of Rome. It has been too much the fashion of late to cry that all is barren between the *Dag* and *Heersheba* of Roman authors. Even writers so well informed as Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Macaulay have joined in it, not indeed unduly magnifying the superiority of the Greeks in language, invention, and the art of collocation, but we think unduly denying the claim of the Romans to sterling merits in these respects. Cicero, we are told by one of these critics, is little better than a mere wordmonger; the Roman poets, we are assured, resemble the clipped, formal avenues of yews which ornamented or deformed the gardens of our ancestors; and Sallust and Tacitus imitated without possessing the genius of Thucydides. Be it so: we reply that we, as moderns, and deriving no small portion of our noblest and most refined literature from Italian models, imitate, through them, Virgil rather than Homer, and Livy and Tacitus rather than Thucydides and Xenophon, and consequently are 'debtors' less to the 'Greek' than to the people whom the insolent Greeks accounted little better than 'barbarians.' For these reasons we rejoice to meet with a scholar like Dr. Donaldson, who, having abundantly proved his proficiency in the schools of Athens, asserts also the authentic dignity and excellence of the Latian Muses. We assent also to his opinion that Latin scholarship cannot be considered in a flourishing condition in this country at the present moment. There are, indeed, symptoms of its revival, and among the most promising the *Varroianus* itself. But since the days of Porson, the current has set strongly the other way; and we think the preference shown to Greek not altogether creditable to the managers of our great schools and universities. Generally speaking, a chorus of Sophocles has a better chance of being correctly rendered by an aspiring youth than a chapter of Tacitus or an ode of Horace; yet for all practical purposes, especially

when the increasing cultivation of modern languages is taken into account, the Latin is by much the more important of the two classical idioms. Conceding to the Greeks their undoubted rights—originality of thought, superior harmony of expression, and greater vigour and brilliancy of imagination—amplitude and dignity will always remain the characteristics of Rome. Even Mr. Grote's earnest and thoughtful mind cannot invest the wars and policy of the Greek republics with a European interest. The Greek political drama was acted upon a narrow and insignificant stage; it was at most a rehearsal of more stirring and comprehensive scenes to be afterwards performed, with three continents for their audience and the course of civilization for their plot and denouement. Rome, and not Greece, is the proper ancestor of Christendom; and Roman, and not Hellenic, literature is the root of Christian poetry, ethics, and history.

As in the *New Cratylus*, so in the *Varroianus*, we must limit our remarks to the ethnological introduction of the treatises. The Romans did not claim for themselves the empty honour of being an autochthonous race—the earliest denizens of the Latin soil. On the contrary, they confessed their ancestors to have been a *sentina gentium*, the offspring of adventurers flocking to a common asylum at the invitation of one or more shepherd warriors. The elements of this mixed race are analysed in the opening chapters of the *Varroianus*. First, the domestic relations of the old Italian tribes are examined, and next their foreign affinities. The general conclusions of the introduction are subsequently confirmed by a comparison of the various dialects spoken in the Italian peninsula.

In these inquiries there are two salient points of interest, and to these we shall confine ourselves. First, the origin of the Etruscan nation; and, secondly, the transmission of the Latin language and civilization to its modern representatives. Whether or no the curtain which has fallen upon Etruscan civilization is destined to be finally uplifted by the discovery of the family to which their language belongs, and by the power of reading

that language with as much ease as we interpret Oscan inscriptions, is a problem at present, and without further aids insoluble. The monumental and traditional evidence of Etruscan greatness is singularly complete: the phonetic records of it alone are dumb. Of the nations with which in their career of conquest the Romans came in contact, they regarded the Gauls with fear, and the Etruscans, for many generations at least, with respect. The latter feeling was probably in some measure owing to their dependence upon the Etruscans in all matters of religious ceremony, and partly also to ethnical affinities between the races north and south of the Tiber. The most compact and populous of the Pelasgian settlements in Italy was in Etruria; the next in numbers and cohesion was the Roman territory itself. The third tribe of Rome—the Luceres—was Pelasgian, of the same stock, and probably indeed a colony from Southern Etruria. No motive less potent than the establishment, against all evidence, of a favourite theory could have induced Niebuhr to maintain that the Tarquinian House was of Latin origin, further indeed than the Latins were themselves Pelasgians. The whole history of the Tarquinian dynasty implies Etruscan influence, but the influence of southern or Pelasgian Etruria, just as the story of Porsena's conquest of Rome indicates the power of Northern Etruria, where a race hostile to the Tarquinian princes had established itself. Again, neither England under the Normans, nor Gaul under the Franks, betrays more palpable tokens of the co-existence in one state of two races—a dominant and a subject one—than Etruria as described by Roman historians. The subject race was Pelasgian; who the dominant race were is still *sub judice*.

Two hypotheses are possible. One is, that a portion of the civilized Pelasgians were by foreign invasion driven from the plains and cities of the Peninsula into the Alps, where, cut off from their brethren, they relapsed into barbarism, again descended upon the lowlands, and reconquered the regions once occupied by their ancestors. The other and more probable explanation is, in our opinion, that preferred by the learned

author of *Varronianus*. He conceives the dominant race in Northern Etruria to have been a low German tribe, who subjected the Pelasgians, and settled among them as conquerors, as the Normans among the Anglo-Saxons, and the Franks among the Romano-Gallic population of France. Niebuhr had previously noticed certain striking resemblances between the Etruscan and Scandinavian systems of mythology. Dr. Donaldson carries the comparison a step—and a most important step—further, and detects some remarkable affinities between Etruscan inscriptions and the low German dialects. For the linguistic proofs of his theory we must refer our readers to the pages of the *Varronianus*. But if his speculations be true—and they bear with them an aspect of great probability—an interesting fact is added to ethnological science, the identity of the mysterious Etruscans with the low Germans of Scandinavia, with the Danes, who sixteen centuries after Porsena reigned at Clusium wasted the shores of England, and with the Norsemen who in the ninth century of the Christian era established themselves in Iceland, and attained there a high degree of both civil and literary cultivation.

The language of Rome affected in very various degrees the provinces of its empire. In the east and south it hardly affected the speech of the provincials. The Syrians and Egyptians sullenly kept aloof from their conquerors, and when they exchanged their sibilant semitic idiom for a foreign tongue, adopted the language of the Greeks. The Greeks, on the other hand, classed the dialect of Italy among other barbarous forms of speech, in comparison with their own expressive and mellifluous idiom. But to the north and west of Italy the case was reversed. The Celts and Iberians, the Raetians and Dacians, embraced both the language and literature of Italy with the zeal of neophytes, and Italy itself was scarcely more a Latin province than the Gauls and the South Danubian provinces finally became. It has been a point actively mooted among philologists—which of the Southern European tongues most nearly reflects and resembles its Roman ancestor. The Gothic and

Semitic elements of the Spanish are fatal to the claims of the Iberian peninsula. The Italian, both from the *genius loci*, and the radical elements of its population, might seem to be the favourite candidate for this distinction, had not conquest, Germanic, Byzantine, and Saracenic, swept in such ruthless succession over the Italian soil, and infected even the *incunabula Romæ* with admixtures of foreign speech. When literature revived, indeed, the Roman influence revived also; and Dante, the scholar of Virgil, impressed the written speech of his contemporaries with an indelible Roman brand; and the great Florentine's successors completed the work he had begun by almost fanatical obsequiousness to the canons and phraseology of Cicero and Virgil. But the language of the *Divina Comedia*, of the *Decamerone*, and the *Gierusalemme*, is too much a written language—a compromise between rival dialects—for the purposes of the philologer; and he consults rather the current patois than the stereotyped phrases of literature. But the spoken Italian departs in many essential respects from the written language of Rome, however it may have resembled the real utterances of the *fax Romuli*, in the Suburra, or the provincialisms of the Campanian vine-pruners. Dr. Donaldson sets up the claim of modern French to be regarded as the most genuine offset of the language of Rome; and as the following passage states his argument almost as briefly, and much more cogently than we can represent it by condensation, we lay it entire before our readers:—

It will not be expected that I should here show at length how the Romance languages were formed from the Latin. It will be sufficient to point out some of the reasons for believing that the French language is a better living representative of the pronunciation of the ancient Italians than the language which is now spoken in the Peninsula itself; and in conclusion to state briefly what was the process of the disintegration, and in what degree the modern differed from the ancient form.

As the Romans successively conquered the different nations which formed the population of Italy, they generally included within the limits of a single empire a number of different tribes, who spoke idioms, or dialects, differing but

little from the language of the Romans themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising that a gradual amalgamation should have taken place, and that every Italian should have spoken, with only slight variations of accent, one and the same Latin language. The language of Rome itself—the language of Government, of literature, of law—would of course be independent of these minor differences. Every educated man, and every public functionary, would refer to this unvarying standard, and would speak or write, in some cases with pedantic accuracy, the language of the senate-house and the forum. Accordingly the inhabitants of the provinces, or the foreign subjects of the empire, would hear nothing but pure Roman Latin; and if they learned the language at all they would at least learn it in the best form. Their position in this respect differed materially from that of the colonists, even in ancient times. The colonists of our day, and especially the English emigrants, present a material contrast to the case of the Roman provincials. For, while the colonists who sailed from Corinth or Athens were of all classes, our modern colonists are generally those who are either not able to live at home, or at all events who practise trades inconsistent with a high amount of educational polish. We find, therefore, that colonial English represents only the vulgar colloquial language of the mother country, whereas the Roman provincials spoke a language derived—imperfectly it might be, but still derived—from the polished and elegant diction of proconsuls, juriconsults, negotiators, and publicani.

The Gauls, in particular, were remarkable for their tendency to assimilate themselves, in their language and usages, to the Romans. In an inconceivably short space of time the province Gallia was completely Romanized. Their own language was out of the pale of civilization; in fact they had no mother tongue to struggle for. A language is only dear to us when we know its capabilities, and when it is hallowed by a thousand connexions with our civilization, our literature, and our comforts. So long as it merely lips the inarticulate utterances of half-educated men, it has no hold upon the hearts of those who speak it; and it is readily neglected or thrown aside in favour of the more cultivated idiom, which, while it finds names for luxuries of civilization before unknown, also opens a communication with those who appear as the heralds of moral and intellectual regeneration. The Greeks and Jews had good reasons for loving the language of their ancestors, and could never be induced

to forget or relinquish the flowing rhythms of their poets or the noble energy of their prose writers. The case was not so with the provincials of Gaul: without any anterior predilections, and with a mobility of character which still distinguishes their modern representatives, they speedily adopted the manners and the words of the Romans; and it is probable that in the time of the Empire there was no more difference between the grammatical Latin of Lyons and Rome, than there is now between the grammatical French of St. Petersburg and Paris.

If the few and imperfect remarks we have been enabled to make upon Dr. Donaldson's volumes be sufficient to recommend them to the ethnologist, we can fearlessly refer the grammarian and comparative philologist to their pages. The former will find, in the *New Cratylus* especially, many serviceable canons of criticism, and no few emendations of corrupt or doubtful passages. The latter will discover in both treatises a comprehensive and accurate acquaintance with languages, both in their families and in their dialectic idiosyncrasies. We would part with a gentle hint to the author that a milder tone towards some of his scholastic contemporaries would not

be amiss; he reminds us too often of the learned warfare of the Scaligers and Scipios. The public no longer takes any interest in a 'set-to' of grammarians, and will 'let Dares beat Entellus black and blue' till both are satisfied. A little more amenity would greatly improve his controversial style. Apart from this defect, however, Dr. Donaldson is entitled to high commendation, as at once an enterprising and a conscientious investigator of languages. His diligence is unwearied; his learning is great; his sagacity unflinching; his accuracy scrupulous; his method perspicuous; and his diction nervous and refined. In an age when so many material interests encroach upon the realm of philology, his merits have been acknowledged by the demand for re-editions of his works; and we have much mistaken their character if the *New Cratylus* and *Varronianus* do not long remain as specimens and landmarks of the philological science of the present century. The field of linguistic investigation is wide, and we trust again to welcome Dr. Donaldson among the explorers of its more remote and obscure regions.

HARVEST-HOME.

By FREDERICK TENNYSON.

COME, let us mount the breezy down,
And hearken to the tumult blown
Up from the champaign and the town.
Lovely lights, smooth shadows sweet,
Swiftly o'er croft and valley fleet,
And flood the hamlet at our feet;
Its groves, its hall, its grange that stood,
When Bess was Queen, its steeple rude;
Its mill that patters in the wood;
And follow where the brooklet curls,
Seaward, or in cool shadow whirls,
Or silvery o'er its cresses purls.
The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain;
The merry work goes on amain;
Pale streaks of cloud scarce veil the blue,
Against the golden harvest hue
The Autumn trees look fresh and new;
Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea;
I see the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek, and boddice staid,
'Mid the stout striplings half afraid;

Her red lip and her soft blue eye
 Mate the poppy's crimson dye,
 And the corn-flowers waving by ;
 I see the sire with bronzed chest ;
 Mad babes amid the blithe unrest
 Seem leaping from the mother's breast ;
 The mighty youth, and supple child
 Go forth, the yellow sheaves are piled,
 The toil is mirth, the mirth is wild !
 Old head, and sunny forehead peers
 O'er the warm sea, or disappears,
 Drown'd amid the waving ears ;
 Barefoot urchins run, and hide
 In hollows 'twixt the corn, or glide
 Toward the tall sheaf's sunny side ;
 Lusty pleasures, hob-nail'd fun,
 Throng into the noonday sun,
 And 'mid the merry reapers run.
 Draw the clear October out ;
 Another, and another bout,
 Then back to labour with a shout !
 The banded sheaves stand orderly
 Against the purple Autumn sky,
 Like armies of Prosperity.
 Hark ! through the middle of the town
 From the sunny slopes run down,
 Bawling boys, and reapers brown ;
 Laughter flies from door to door
 To see fat Plenty with his store
 Led a captive by the poor ;
 Fetter'd in a golden chain,
 Rolling in a burly wain,
 Over valley, mount, and plain ;
 Right through the middle of the town,
 With a great sheaf for a crown,
 Onward he reels a happy clown ;
 Faintly cheers the tailor thin,
 And the smith with sooty chin
 Lends his hammer to the din ;
 And the master blithe and boon,
 Pours forth his boys that afternoon,
 And locks his desk an hour too soon.
 Yet, when the shadows eastward seen
 O'er the smooth-shorn fallows lean,
 And Silence sits where they have been,
 Amid the gleaners I will stay,
 While the shout and roundelay
 Faint off, and daylight dies away ;
 Dies away, and leaves me lone
 With dim ghosts of years ago,
 Summers parted, glories flown ;
 Till day beneath the West is roll'd,
 Till grey spire and tufted wold
 Purple in the evening gold :
 Memories, when old age is come,
 Are stray ears that flick the gloom,
 And echoes of the Harvest-home.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO NEW SOUTH WALES IN 1853.

PART II.

THE distance from Sydney to Bathurst is 120 miles, and the road leads over the 'Blue Mountains,' which for many years bounded the settled lands of the colony. The scenery in the mountains, which I had heard a good deal of, disappointed me. They are not lofty (the highest not above 3000 feet), and peculiarly tame in outline. The forests, too, with which they are covered, being composed almost entirely of the eternal eucalyptus, are as unpicturesque as forests can be. There is one striking pass, where the road suddenly emerges from the hills, through which it has been winding for fifty miles, and plunges, with a rapid descent of about three miles, upon the plain. This is called the Victoria Pass. What struck me most on the journey through the hills was the numberless caravans, as I may call them, of wool-drays, camping in the forest along the sides of the road. When the day declines, the teams are halted, at some place, if possible, where there is water; the bullocks are unyoked, hobbled, and turned loose with bells about their necks, to shift for themselves. The drivers light their fire, cook their supper, boil their tea-kettle, and finally betake themselves to sleep under their drays. We passed so many of their encampments, that we saw them in every stage of these operations; and, especially after nightfall, there was something very wild and picturesque about the effect which they produced, seen through the glades of the forest. All along the road we passed the bodies of dead bullocks, in various stages of decomposition, and sometimes, though rarely, of horses. I was in hopes that I might have seen kangaroos, of which a good many still haunt these mountain solitudes; but we were not so lucky. I saw many birds that were new and strange to me, especially parrots of various kinds and very brilliant plumage, white cockatoos, a very pretty species of pigeon, called the bronze-wing, and a most grotesque and hideous kind of king-fisher, com-

monly called the 'laughing jack-ass,' which makes the woods absolutely ring with its horrible chattering merriment. Most of the Australian trees are flowering (a redeeming point which their inferiority in beauty requires), and the blossoms have a very pleasant smell. Sometimes, for many hundred yards together, you enjoy gales reminding you of an English bean-field.

The character of the country on the western side of the mountains is very different from that in the neighbourhood of Sydney. There is a good deal of cultivation wherever there is water, the vegetation is richer, and everything indicates a better soil. On the other hand, the climate is said to be hotter in summer, the regular sea-breeze, which is such a consolation at Sydney, being of course unfelt in the interior, and it is also more subject to droughts than the coast. It is curious that, from the time one crosses the mountains, one is free from the plague of mosquitoes; in its place comes a plague of flies—the common English flies—which swarm so as to blacken and defile everything. Everybody in the interior wears a short veil, or rather fly-flapper, made of net, round his hat, to keep them off the face. After we had passed the mountains, the rain ceased, and in its stead we had to suffer from the worse evil of a broiling sun and blinding dust. I don't know how I should have borne the 'box-seat' during the day; but most fortunately, at the place where we breakfasted, I found that a spare horse, belonging to the proprietor, was just starting for Bathurst, and I induced the man who was to ride him to change places with me. I thus got a solitary ride of thirty-five miles, which I enjoyed extremely, notwithstanding the heat and dust, instead of being jolted to death on that purgatorial mail. At the last stage, ten miles from Bathurst, I took my old place again, and we drove in at a good pace, over a country perfectly different in character from anything I had yet seen

in New South Wales. This, in fact, was the beginning of the western pastoral country, which was discovered about twenty-five years after the foundation of Sydney, and which now extends three hundred miles back from the coast—as far back, in short, as there is to be found water. For about ten miles round Bathurst, the country is level plain, like the prairies of New Zealand, but the general character of the district is that of open forest, the trees standing about as far apart as in an English orchard. Both sheep and cattle like this sort of country, I am told, better than the open plain; and it certainly has great advantages in the supply of wood and shelter. Bathurst is a little town, of some 2000 inhabitants, with a church, a gaol, a court-house, and a market-place, on the Macquarrie side. It has increased, of course, greatly in wealth and importance since the gold discoveries, of which it is the centre, but not in size; for the same reason that Sydney does not increase—*i.e.*, want of labour.

I went to a very tolerable inn, to which I had been recommended, and where I got, by dint of vigorous pleading, a room to myself. At the time I arrived, Bathurst was in a state of great excitement, news having just come in that the Turon was in a state of revolt, or nearly so, against the new gold regulations; and on the other hand, a detachment of forty men, of the 11th regiment, being daily expected from Sydney, to aid the civil power—we passed it on the road in the night, bivouacking in the forest among the Blue Mountains. At Bathurst I hired a tolerable horse for 10s. a day; and I got a mounted policeman, who happened to be returning to the Turon with despatches, to ride with me, and show me the way. The ride (of thirty miles) turned out pleasanter than I expected. There was a regular Australian "hot wind," which I found very oppressive, but it blew across the road, so that we did not suffer much from the dust, and after the first five or six miles we got into the forest, where we enjoyed as much shade as an Australian forest generally gives—not much, indeed, but still better than nothing. The road is, like all Australian roads—except

that from Sydney to Paramatta—a mere track, or rather system of tracks diverging from each other and uniting again, like the tracks of navigators on a chart. Whenever a driver thinks he can 'make a better course' by taking a new line, he does so, and at any rate he has the advantage of escaping the ruts of the old one. The worst roads are those near the towns, where, from the land on each side being appropriated and enclosed, all the traffic is concentrated on one track, which is proportionably cut up. The road from Bathurst to the Turon is at this season tolerably good; at least the ruts are not so inevitable, though they are as deep as those on the mountains. The country is composed of low hills, with fertile valleys between them, which, until the gold was discovered, were extensively cultivated, so as to make the Bathurst district a comparatively cheap and plentiful one, so far as farm produce was concerned. Within the last two years, however, the consuming population has of course so far outrun the producing one, that the district draws largely for its supplies both on the Hunter River and on the port of Sydney.

Late in the evening I arrived at the top of the hill overlooking the village of Sofala, and looked down on the celebrated valley of the Turon. The hills which inclose it are high, but not steep, covered with open forest; the bed of the river is, as usual in Australia, 'a world too wide for its shrunk' stream, except at rare intervals of flood; its banks, the sides of the hills, and the bed of almost every creek and water-course for miles round it, are now cut up into diggings—that is, into round holes or pits, like the mouths of wells, varying in depth to an indefinite extent. These are the 'dry diggings.' The 'bed claims,' which can only be worked in very dry weather, have a different appearance, the pits being much larger, more like quarries, and being fitted with a machinery of pumps and pipes, to remove the water which is constantly flowing in. All this is observable at the first glance that one gets from the top of the hill. Overlooking the river is the village, a most strange and picturesque

place. It consists of one long and wide street, and the houses are built of weatherboard, bark, and canvas, the two latter predominating, and flour-barrels being the favourite materials for the chimneys, wherever the houses were so lucky as to have chimneys. Large staring placards, in every variety of character, announced the names and callings of the various owners. Lodging-houses, public-houses, and gold-buying establishments preponderate, of course. As I rode down the street, I was surprised to see so many women and children; I had not thought the diggers were in the habit of bringing their families with them, or of *settling* so much as I found to be the case. A large tent with a cross at one end, was pointed out to me as the 'Episcopal Church,' and a smaller weatherboard building the Roman-catholic. The village was supposed to contain about 2000 people when I was there—including the huts scattered up and down the valley in its immediate neighbourhood.

Passing through this curious-looking place, half camp, half village, I followed my guide across the river Turon, which was very low and narrow, and up the steep bank opposite; we threaded our way through a perfect labyrinth of pits and holes, like a rabbit-burrow on a large scale, most of them deserted, but some still in process of being worked, until we arrived at what is called 'the commissioners' camp;' and certainly its appearance and accompaniments corresponded with the military associations suggested by the name. It was a little cantonment of bark huts and tents, standing apart from the surrounding buildings, on an eminence, in the middle of which there was a pretty large yard, surrounded by open sheds, in which some thirty or forty horses were picketed. All about the cantonment troopers were lounging, regular mustached, soldierly-looking men, wearing a blue uniform, something like our artillery, and armed like light cavalry. Close by the enclosure I was met by a party of four or five young men, in undress uniform, evidently of superior rank to the others, whom my guide pointed out to me as 'the commissioners.' I asked for the chief

commissioner, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and was very kindly received and welcomed by him. He told me he could not offer me a bed, as they were quite full, but asked me to dine with them, and recommended me to an inn in the town, where he said I should find quiet and tolerable accommodation. He told me also that I found them literally in a state of siege; and that the day before there had been a large armed meeting, at which it was determined not to submit to the new regulations. Three delegates were appointed, who went over to the commissioners' camp, informed the latter of the resolution arrived at, and further announced that they, the delegates, were then offenders against the law, being resident without licences, and that they would not take out any. The commissioners, thus defied, determined to act with vigour. They arrested the delegates, tried them on the spot (as the act enables them to do), and fined them five pounds each. The delegates blustered, said their friends would rescue them, and asked leave to send over to the meeting an account of their position. The commissioners consented; and while the messenger was absent put their camp in a posture of defence. Their force consisted of about thirty-five mounted policemen, well armed with carbines, pistols, and sabres. They had had the huts and the stables loopholed; the men's arms were loaded, and every one was at his post. In the mean time, great agitation prevailed at the meeting. Some professed a violent anxiety to storm the camp and rescue the prisoners; it is even said that a rush was actually made across the river for that purpose, and that they were only prevented by the personal intervention and influence of a Wesleyan minister. However, I suspect they were very glad of a good excuse, and that they never seriously entertained any idea of fighting. At any rate no fighting took place, but the commissioners had thought it right to send to Bathurst for more force, as the malcontents still loudly proclaimed their intention of not allowing defaulters to be arrested 'on the river,' *i. e.*, at work. The delegates, I forgot to say, had their fines paid by sub-

scription, after it had been determined not to fight. This was, of course, a confession of defeat. I spent the evening with the commissioners, and after dinner was guided through the pitfalls of the diggers to my inn, where, to my surprise, I got a bedroom to myself, and a tolerable bed, not more thickly peopled than the one which I had now become used to. The next morning I breakfasted at the 'camp,' and spent the day in visiting the various diggings up and down the river. The number of the diggers had fallen off very largely of late, partly on account of the new regulations, but much more from the comparative exhaustion of the Turon, and the inviting accounts which had reached them from the Ovens and Mount Alexander, in the neighbouring colony. There were still, however, at the time of my visit, about 2500 men at work in the district surrounding Bathurst. I spoke to a great many of them, asked them about their earnings, prospects, &c. Every one, without an exception, spoke in a tone of discontent and dissatisfaction; and many more, I doubt not, would go away if they had not brought up their families, and settled themselves. Still, inconsistent as it may appear, almost every one admitted that he was 'making wages,'—which, in the mouths of diggers, means earning 10s. a day, or 3*l.* a week, which I find is in fact the estimated average product of each man at work, calculated by comparing the number of licences with the amount of gold sent down by escort; and setting the unlicensed diggers against the gold that is sent down in other ways.

A good number of 'capitalists' were working their claims by means of hired labour, and I found they gave from 2*l.* 10s. to 3*l.* a week, for work which, of course, was not so hard or so long-continued, as if the men were working for themselves. The employers, I need hardly say, never, or almost never, make this plan pay; most of them give it up after a short trial. There are one or two companies also at work, about whose success I am not sanguine. I cannot conceive any speculation more hazardous and unpromising than an investment in an Australian gold-

mining company—especially for an English capitalist. I do not believe, indeed, in the advisableness, under any circumstances whatever, of colonial investments, by persons not intending to reside in the colony where they have invested. I have been so repeatedly warned against them by men of large colonial experience, and so many instances in corroboration of such warnings have come under my own knowledge, that I have no doubt upon the point. As a general rule you cannot trust any one to look after property at such a distance from the owner's eye. There are exceptions, of course, but so few as not to affect the argument. There was no quartz-crushing establishment at work when I was at the Turon, though many have been talked of, and it is the opinion, I think, of the best authorities with whom I have conversed, that there is no rock in New South Wales which it will pay to crush upon a large scale. The Turon (though still, at the time of my visit, producing a good deal of gold, in consequence of the long drought permitting the 'bed-claims' to be worked, for the first time since the first discovery) has decidedly seen its best days; the cream of the diggings has been skimmed. The same, too, seems to be the case with respect to all the neighbouring localities where gold has been found, Braidwood, Louisa Creek, Tambora, Mudgee, &c. Nor have the discoveries made in this colony, during the last twelve months, gone near to compensating for the exhaustion of the old ones. The whole produce of New South Wales is not one-half of what it was eighteen months ago. The colonists, who are extremely reluctant to confess this exhaustion of their mines, say that the diminished production is entirely owing to the diminution of the digging population, and that this last is owing to the fashionableness (they will not allow any real superiority) of the Victoria gold-fields. The average earnings at Port Phillip, however, have also decreased of late. The amount of gold sent down from all the Australian diggings during December, 1852, and January, 1853, was not much more than half what it had been in October and November, and this notwithstanding that the number

of diggers, or, at least, the population of the colony, has rapidly increased in the interval. In February, March, and April last, the diminution has been slower; but each of those months showed a steady though slight decrease, as compared with the preceding one. It is, of course, impossible to say what new discoveries of gold may be made in Australia, as there is a large extent of country apparently auriferous; but, unless new diggings, equal in richness to Mount Alexander, Ballarat, and Bendigo, be discovered from time to time, there can be no doubt that the produce must gradually but certainly and very considerably decline. Alluvial diggings are soon worked out, and I understand, from good authority, that as yet no appearance of gold mines, such as are worked in Brazil, has been exhibited in Australia. All gold countries have proved very rich for a few years after they are first worked, and men who are well acquainted with the South American mines tell me the latter must have been, in their opinion, as rich as the Australian diggings at first. Against the probability of many rich localities being hereafter discovered there is this to be said: for two years the whole population of Australia has been thinking of one subject only,—that is, gold; the whole efforts of everybody, governments as well as individuals, have been directed towards its acquisition; scientific expeditions have been sent out in every direction; private explorers, accustomed to the business, have ‘prospected’ every promising locality, so that I say—not, of course, that no further discoveries of gold will be made, (for new ones are made every month or so,) but—that the chance of discovering rich gold-fields diminishes, as time rolls on, and as population advances, in a constantly accelerated ratio. Any conceivable period may elapse before the first discovery of precious metals in a country, because they may be under the very feet of the population without being even thought of; but experience, so far as I know, shows that, after the first discovery, all the paying, or, at least, all the very rich mines, are ascertained and worked, within a comparatively

short period. In Mexico and Peru, for example, no new mines have been discovered, for the last 300 years, comparable, in richness, to those which were worked within a few years of the conquest. In South Australia the most eager search has failed to discover a second Burra-Burra. And so I am inclined to think, (though, of course, I speak with great diffidence,) it will be with respect to gold in Australia. At any rate, when I find such a remarkable phenomenon as a considerable decrease in the amount sent down, and this decrease going on for five or six months steadily, notwithstanding the discovery of many fresh diggings, and a large increase in the population, it is impossible for me to avoid a suspicion that the cream may have been already skimmed, and that no future year will see so large a production of Australian gold as 1852. There is, however, one circumstance to be noticed as of some weight on the opposite or encouraging side of the question. It is this—that in California, where the gold-field has been worked now for more than four years, I believe that the production, or at least the export of each year, has been greater than that of the preceding one; so that in that country either the increase of population, or the discovery of new diggings, or improved methods of working, or all these causes together, have hitherto counteracted the tendency on which I have insisted above.

Nothing, I believe, has yet been discovered in the shape of machinery equal in efficiency to the simple instruments which each man, or at most each gang of three or four men, can procure and work for themselves—namely, for the dry diggings the pickaxe, the shovel, and the cradle; and for the ‘bed-claims,’ a pump called a ‘long-Tom,’ in addition. Nor do I see any probability of superior machinery being presently required, for the Australian gold is apparently found always near the surface, and in rock that is easily worked, while the habits of the people and the high rate of labourers’ wages make combination under the orders of a capitalist irksome to them and unprofitable to him. I am not suffi-

ciently acquainted with the state of society and of the country in the mining provinces of South America to be able to draw a comparison with them, but we must not forget that there are now very few places where gold-digging or gold-mining pays, and that, except in Australia and California, they are all places where labour is cheap or compulsory, as for example, Brazil, Russia, and Carolina. Is there not reason to suppose that in these two exceptional localities also the time will soon come when gold-digging will not be found more profitable than it is found elsewhere? However, after all, our speculations have one element of uncertainty so important as to deprive us of much confidence in making them, because all depends on the chance of new discoveries, which no one knows anything about. Upon the question, naturally often asked, whether the Californian or the Australian gold-fields are the richer, there are very various opinions. My own, which has not been formed without at least much inquiry, is that though there are undoubtedly greater prizes, in the shape of large nuggets, to be obtained in Australia, yet the average earnings of the Californian diggers are on the whole larger, and complete failures much more rare. In the mean time, it is curious that the demand for labour and the inconveniences of every kind which result from it, have decidedly increased within the last six months of which we have accounts, although probably 150,000 people have been added to the labouring population, while the gold-fields were less productive in May, than they were in November, last. Of course the reason of this apparent paradox is that the creation of so much fresh capital has set in motion all sorts of enterprises and employments, which have more than absorbed the whole immigration. There is not so powerful an attraction to the diggings themselves as last year, but every other kind of business has increased so largely, that labourers are more wanted and more highly paid than ever. This point must be always kept in mind by those who are speculating on the probability of a fall in wages, with

a diminution of the necessity for immigration, and of the chances of immigrants finding employment. It will be a long time, even if the production of the gold-field should fall off rapidly and largely, before immigration can overtake the demands which the capital already created and in course of creation is producing, and will produce still more extensively if there be the slightest appearance of a fall in the present exorbitant rate of wages. There are vast sums actually lying idle, which nothing but the want of labour prevents from being invested, and every day adds to their amount. The only business in which labour can be procured with tolerable ease is fortunately the one which is most important both to the colony and to England—I mean sheep-farming; the reason of which is, that anybody, almost, will do for shepherds,—what the Australians call ‘crawlers,’ men who cannot or will not do hard work. A very little practice teaches them all that is necessary, and the labour is nothing. Many have left off shepherding to go to the gold-fields, but have very soon returned, disgusted with the hard work; and as to road-making, or any other sort of labour (especially task-work), which involves control and regularity, a shepherd will not look at it.

But to return to Sofala. I called on the Anglican clergyman, but did not find him at home; then I looked in at his school (the only one in the place), where I found about sixty children—boys and girls—taught by a man with one leg, who told me he had taken to teaching about twelve months before, in consequence of having been disqualified for digging by the loss of his leg from an accident in one of the holes. The clergyman got the school-room built, and provides the books. The pecuniary remuneration of the master is derived from the fees paid by the children.

I heard from the commissioners that there were plenty of kangaroos in the neighbourhood of Sofala, and as I expressed a strong desire to see a hunt, they promised to get a man who had good dogs in the town, to show me one. Accordingly, the

next morning he made his appearance with five or six strong, handsome dogs, of a breed originally crossed between the greyhound and some coarser variety, but now grown to be almost a distinct species, and very common in Australia. We were just going to start, when our friend, the owner of the dogs, in mounting his horse, got a fall, which hurt him so much that he could not proceed, but went home with his dogs. I was very much disappointed, especially as a plan which had been laid for me at Sydney to hunt kangaroo on Raymond Terrace, north of the Hunter, had also fallen to the ground, so that this was my only chance of seeing the sport. Perhaps it was as well for me that it did not come off, as I understand the riding (almost always through forest, over broken ground, stumps, &c.) is tremendous, even to an English fox-hunter, and my horse, though a tolerable hack, was not fitted for going across country. The kangaroo, I believe, though very fast for a spurt, especially down hill, never stands long before the dogs, but turns to bay either in water or with his back to a tree. They generally slip four or five of the powerful kangaroo-dogs, which I have described, and even these are often not a match for an old 'forester'; his game is to get them within the grasp of his forepaws, and then to rip them up with his hind ones. All the dogs one sees which have been engaged with kangaroos are seamed with terrific scars received in this way. The claws of these animals' hind feet are peculiarly long and sharp, and do great execution, but they are perfectly inoffensive, and always prefer flight to defence, when possible.

I was present at the settlement of one or two disputes by the Assistant Commissioner, under the authority of the new act. His decision (upon such questions as claims to holes, &c.) is final, but it would not be very easy to enforce it, if it happened to contravene public opinion. I do not mean to say that open resistance would be possible, or even thought of, but his ordinary force is not large enough to prevent an indefinite amount of evasion. In Victoria, where the miners are thirty or forty times as numerous as in New

South Wales, they can do pretty much as they like, their numbers being so great as not only to enable them to defy the police, but also to command the legislature. In fact, they are, as in California, the prevailing interest of the State. The diggers on the Turon seemed to be, on the whole, a quiet and well-conducted set of people, so far as I could judge from observing and conversing with them promiscuously, as well as from inquiry. There were few foreigners among them when I was there, most of the latter having gone away since the new act came into force. The Americans are well spoken of, both as being sober, quiet, and peaceable, and also as having introduced the knowledge of the best system of digging, pumping, and washing, as approved by experience of California. There is of course a great deal of drunkenness, but I could hear of very few cases of other crimes. During the day I spent at Bathurst, I visited the gaol, and inspected the record of the crime of the district. It appeared, of course, heavy in comparison with what had been the case when Bathurst was the centre of a thinly-peopled pastoral district, but not, I think, so heavy as to argue any peculiarly demoralizing tendency in the occupation of the people. What struck me more was the great preponderance of old convicts in the list, showing in a very marked way the effect of the system of transportation on these colonies, particularly when one considers that the evil produced by old convicts is not to be measured by the crimes alone which they commit themselves, but also by the instruction and example in vice which they diffuse around them. Of twenty-two convictions at the last quarter-sessions at Bathurst, twenty were of old convicts. This, however, seems to have been, by chance, a much greater proportion than usual, for out of sixty-nine prisoners in the gaol, I found only fifty entered as convicts, to nineteen 'free,' and I was told that this was about an average proportion. Still, it is very large.

On the second evening after my arrival at Sofala, I started to ride back to Bathurst, where I arrived just at nightfall. I had found the Royal Mail so abominable, that I

determined to try the 'opposition coach' this time. We started at the singularly inconvenient hour of half-past one A.M., in a better vehicle than the mail. In other respects, there was little to choose between them; the horses were equally bad, the drivers equally uncivil and scurrilous, the arrangements equally defective, and the time kept, or rather not kept, with equal unpunctuality. On arriving at Hartley, where we should have met the 'down coach,' in which the passengers were to go on, it had not arrived. I was the only passenger, and after waiting five hours, I began to ask whether there was any intention of sending me on in any other way. The clerk in the office said, very coolly, 'No; I must wait until the coach came; they could not even let me have a horse to ride on.' I talked about making the proprietors responsible; he said: 'Many gentlemen had talked about bringing actions, but he found they never did it.' I began to think I might have to spend a few days at Hartley, when at last the coach arrived. 'It had broken down,' an event which, I understand, happens on an average in one journey out of three. Patched up as it was, with the spring and the wheel broken, it appeared to me quite incapable of re-crossing the mountains; but there was no alternative, so we started, and after a journey of thirty-two hours from Bathurst (120 miles), including six hours' delay at Hartley, we arrived at Sydney at half-past nine on Sunday morning. That our dilapidated vehicle was conducted by a drunken driver, in the dark, (for our lamps, of course, would not light,) over the Blue Mountains in safety, is certainly an encouraging fact. I think the chances could hardly be greater against a safe arrival on any other similar occasion.

I determined to accept the next week an invitation to Camden, the residence of the Messrs. Macarthur, sons of John Macarthur, who laid the foundations of Australian prosperity, by introducing the Merino sheep. Mr. John Macarthur was a captain in the New South Wales regiment, and, having been struck by the extraordinary condition in which some cattle, which had strayed away,

were found, when recovered, as well as the rapid rate at which they had increased, he determined to test, and, if possible, develop the pastoral capabilities of the country. He began by buying a few fine-woolled sheep, which had been sent, from Europe, to the Cape, and from the Cape to Sydney. By means of these, and with great care and labour, he succeeded in improving the hair-bearing sheep from India, with which, up to that time, the colony had been exclusively supplied, and in creating a considerable flock of fine-woolled sheep, so as in seven or eight years to have satisfied himself of the great results which might be produced in this business. He then visited England, where he laid his statements and plans before the Privy Council, and succeeded in obtaining what he required,—viz., permission to select and export ten rams from the King's flock of Merinos, a grant of 10,000 acres of land, and a certain number of 'assigned servants.' He chose his land at the 'cow-pastures,' where the stray cattle that I mentioned before had been recovered, founded there the settlement of Camden, and lived not only to make a very large fortune himself, but to see all his anticipations realized, and the trade which he had created becoming the staple of Australian prosperity.

I arranged to ride with a friend, who was going in the direction of Camden, and one morning we started at six A.M., on two good horses. We had a very pleasant ride, the day being less oppressively hot than usual. The character of the country differs little from that on the Bathurst road, before you get to the mountains. For thirty miles there is hardly any plough cultivation,—we passed through an alternation of gum-tree forests and brown arid paddocks, with rail-fences round them, and an occasional mud-hole in the middle, defying ocular demonstration, by their barefaced promises of 'good grass and abundant water,' placarded on boards over the gates. It is remarkable to observe, in every direction, as one passes through these open gum-tree forests, the marks of fire; and, in fact, I am told that there is no part of them which escapes fire for many years

together, but that these fires do the trees no harm. The leaves and bark are, of course, destroyed, but no impression being made upon the living wood, they renew themselves immediately, and the trees are as well as ever. In New Zealand, unfortunately, the case is very different, hundreds of acres of forest being destroyed at a time by fire, in dry seasons. I presume the difference results from the fact that, in Australia, the bark is deciduous, and, therefore, self-renewing, while in New Zealand, as at home, the destruction of the bark is definitively fatal to the tree. All along the road we met parties of disappointed diggers returning from Goulburn and the Ovens, all with the same tale, that 'no good was to be done there.' Of course these accounts are not to be implicitly believed, for there are always plenty who fail at the richest possible gold-field; still the very great numbers of experienced diggers who have the same story to tell, tends to confirm my impression that everywhere the cream has been skimmed. At the same time, for every man who leaves the diggings at least another arrives, and, on the whole, the mining population of the two colonies was doubled during the first three or four months of this year. We breakfasted at Liverpool, an American-looking little town (in new countries there are no *villages* of the humble contented European sort—they all look as if they were young towns), and got to Camden, another 'town,' about two p.m. Here my friend left me, and I went on to Mr. Macarthur's. Camden is a pretty little place, with a church on a hill, a spire belonging to it, a pretty schoolhouse close by, and a handsome bridge over the Nepean, here a shallow river, but one that looks as if it would be deep in winter. Mr. Macarthur's house is three miles from Camden: the road to it is pretty—through open forest, and up and down hill, commanding, at times, a view over a considerable extent of country, and bordered, every here and there, by fenced farms, with farm-houses and wheat-stubbles. As I proceeded I saw signs of approaching a gentleman's place, passed some farm buildings of considerable size and pretension,

with large haystacks, had to open many gates across the road, and, at length, arrived in the court-yard of a large country house, where I was most hospitably received. After an early dinner my hosts took me to see their horses, with which great pains have been taken. We found the herd of mares in a valley, about two miles from the house, and walked among them. It so happened that this was the first time I had seen any large number of highly-bred horses, running in a state of nature, and I was greatly pleased with the sight. There were about forty, some of them celebrated winners, and all of the best blood in Australia. Mr. Macarthur was the first to breed largely for the Indian market, and his horses have fetched the highest prices there. Since the discovery of the gold-field, however, there has been such a demand for horses, as for everything else, at home, that it has not been worth while to export them. The prevailing character of his stud is rather Arabian than English, to my eye. The horses are low, compact, with remarkably good heads and necks, and round drooping quarters. One or two were very perfect specimens of the thorough-bred horse, on a small scale. The next morning I went to see the garden and vineyards: Mr. Macarthur (the father) was the first to introduce the vine, as well as the sheep, into New South Wales; he imported vine-dressers from the banks of the Rhine, and went to considerable expense in vineyards and the buildings appertaining to them. Others followed his example, perhaps in localities more favoured by nature, and the culture of the vine has extended itself largely over many districts. Of course vine-dressing, like all other occupations requiring much labour, has suffered materially from the gold-diggings; still I was surprised to find what a shift has been made to meet the difficulty; and here, as elsewhere, there has been a compensation in increased demand for the produce. There is naturally a great difference in the qualities and price of the wine, but Mr. Macarthur told me he could sell a very fair wine at a price equivalent to 15s. a dozen, or 6s. a gallon, in the

wood. I understand Australian wine is not so much liked as one might expect in the colony, where the people retain all their northern taste for strong and fiery drinks. A good deal of it is bought up by publicans and wine-merchants, for the purpose of being used as a part of the villanous compounds which they sell under the names of port, sherry, and Madeira. Indeed, wine (of any kind) is very little drunk in Australia, compared with ardent spirits, especially rum, of which I should think there is a larger consumption per head than there is of any other spirit in any community in the world.

A considerable part of the land about Camden is let to tenants, on leases for various terms of years, and at rents averaging, I was told, about 8s. an acre. This was the first time I had met with anything like a tenantry on the scale to which we are accustomed at home, and I inquired with some curiosity into its working. It appears that the tenants on the estates in this neighbourhood are generally labouring men, with very little or no capital, who, anxious to go upon land, and yet without the means of purchasing it, have consented to put up with a lease. The landlord is obliged to humour them, however, and often to put up with the loss of his rent in bad seasons, otherwise they would just put their movables on a bullock-dray, and remove to Victoria, or some other remote part of the country. The system does not appear to me a very satisfactory one, and I am told that the tenants are not, in general, a rapidly progressing class. It is only the best lands, along the banks of the rivers, that can be let; the scarceness of such alluvial land in New South Wales giving it a monopoly value. The last two years have been very favourable to these small farmers, as they have all gone up to the diggings between seed time and harvest, and either by digging themselves or by carrying, have earned considerable sums.

In the afternoon of the day after my arrival, Mr. Macarthur and I rode to Mr. Macleay's residence, Brownlow-hill. The ride is exceedingly pretty, chiefly through

open forest, in part of which the eternal gum is exchanged for what they call here 'apple trees,' the most picturesque trees, on the whole, that I have seen in Australia; and in their gnarled, spreading branches, resembling somewhat our English oaks. Why they are called by the absurd name of 'apple trees,' no one could tell me. Another similar instance of barbarous and inappropriate nomenclature is to be found in the name of 'she oak,' given to a tree found chiefly in low and marshy places, and which is very like the 'stone-pine' of the northern hemisphere. In the immediate neighbourhood of Camden, there are three or four nice little stone churches, with spires, and being well situated on hills, they make very pretty and English-looking features in the landscape. We dined at Mr. Macleay's, and rode home after dinner by a delicious, cool moonlight. I must not omit to mention that in the morning Mr. Macarthur had made a half-caste native, who is in his service, show me some of the athletic feats for which his countrymen are celebrated, such as throwing spears and climbing trees. This latter process was performed in a way quite new to me. The native strikes on the trunk of the tree with his tomahawk, just two strokes, one obliquely downwards, the other horizontal, so as to cut out a little wedge of the bark, and leave a *step* just large enough to admit the great toe. On this he stands, and reaching up about five feet, cuts another *step*. It is wonderful to see how quickly he will in this way literally *walk up* the trunk of a high tree, without ever touching the branches. Tree-climbing is an essential accomplishment to an Australian native, as much of their subsistence is derived from opossums, who swarm in every gum-tree forest. I saw a camp of natives subsequently in the Government domain at Sydney, besides a good number acting as stockmen, and in various menial capacities. They are inferior in stature and muscular development to the Maories, and their black skins and woolly heads mark them as of the 'negro' family; but I was agreeably surprised at the neatness of their figures, and their graceful, active motions. They are particularly

good horsemen, and exceedingly fond of being about horses. But in all moral and intellectual qualities, they are further below the Polynesian races, than these latter are below Europeans. The Australian never learns any of the arts of industry and civilization; he never has been known to cultivate the ground or to build a house, or to reside permanently on any spot; he never accumulates money, nor has he indeed any notion properly speaking of earning it. Those who are employed by the settlers receive no wages; only their board and clothing, with an occasional present of money to buy tobacco and spirits. Even the native police who are stationed on the border to keep down the depredations of the 'wild blacks,' get only nominal pay. They are delighted to serve for short periods for the pleasure of riding about in uniform. But they stick to nothing long; various attempts have been made to attach and fix them, but all have failed. Like the gipsies, they are untameable. They travel about the country, sleeping always in the open air, and living on yams and other roots, kangaroos (when they can get them), but, above all, on opossums, and never encamping long in one place. Each tribe has its hunting-ground, and a trespasser is invariably punished with death if caught. They hang about towns and stations for the sake of the offal, &c., and occasionally do little jobs to earn as a reward spirits or sugar, or tobacco. Like the Maories, their numbers are rapidly diminishing, which is not, as in the Maories' case, surprising or unaccountable. There is one other difference which is worth remarking, namely, that the Australian blacks are not, and never can be, in the slightest degree formidable, as a nation, to the settlers collectively: because they have not the least capacity, or even idea, of combination, and because they never possess the means of procuring firearms or ammunition. The New Zealanders, on the contrary, are, almost without exception, well armed with fowling pieces and muskets, while, though there has never been anything like a national feeling or federation, embracing all the tribe, still there is ample capacity

for forming such an alliance; indeed, I have no doubt at all but that it would be formed, if they had a cause which enlisted general sympathy. It is remarkable that neither in New Zealand, nor in Australia, does the simple contrivance of bows and arrows appear to have been adopted before the introduction of firearms. The use of spears and tomahawks as missiles prevailed universally; but these are very defective in comparison. There are, I am told, a good number of half-breeds who are good-looking and intelligent, but I hear also that they almost invariably prefer the savage to the civilized mode of life. I have heard one instance of a full-blooded native settling down into respectability, as a shepherd, and what is more wonderful, getting an Englishwoman to marry him. I mention this the more particularly, as I never heard of another similar case, and, I never knew an instance in New Zealand of a white woman either marrying, or having illicit connexion with, a native. All the half-castes are whites on the father's side. There are terrible stories told in Sydney, on such good authority that I fear some of them, at least, must be true, of its being, or at least having been, quite usual for the shepherds and stockmen in the outlying districts to destroy the wild blacks with as little scruple as if they were wild dogs, both by poison and by shooting them.

Early in the morning after our visit to Brownlow-hill, I started to ride back to Sydney, with the friend who had come out with me. We passed, as usual, a great number of wool-drays on their way from the interior. There is nothing in which the stockowners feel the increased prices more severely than in the carriage of their wool and stores, which costs, they tell me, in many places 200 per cent. more than it did two years ago. From Sydney to Yass (two hundred miles), I was informed that the cost of carriage was, in February last, 18*l.* a ton; from Yass to Sydney, 10*l.*, having formerly been only 3*l.* 10*s.* Yet the stock-owners told me they found it pay better to employ professional carriers than their own teams—such risks and such expenses

are they subject to from the untrustworthiness of their servants. As the distance from the port increases, the ratio of the carrier's charge increases also, and when they get very far back, it is impossible to induce a carrier to go at all; so that some of the squatters are compelled to use their own teams. The greatest distance of land-carriage for wool which I have heard of from a sheep-station to a port is seven hundred miles.

One evening we went to see the market of Sydney, which is worth seeing, chiefly on account of the exceeding profusion and cheapness of the fruit. Peaches from 4*d.* a dozen—grapes from 2*d.* a pound upwards, and yet every one told us it was a bad year for fruit, and also that in consequence of the demand for Melbourne, every portable kind was extraordinarily dear. Putting house-rent and wages out of the question, the cost of living is but little, if at all greater than in London, either there or even at Melbourne. This will appear evident from a comparison of prices. Actual necessities are not very dear at Sydney, even now. The price of flour fluctuates wonderfully; it has been up to 45*l.* and down to 12*l.* a ton within the last six months. When we came away it was at 22*l.* a ton. Bread was at 6*d.* the 2*lb.* loaf; meat was at 5*d.* and 6*d.* per *lb.* retail; this unprecedentedly high price of meat is caused chiefly by the difficulties which the graziers have in getting their fat sheep driven down, a most disagreeable job, as the shepherd has to camp out every night with them, in all weathers, and literally breathes nothing but dust the whole way down. How a man can exist for days in the atmosphere which prevails in the rear of a flock of sheep on an Australian road is to me an incomprehensible mystery. The butchers give 8*s.* a head for them, and 3*l.* for bullocks. Meat is still very cheap up the country. A gentleman told me he was visiting, not many months ago, a large boiling-down establishment, about two hundred miles from Sydney, and near a considerable town. The owner told him everybody in the place knew they might have as much mutton as they pleased for the asking, before the carcasses

were thrown into the boilers, yet they would hardly ever take the trouble to come for it. 'I gave away,' he added, 'one leg of mutton this week, and I don't know when I have been asked for one before.' Tea and sugar are cheap, the former can be had, good, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per *lb.*, the latter at from 3*d.* to 7*d.* The New South Wales tariff is, I should think, the most liberal and simple in the world. There are but eight articles taxed, tea, sugar, wine, spirits, beer, coffee, tobacco, and dried fruit. All the duties are extremely light. That on tea, for example, is 1½*d.* per *lb.*; rum, 4*s.* per gallon; sugar, 2*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.; tobacco, 1*s.* per *lb.*; wine, 1*s.* per gallon. So that imported articles would be all cheaper than in almost any other country, if it were not for the extravagant freights now required by ships round to Sydney, and the expense of labour, storage, &c., after arrival. Butter is dear and bad; we used to pay 2*s.* 2*d.* per *lb.* for fresh butter. Milk, in the genuine sense of the word, unless you have a cow, is not to be had. You pay 6*d.* a quart for a very mild mixture, which goes under that name. The shops are showy, but the articles sold are, I hear, generally of very inferior quality,—I mean the manufactured goods imported from England. The Australian market was supplied with sugar and coffee from Manila almost exclusively until lately, when the fall of price in the Mauritius, consequent on the change of duties in England, has caused the importation of several cargoes from that colony, which have paid very well, being much superior in quality to Manila, and it is likely that this commerce will increase. Manufactured tobacco comes also from Manila; spirits of all kinds, as well as wine, from England. With the exception of sugar, tea, coffee, and cigars, Sydney has hardly any 'foreign' trade. The Yankees have occasionally sent flour and 'notions,' but I believe their ventures have not been successful. It is interesting with reference to the effect of political connexion upon general intercourse, to observe the contrast afforded by California and Australia. Both lie at about equal distances from England and the Eastern States

of America, their staple export is the same—gold; their wants are the same—people, and every kind of manufactured articles. One would suppose, according to strict economic theory, that the natural laws by which exchanges are regulated, would carry the trade of these countries, so similarly situated, into the same channels. Yet America has hitherto almost monopolized the Californian trade, and England the Australian. In 1851, six-sevenths of the imports were from Great Britain. I should think that the consumption of what may be called the vulgar luxuries in Australia was almost unparalleled, even before the gold discoveries, for I find that in 1851 the importation of sugar was at the rate of 120 lbs. a head for the whole population; tea, of 8 lbs. a head. The greater part of the spirits consumed is distilled in the colony; it pays an excise duty of 3s. 8d. a gallon, enjoying a protection to the amount of 4d. only. The chief industrial enterprises in New South Wales are distilleries, breweries, tanneries, sugar-refining establishments, and manufactories of a kind of cloth, made exclusively of wool, which wears very well, but does not hold its colours. Almost all the sugar consumed is imported raw, and refined in the colony. Fuel was immensely dear. Wood 25s. a load (about half a 'cord'), coals 37. a ton, chiefly on account of the high freights demanded by coasters, who have to give 10l. a month to their men.

It is impossible not to feel much interest in the efforts which the Australian colonies are making to promote education. There are two systems countenanced and supported by the legislature of New South Wales. One they call the 'National'; it is conducted upon precisely the same principles as the Irish 'National Schools.' The other system they call the 'Denominational,' which is analogous to that on which the Parliamentary grant is distributed in England by the Privy Council; that is, the four most important religious denominations—the Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan, receive a share each, proportioned to their respective numbers, of a public grant. Here, as at home, the officials and

philosophers are strongly in favour of the 'National' or 'Non-sectarian' system, while the public generally prefer the 'Denominational,'—that is, they like better sending their children where they are taught the religion of their parents, as well as secular matters, whenever there is a choice. The bishops (Anglican and Roman Catholic), and most of the clergy, oppose the National Schools; still they seem to be well supported and well conducted, and I have no doubt will, by degrees, make their way into public favour, especially in country districts, where there is not a sufficiently large population of any one religion to support a good school. The number of children at all the schools, public and private, in the colony in 1851, was 21,000, out of a population of 197,000. Of these 11,000 were Denominational; 2800 'National'; the balance 'private.' Just 50 per cent. of the population profess to be Anglicans, about 25 per cent. Roman Catholics, 20 Presbyterians, 5 Miscellaneous. The master of the Central School is, I am told, a very intelligent, competent man. They tell an amusing story about his appointment, which I retail, without vouching for its truth. It is said that the local government wrote to request that the Colonial Office would procure and send out a master, well acquainted with the 'Irish National system.' The 'Office' applied, with its usual discrimination, to the Bishop of London, who sent them a very good man, *trained at Battersea*. Mr. — went to Downing-street, and was received by the clerk, who said:—

'Oh! you're the schoolmaster for Australia. You understand the Irish National system?'

'Never even saw it in*operation,' said Mr. —, aghast.

'Oh! never mind, you'll soon learn it, I dare say. Your wife is an experienced mistress?'

'My wife! I never was married.'

'Well, you'll have to get a wife before you sail, for they want a master and mistress, who must be married. And you have not much time, for there's a vessel sailing for Swan River on Friday week, chartered by Government, and there's a berth kept for you in her.'

'Swan River! I have been engaged for Sydney.'

'Oh, never mind, there are plenty of ways of going from one part of Australia to another. At any rate, it's settled so, and you must be ready.'

Whatever may be the truth of this story, Mr. — certainly got safe to Sydney; and being really a clever man, and an excellent school-master, he has given complete satisfaction to his employers and the public. He gets 300*l.* a year, and the school fees, estimated at 150*l.* more.

There are several charitable institutions at Sydney, chiefly hospitals, and schools for orphan children, supported partly by voluntary contributions, and partly by the Government. There is also a kind of poor-house, called the 'Benevolent Asylum,' where destitute, infirm, and aged people of both sexes are received. There are about 700 inmates at present, and it is inconveniently crowded. This also is

supported by voluntary subscription, and managed by a committee, but this plan is admitted to be unsatisfactory and inadequate, and everybody says that there must be a compulsory tax, either in the shape of a poor-rate on land, or of a contribution from the general revenue, applied to the purpose.

On the 28th February we went on board the vessel in which we had taken our passage to England, after having gone through inconceivable difficulties in getting our things packed and our cabins fitted up. On the 2nd March we weighed anchor, but did not land our pilot till the following day. We made a fair run across the Pacific, although we were driven by northerly gales as far south as 60 degs. south lat., and saw a great deal of ice. We rounded Cape Horn on the fortieth day from Sydney, and sighted the Lizard Point on the 13th June, after a favourable and uneventful voyage of 103 days.

PROFITABLE POULTRY.*

THIS is an age of compensations. European progress penetrates into China and sets on foot a revolution. China sends over her 'Cochins, or Shanghaes' (Chang-hais), looking like overgrown clumsy animated Dutch toys, and revolutionizes our poultry-yards.

No domestic animal seems more susceptible of variety in size, form, and colour, than the common cock and hen; none, if properly treated, gives a more profitable return: and though we have not yet lived to see the benevolent wish of that *vert galant*, Henry the Fourth of France, fulfilled, there can be no doubt that a judicious selection of the breeds best calculated for the locality of the breeder would fill many a seething pot with good, rich provant, that now seldom turns out anything but potatoes and those not of the best quality, if it did not occasionally contain 'a good fat hen,' with its baconian accompaniment for cottage consumption.

That the cock and hen were in Britain before the invasion of 'Great Julius,' and were then forbidden food, is manifest from the fifth book, *De Bello Gallico*: 'Leporum et gallinarum et anserum gustare fas non putant: hæc tamen alunt, animi voluptatisque causâ.' So that before our hamlets witnessed the march of the Roman soldiery, this isle must have been the paradise of hares, geese, and common fowls, though we suspect that the aborigines sometimes solaced their palates with—

An egg or two on holidays, at most,
But their religion ne'er allow'd a roast.

We can quite understand the pleasure of keeping the gallant chancicleer with his ambulatory harem among an uncivilized and warlike race:

Le Coq est chaud, hardy, luxurieux,
Craint du lion, combatant à outrance:
Qui par son chant donne signifiante
Du brief retour du Soleil gracieux.†

Dryden has given a highly finished portrait of this feathered sultan when

* *Profitable Poultry: their Management in Health and Disease.* By W. B. Tegetmeier. Darton and Co.

† *Portraits d'Oyseaux, Animaux, &c., observez par P. Belon du Mans. Le tout enrichi de Quatrains, &c. A Paris, Chez Guillaume Cavellat, devant le College de Cambray, à l'enseigne de la Poulle grasse, 1557.*

he had little to fear except from four-footed enemies, under the protection of the abstemious henwife, beneath whose rule he held his vice-royalty : but no ; smooth and musical as is glorious John's verse, we prefer the racy originality of Geoffrey :

Faire in the sond, to bath her merely,
Lieth Pertelot and all her sisters by,
Ayenst the sunne, and chaunteclere so
free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the

And so befell that he cast his eie
Among the wortés on a butterflie,
He was ware of the foxe that lay full
low.

Nothing then list him for to crow,
But cried 'cocke, cocke,' and up he stert,
As one that was afraid in his hert.

Exquisitely true picture !

But whatever was their enviable state before the advent of the Romans and even afterwards, under the mild reign of Chaucer's—

Poor widdowe somdele istept in age.

The conquerors and their descendants doubtless soon made the birds acquainted with the interior of the flesh-pots ; and the race is now spread over the face of the civilized world, affording a large measure of the most nutritious human food both in the egg and the flesh, always appearing as a standing dish in the eternal sameness of an English dinner, either in an insipid shroud of white sauce, or in the form of the more-sapid roast.

But whence did our domestic poultry originally come ; and what was the original stock ?

The first question is more easily answered than the second ; for the very necessity of a fowl-house points at once to regions warmer than our own. We, doubtless, owe this most excellent addition to the denizens of our farm-yards to the East. Persia and India sent them forth. If you have any doubt on the point inquire of Peisthetærus, who will tell you why the cock is called Περσικός ὄρνις, and how chauntecler reigned over that country before Darius and Megabyzus.* Pennant is of opinion that they were brought to Britain by the Phœnicians, who traded to these

islands some five hundred years before Christ, and Pennant is an authority of no mean grade : but it must be confessed that most antiquaries, whenever they find themselves at any loss to account for the introduction of anything into Europe, turn straightway to the Phœnicians, who, if all tales be true, were the great benefactors of the European race.

Whoever introduced the birds, we find the ἀλεκτρούων and ἀλεκτροίς, no other than our domestic cock and hen, among the Greeks, from the earliest periods of their history ; while the ancient Italian, obtaining the fowls, most probably, from the Greeks, rejoiced in his *Gallus* and *Gallina*. The coinage and gems of both nations bear them, and they figured in the public shows and games. The cock was dedicated to Mars, Apollo, Mercury, and also to Æsculapius, to whose altar the dying Socrates reminded his disciples that one was due. The fowls of Rhodes (Martial, iii. 58) and those of Delos, appear to have enjoyed a high celebrity for the table and the cock-pit. The 'gallina altilis' was fed for the luxurious with sweet meal, in darkness while the luculli of the day were as aware of the excellencies of a capon (Martial, xiii. 62) as the writer of the old French quatrain :
Qu'est-ce un chapon, sinon un coq
chastré,
Pour l'engresser et faire estre plus
tendre,
Quant au manger ? il fault aussi en-
tendre
Qu'aux repas est plus souvent accousté.

Among the ancient engraved gems which have come down to us, there is a very spirited one, (carnelian) with a cock and Mercury, in which the bird is gigantic, towering high on his legs, with ears of corn in his beak, above the god and his caduceus ; another, also a carnelian, shows a cock on a globe, bearing a trophy in the raised foot ; a third, a car driven by a fox, and drawn by two cocks (red jasper) ; and a fourth, a most queer chinera, in which the cock predominates, (onyx.) These are figured by Leonardo Agostini ; and, in all of them, the nearly erect position of the bird is remarkable.

* Aristophanes, *Aves*, 488, *et seq.*

† 'A capon of grease,' or, as it sometimes runs, 'a capon in grease.'

With regard to the second question, it is generally agreed that we must search the Indian jungles, as the most likely localities for the parentage of the domestic cock;* but which of the wild breeds formed the parent stock, is not quite so easily settled. The more general opinion is in favour of the Malay gigantic cock, Kulm cock of Europeans, *gallus giganteus* of Temminck, a bird that often stands considerably higher than two feet from the ground, taking the measurement from the crown of the head; and the Bankiva cock, *Ayam utan* or *Brooga*, Javan cock of Latham, *Gallus Bankiva*, of Temminck. Sonnerat, however, stands stoutly up for the beautiful bird that bears his name,† as the common ancestor. Colonel Sykes notices two species, or two strongly marked varieties, in the woods of the Western Ghauts. In the valleys, 2000 feet above the sea, the bird was found slender, standing high upon the logs, and with the yellow cartilaginous spots on the feathers, even in the female. In the woody belts on the sides of the mountains, 4000 feet above the sea, a short-legged variety occurred. The male had a great deal of red in the plumage, which the true *Cog sauvage* of Sonnerat has not; and the female was of a reddish-brown colour, without any cartilaginous spots. This female the Colonel considers to be identical with the *Gallus Stanleyi* of Dr. Gray's *Illustrations*.

The *Cog sauvage*, according to Dr. Latham, is by far the boldest and strongest of the Asiatic cocks, for its size, and anxiously sought for by the cock-fighters of Hindustan, who pit it against larger game cocks with success.

Doctors, we perceive, differ in this case, as well as in so many others, and if we might presume to give an opinion, we would suggest that more than one wild race have

contributed to improve the domestic breed, the varieties of which can hardly be defined—their name is legion. Nor is their size less variable than their plumage and shape; and we remember being amused, in the days of our youth, by the airs which a strutting bantam, a few inches high, gave itself in the presence of a gigantic Welsh bird, that rejoiced in the name of 'Velvet Breeches,' and could peck corn, with ease, from a table, when standing on the floor. They lived in the same yard, but did not often come into collision, except when the giant, now and then, showed a disposition to flirt with the bantam's hens, when the little fellow would ruffle his feathers, make himself look as big as he could, and show fight, not without occasional success.

The most striking among the numerous varieties are,—

The *Spanish*, entirely black, large in size, and producing eggs of considerable volume, which are well-flavoured.

Everyday Fowls, prized for their inexhaustible laying habits.

Dutch and *Polish Fowls*, top-knotted, and delicately pencilled, and commonly known as *Gold Spangles* or *Silver Spangles*, and when clean feathered, much admired by some amateurs.

Malays, long in the leg; good as capons.

Bantams, of all colours, with feathered legs; the hens make good nurses, especially for partridges; but care must be taken not to put too many eggs under them.‡

Silk Fowls (*gallus lanatus*), small in size, with the webs of the white feathers (which are silky to the sight and touch) disunited. Comb and wattles of a lake-purple colour. Periosteum, of the limbs especially, dark as well as the skin, but the flesh very white. Excellent nurses. *Gallus morio* has also the periosteum

* This word may owe its origin to the Saxon, the Danish, or the French. In the last-named tongue the bird is named by old authors coq, gau, geau, and Gog—no offence to the Lord Mayor of London.

† *Gallus Sonneratii*, Rahn Kofrah of the Mahrattas, jungle cock of the British sportsmen in India.

‡ Sir John Sebright bred a race of gold spangled and silver spangled bantams, without top-knots, and with unfeathered legs. The cocks of this trim breed have tails folded like those of hens without sickle feathers, and are called by some fanciers hen-cocks. We have seen some of these clean-legged bantams without a foul feather about them, models of symmetry, notwithstanding the absence of the sickle-feathers

black, and the comb, wattles, and skin of a dull purple. Colonel Sykes remarks that this last frequently occurs accidentally in the Dukhun (Deccan), and that, though unsightly, it is very sweet eating.

Frieslands (gallus crispus), with all the feathers frizzled and curled the wrong way, a most uncomfortable looking race. This also occurs occasionally in the Deccan, and also in a domesticated state in Java and Sumatra.

Rumpless, or Persian Fowls—Rumkins. The cock of this race is utterly tailless.

Game Fowls. Bred for the pit and the table; hens very good nurses.

Black Normans. Excellent for a roast.

Dorkings. This justly celebrated breed has supernumerary toes.

Sussex Fowls. The best of these are fine birds, and carry much rapid flesh.

And last, though not least, *Cochins*, or *Shanghaes* (Chang-hais.)

The east still seems the country, *par excellence*, for poultry. Colonel Sykes observes that the *Domestic Fowl* (*gallus domesticus*, Ray, *Phasianus gallus cristatus*, Linn.) is so abundant in Deccan, that he has bought, in parts of the country not much frequented by Europeans, from eight to twelve full grown fowls for two shillings, adding, that many of the hens, particularly of the villages in the Ghauts are not to be distinguished from the wild bird, excepting only in the want of the cartilaginous spot on the wing-coverts.

The price of poultry in the time of Henry VIII. may be collected from the household books of the period. In that of the family of Nevile, of Chevet or Chete, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, 16 'capons of grease' are, upon the occasion of the marriage of Sir John Nevile's

daughter Mary, on the 17th January, in the 21st year of the reign of the bluff king, charged 16s., 30 'other capons,' 15s., and 4 dozen of chickens, 6s. In the same list '10 pigs, every one 5d.,' are charged 4s. 2d., 6 calves, 16s., '1 other calf,' the fatted one, we presume, 3s., 7 lambs, 10s., and '6 withers,* every wither 2s. 4d. —14s.' Again, in the general expences for the same marriage, we find 'capons of grease, 72, 3l. 12s.,' while 2 oxen are charged 3l.; 2 brawns, 22s.; and 3 lambs only 4s. At the Lammass Assizes, in the 20th year of the reign of the same king we find '60 capons of grease, 25s.,' 'other capons,' 3l. 1s.; '5 oxen, 6l. 13s. 4d.; 24 weathers, 3l. 14s.; 6 calves, 20s.; 24 pigs, 14s.'

This was when the worthy knight was sheriff of Yorkshire. Sheriffs seem to have been sheriffs in those days, and the feasting must have been 'prodigious.' Swans, and 'Heronsews' were served by the score, with variety of wild fowl, 30 dozen of pigeons, 80 partridges, charged 26s. and 8d., but only 12 pheasants, charged 20s. Nine quarters of wheat (12l.), furnished the board with bread and pastry; 12 quarters of malt (10l.), 3 hogsheds of wine (8l. 11s. 8d.), and 24 gallons of malnsey (32s.), helped to wash the good things down.

The fish for 'Fryday and Saturday,' appears in shoals—300 great breams as a sample; *quere tamen*, whether the judges relished the 'fresh seals,' charged at 13s. 4d., as well as they did the 'bucks' and 'stags' of the flesh days. Those learned functionaries seem to have been at no expense whatever, while under the tender care of the hospitable sheriff; according to the following,—

Item, for the Judges and Clerks of the assize, for their Horse-meat at the Inn, and for their Housekeepers meat, and the Clerk of the Assize Fee, 10l.

in the tails of the cocks, an absence which marks the purity of the breed. A sickle-feather in a cock's tail, however beautiful he might be in all other respects, renders him worthless. Though without the sickle-feathers, which, as a general rule, distinguish the gallant chanticleer, these 'hen-cocks' show the highest courage and the most gallant carriage. One of these high-spirited little beauties bore himself so grandly that the back of his head came in contact with the tips of the feathers of his folded tail, as he strutted in front of his hens ready to do battle with anything. We saw him drive his spur nearly through a man's hand stretched forth to tease him.

* Wethers.

But this is a digression, pardonable we trust, as affording a comparative view of the price of poultry and of other viands, in the time of Queen Elizabeth's father of reforming and wedding memory.

The following are the 'profitable varieties' noted in this year of grace 1853, by Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, in his useful and interesting book:—

COCHINS OR SHANGHAES. BRAHMA. POTRAS. DORKINGS. SPANISH. GAME FOWL. HAMBURGH FOWLS. POLAND FOWLS. The MALAY FOWL. BANTAMS, SILK FOWLS, FRIESLANDS, &c., which last ruck can hardly be regarded, as our author observes, in the light of profitable poultry, except for the purpose of being raised as stock birds.

We know not any work in which the pros and cons are more fairly stated; and as the British public have as fairly got astride of their feathered hobbies, as ever any young African bestrode his Struthious racer, we shall let Mr. Tegetmeier speak for himself on the comparative merits or demerits of some of the principal breeds:—

COCHINS OR SHANGHAES.—Cochins are most undoubtedly the popular fowl at the present time, and in the opinion of many deservedly take the first place on account of their good qualities, as profitable stock, no less than from the estimation in which they are held as fancy fowls. So extensively have they been diffused over the entire length and breadth of the land, that a lengthened description of their peculiarities is scarcely requisite. Their large size, peculiar crow, small wings, rudimentary tail, and the extraordinary development of the fluffy feathers of the thighs and under body are familiar to all: these remarkable characteristics are carried to an extreme degree in the bird shown in the engraving, which is a representation of an imported hen, formerly the property of Mr. Andrews.

This spirited engraving, by Harrison Weir, represents a model bird, with its saddle-feathers highly developed, and the short legs—the belly almost touches the ground—feathered from the tarsi to the end of the outer toes; how unlike to some of the sprawling half-breeds, mounted upon scantily feathered stilts, which have been proudly pointed out to us as 'true Cochins.'

In purchasing Cochins for stock (continued). VOL. XLVIII. NO. CCLXXXVIII.

tinues our author), care should be taken to obtain birds of good quality, as breeding from second and third-rate fowls will be found exceedingly undesirable. As regards size, the cocks should weigh at least 10lbs., the hens 8lbs, when full grown; they should be short on the legs, which should be yellow and well feathered down to the tips of the outer toes, which should only be four in number, on each foot.

It should be borne in mind that the weight here noted is the minimum of a true Cochin. Some of the true breed considerably exceed it, and look on the table more like turkies than fowls.

The tail feathers should, in both sexes, be very small, and almost hidden by the dense mass of saddle-feathers covering the back, and the fluff should be well developed.

Fashion is now as peremptory on the point of colour in these birds as it is on the subject of the infinitesimally small bonnets which now, for some inscrutable purpose, expose not only the faces but the heads of the dear delightful creatures who formed the horror of St. Chrysostom. How soon the fickle goddess may command a change who shall say; but in the case of the bonnets the force of absurdity and barefacedness can no further go.

With regard to colour, at present the fashion is entirely in favour of the light buff birds, which, to command the highest prices, must even be destitute of dark markings on the neck hackle. The rage for light buff birds I regard as an undue prejudice, and believe the darker breeds will be found quite as valuable for farming stock; in fact, the extreme prices which are commanded by the lightest birds are simply owing to the difficulty of breeding them perfectly free from dark colour.

Putting aside the value of Cochins as fancy fowls, our author is of opinion, and we are inclined to agree with him, that their chief importance as profitable poultry depends on the immense supply of winter eggs yielded by the pullets of the year. This, he is confident, will eventually be found their strongest recommendation. The length of leg in the generality of these birds, small breast, game-like flavour, and the colour of their skin when boiled, make them objectionable to many as table birds. As nurses they are very desirable. Close sitters, their size

enables them to cover effectually a great number of eggs. You may do anything with them, and they will readily sit anywhere when broody. They generally bring out a good strong clutch, the eggs hatching remarkably well. The chickens are as hardy as those of other fowls, if not more so.

The following appears to us to be a very fair summing up:—

In speaking of their good qualities, their contentedness in a comparatively small space, their attachment to home, and the ease with which they are confined by a three feet fence, must not be omitted. Their chocolate-coloured eggs, though small, are of good flavour, but they have not yet been sufficiently introduced into the markets to state how they are appreciated by the public at large. With regard to their laying twice in one day, such an event happens by far too rarely to be taken into consideration when speaking of their economical value. The great drawback to Cochins, as farmers' fowls, is the large quantity of food they require, which, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary by their exclusive admirers, is considerably greater than that consumed by other varieties, and their disposition leads them to remain at home instead of seeking for worms and other food in the fields; in fact, the old birds seem not to care for the large earth worms, which are so greedily devoured by all other fowls.

The *Brahma Poutras* have proved a very apple of discord to the poultry-fanciers, whether their origin or their merits are considered. This variety was introduced into this country from the United States of America. Dr. Bennet, of that go-a-head country, deposes, that his original pair were not brought from China, but from the banks of the river whose name they bear. One party among the breeders maintains that they are nothing more than a variety of Cochins, and persists in denominating them *Gray Shanghaes*; another as stoutly stands up for their claim to distinctness. Their recent Asiatic origin is apparent. They come nearer to the Cochins than any other variety; but their bearing and gait are different. The *Brahma Poutra* cock stands more upright, and his breast is more prominent.

As this breed occupies a good deal of attention at present, the following description of a pair of

these birds sent over by Dr. Bennet, and in the possession of Mr. Sheehan, of Barnet, will be read with interest by those who take pride in their poultry-yards.

The height of the cock is two feet three inches; the girth around the body over the wings, one foot ten inches. The head is surmounted with a very small triple rose comb, or, as it is termed in America, a pea-comb; single combed varieties also exist, but they are less esteemed. Another peculiarity is, a well-marked distinction between the back of the head and neck; the tail is small, consisting of scimitar-shaped feathers, and is carried uprightly; the legs are strong and muscular, and the yellow shanks feathered to the toes.

The colour of the body is white, with the slightest possible tinge of gold, the hackle being dark-gray, and the primary wing feathers, and tail glossy black, with the resplendent tints of green seen in the true-bred Spanish. The hen is of a proportionate size, and matches in colour—the hackle, wings, and tail being dark-gray; the latter, also, being more developed than in the ordinary Cochins.

In the United States these 'Brahmas,' as they are termed by the fancy, have obtained a most fertile reputation as layers, and an excellent name as nurses; and according to Mr. Sheehan their laying and maternal qualities are equally shining in this country. The eggs, averaging about three ounces, are nearly as light in colour as those of ordinary hens. The chickens are robust, very hardy, grow rapidly, and feather quickly. In plumage and hue they resemble their parents very closely, and this peculiarity is deemed by the initiated in Gallina-cious mysteries a strong proof that the 'Brahmas' are a variety distinct from the Cochins.

The flesh of the *game fowl* is finely flavoured. Some bird-epicures will admit no other to their tables, and prefer it to the pheasant. The hens are the best of sitters and mothers, and their foraging disposition renders them desirable stock in the country, where they have opportunities of indulging their propensity for going abroad and pecking about, a habit to which, no doubt, they owe their flavour. There is as much difference between the flesh of a game fowl and an ordinary cooped one, as between that of a wild rabbit and a

tame one; but the comparative smallness of their size is against their use for the table in a profitable point of view, and their pugnacity is against them as domestic poultry. The cockerels fight desperately from the earliest age, and we have even seen pullets in long and bloody strife over a barley-corn. Some of the old hens are absolute amazons, and will contend in mortal combat if not timely parted. The beauty and symmetry of a thorough bred game cock and hen render them pleasant for the eye of a connoisseur to rest on, even if he be no admirer of the barbarous but exciting sport which has taken such firm hold of its votaries from the earliest times, and is so admirably represented by our own Hogarth in his 'Cock Match,' with blind Lord Albemarle Bertie as the principal figure in all his glory. Cruel as the sanguinary diversion is, Themistocles could point a moral from the *Ἀλεκτρομωων ἀγών*, which became an annual festival, and point out to his soldiers that the birds fought neither for the gods of their country, the tombs of their ancestors, nor yet for their children, but for glory only.* The cock-pit in which the battles were fought was in the theatre where the public games were exhibited, and was not round like the cock-pits of the moderns, but a square stage. From a religious and political institution, the custom soon sank to private gambling, and cock matches, where ruinous sums were lost, were frequent among the people. Tanagra in Boeotia, Rhodes, Chalcis in Eubœa, and Media, produced the race most esteemed by the ancients, who appear to have preferred the larger birds, or those called by our cockers 'shakebags.' The hens of Alexandria, in Egypt, were valued as the mothers of high-spirited chickens. The Grecians inoculated the Romans with the passion, and the Romans brought it to Britain. Cocks, as we

have seen, were here when they landed, but we owe 'cocking' to those invaders. The barbarities of Shrove Tuesday are noticed in Henry the Second's time;† but the sport of cock-fighting does not seem to have occupied the attention of previous writers, and our third Edward disapproved of it, and prohibited it. Henry VIII., who had no small dash of cruelty in his disposition, encouraged it, and built a theatre‡ near Whitehall for the combatants. Oliver Cromwell, to his honour, suppressed it;§ but it was revived after his time, and furiously followed. The spread of education gradually brought this, with other barbarous pastimes, into discredit; and cruelty to animals is now rendered penal.

The *Dorkings*, though at present thrown rather into the shade by the *Cochin* and *Brahma Poutra* fowls, will, in our opinion, ultimately retain the position which they have long held as table birds; especially as much attention has lately been paid to the improvement of the breed. We remember a pure white variety of this race, with white legs, the fairness and sapidity of whose flesh, combined with the delicacy of their appearance, especially as boiled fowls, rendered them famous in a neighbourhood where gastronomy was not neglected. Even in point of size, well bred and well educated *Dorkings* will compete with *Cochins* themselves. Dr. Latham has recorded the weight of a *Dorking* bird, which reached 14 lbs.

Mr. Tegetmeier prefers the coloured *Dorkings*, declaring that there are no birds so well adapted to those who rear chickens for the table. Though not remarkable as layers, they cannot, he justly says, be surpassed as sitters and nurses, whilst their large size, plump breasts, short legs, and delicate white flesh, render them the most desirable table birds.

* *Ælian's* story is, that when Themistocles marched with the Athenians against the Persians, he saw two cocks fighting, and improved the occasion as above stated. Some writers treat this account of the origin of the festival as absurd; but they give no reason for their oracular opinion.

† Fitz Stephens.

‡ The Cockpit, which stood not long since on the site of the present Privy Council Office.

§ In 1654.

In the improved kinds the head is smaller, the under part of the breast fuller, and the carriage of the bird more elegant, the body being more compact; the feathers are also firmer, and I have found along with this latter character that the birds are harder and less subject to disease of the egg organs. Dorkings vary very much in colour, and there is some difficulty in breeding them true to any marking. My own opinion is decidedly in favour of the dark birds, both as to appearance and hardiness, and I think there are no more noble fowls than a heavy, broad-chested, dark red Dorking cock, and a compact short-legged hen.* Dorkings are bred with both single and double, or rose combs, but the former is generally preferred on the score of appearance. In purchasing Dorkings for stock, broad compact bodies and short legs, with five toes on each foot, should be regarded as indispensable.

This eulogy on the coloured birds is merited; but we must confess that our early predilection for the pure white Dorkings remains unchanged. Their delicacy, both in appearance and reality, is pre-eminent; and where the breeder takes care that there shall not be a dark feather, or a blue or yellow leg among them, his table need not fear the most critical eye or palate. We have found them quite as hardy as the coloured birds. Pullets hatched in April and May begin to lay, if well attended to, about Christmas; and though February is far from genial, and cold weather is unpropitious for rearing chickens, a little care will bring them up even when hatched early in that month. We are not friendly to cooping, but we agree with our author that such early hatched chickens do much better when the hen is cooped in a shed open to the south, than when she and her chicks are confined in a close room.

The fowl-house, so necessary in this climate for the Asiatic constitutions of the denizens of our poultry yards during the greater part of the year, requires the greatest attention. Mr. Tegetmeier's directions on this

point are so good that it is but justice to give them in his own words:—

One of the most important requisites in a fowl-house is absolute dryness, nothing being more fatal to poultry than damp; on clayey soil, or in moist situations, dryness must be secured, either by drainage or by raising the floor several inches above the surface of the ground; in cold situations especially, the aspect of the house is also of some importance; if practicable, the windows and other openings should face the south, as this secures a greater degree of warmth during the winter, an advantage which is also obtained by having the roof ceiled.

Every word of this should be attended to. In wet soils, where the clay holds water like a dish, and sticks like birdlime, healthy poultry cannot be had without following the plan here laid down; nor will all the rue and butter in the parish cure the effects of neglect in this main point.

The perches on which the fowls roost should be low, especially for the larger varieties, as otherwise the violence with which they descend causes lameness; in order to prevent the breast bones becoming crooked (a circumstance which greatly injures their appearance, and, consequently, their value, as table birds) the perches should be much larger than ordinary; a split fir pole, three inches across on the flat side, which should be turned downwards, will be found most advantageous, and a height of not more than four feet is desirable, as it enables the fowls to be easily caught after they have gone to roost, and prevents lameness.†

The observer has only to use his eyes when fowls roost out in the summer, and he will see that they always select a good sized branch of a tree for their perch.

The ground below the perches should be strewed with sand, gravel or ashes, to a considerable depth, so that the dung may be removed without soiling the floor. This should be done every morning early, and the house thrown open during the day, so as to be thoroughly purified. It seldom happens that fowl-

* Whatever may be thought of Justice Shallow generally, he certainly knew how to improvise in the matter of a dinner:—‘Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.’—*Second Part of Henry IV.*

† Parmentier (*Dictionnaire d'Agriculture*) has some good hints with regard to the fowl-house, and on the subject generally.

houses are so built as to require any distinct contrivance for ventilation; in cases, however, where the doors and windows are air-tight, means should be afforded for a proper supply of fresh air; there should be an opening near the bottom, and another at the top, these should be covered with pieces of perforated zinc, to prevent any direct draught of cold air, which is very injurious. Cleanliness is also a consideration of the highest importance in a fowl-house; if ashes or sand be used, and the dung removed daily, this is readily secured, and in order to prevent, as far as possible, the annoyance of vermin, the houses should be lime-washed once or twice a year, and the birds also be provided with a box full of dry dust or ashes to bathe in.

They should also be furnished with a heap of dry lime-rubbish,* with a view to keeping them in health, and the hens especially in good laying order, and with a good sand, ash, or dust bath out of doors as well as in. They are most determined *pulveratrices*, and love to perform this operation in the sunshine and open air. If afforded the means of gratifying themselves with this dry bathing they will shuffle the dust or sand so effectually over themselves, raising their feathers by means of the cuticular muscle at the same time, that it penetrates to the root of every feather, and dislodges the parasites of which they are so anxious to rid themselves. If not supplied with the proper materials they will in dry weather sink holes in the ground, and so form dusting places. But to return to the fowl-house:—

The difference between the health of fowls thus cleanly and warmly housed, and that of those compelled to roost in a dark, damp, dirty habitation, is very great, these latter never becoming in good condition. So injurious is damp and cold that I have known instances in which all the inhabitants of a poultry-house have been attacked with roup from an east window having been left open on a cold wet night, and it has been found by experiment that scrofula may always be produced in chickens by confining them in damp, cold, and dark habitations.

FEEDING.

This most essential branch of

poultry care is now much better understood than it once was, but still there are many who, when spoken to on the subject, reply in homely phrase, 'a bellyful is a bellyful,' ignorant that the food taken into the system has many purposes to effect; and hence the difference of opinion among keepers of poultry, who have, too many of them, never considered the bearing of particular kinds of food on the constitution of the animal. There is no doubt that some food when swallowed and digested is directed towards the keeping up the natural warmth of the animal, that another portion has to increase the growth of the body, sustain the strength, or in other words replace the expenditure and waste that occurs daily; nay more, that there are particular kinds of food adapted to the different duties, so to speak, to be performed by the meal. It, therefore, becomes of importance to distinguish warmth-giving food, such as rice and potatoes, or other substances of which starch forms the great bulk, from flesh-forming food, which is present largely in wheat, oats and oatmeal, peas, beans, middlings and sharps, and also in a less degree in barley and maize. Nor is it of less importance to know that bone-making food exists in larger proportion in the husk, or outer part of grain, than in its interior or kernel; and that fat-forming food, derived, as might be expected, from oily substances, occurs largely in the yellow variety of maize, middlings, and bran.

Those who would go deeply into the subject should consult the works of Liebig, Johnston, and others. Suffice it here to state that experiments tend to the conclusion that none of these kinds of food can serve the purposes of the others; in other words, that neither warmth-giving nor fat-forming substances are capable of effectually adding to the flesh of a growing animal, nor can true flesh-forming food increase the quantity of fat.

Barley, the poultry-keeper's staple, is preferred by fowls to oats, and

* Burnt oyster-shells are very good, but they are not always to be had. Dry lime-rubbish, which only requires the trouble of depositing it, will answer every purpose.

has been ascertained to contain from twelve to fifteen pounds of flesh-forming substance, sixty of starchy, and two or three of oily substances in every hundred.

Oats are not relished in the grain by fowls, probably on account of the large proportion of husk present in them; but in the form of grits or oatmeal are picked up with the greatest avidity, and in this state contain from fourteen to nineteen of flesh-forming, sixty of starchy, and five to eight pounds of fatty substances in every hundred.

No grain (says Mr. Tegetmeier) contains a larger proportion of flesh-forming substances than oatmeal; it is, therefore, the best adapted to growing animals, and I have found that chickens make much more rapid progress when it forms the chief portion of their food than when fed on any other substances. Cochins and Spanish chickens show its good effects by the rapidity with which they feather when fed with it.

Wheat is extensively used by some amateurs and breeders of choice races; by those especially to whom the cost of the material used for food is of little or no moment; but it is not more nutritious than oatmeal, though it would be rather difficult to persuade the masses of the people who are the most interested in the question of cheap and nutritious food that such is the fact. Wheat contains from ten to nineteen pounds of flesh-forming nutriment, fifty-five of starchy, and from two to four of oil in every hundred.

From five to nine pounds of oil in every hundred is contained in the yellow varieties of Indian corn or maize; but it does not put on flesh quite so well as barley, containing only twelve per cent. of flesh-forming food, and seventy of starchy substance. Cochins take it with avidity. Dorkings and Spaniards turn away from it where they have the choice of other grain.

Rice should never be given to growing chickens; it is the least nutritious of all grains. Almost entirely composed of starch, it yields only seven per cent. of flesh-forming food, but is a useful variety in poultry diet, and much relished. The proportion of fat-forming food in rice is almost null; nevertheless when boiled and mixed with a little

curd or fat it may be given with advantage as a change, occasionally, to fattening fowls which have been well kept previous to cooping, and is said to add to the whiteness of the flesh.

Bran, pollard, middlings, and sharps our author regards, not without reason, as most valuable additions to the food of poultry:—

In the first place they are economical, and they contain a very high proportion (nineteen per cent.) of flesh-forming substances, and a very considerable quantity of oil (three to five per cent.). Another circumstance which adapts them to the use of chickens is the large proportion of bone-making materials they contain.

Cooked food is desirable because it gives the stomach less work to do. Mr. Tegetmeier strongly recommends the following cooked food as supplying all the substances requisite to support a healthy and vigorous existence:—

One peck of fine middlings and half a peck of barley-meal, placed in a coarse red ware pan, and baked for about an hour in a side oven, or until the mixture is thoroughly heated throughout. Boiling water is then poured in, and the whole stirred together until it becomes a crumbly mass, if too much water is added the mixture becomes cloggy, a defect which is easily remedied by stirring in a little dry meal. The advantage of this method is that the food is prepared with scarcely any trouble, and there is no fear of its being burnt as in boiling.

Sometimes the barley-meal is omitted, and the baked middlings mixed with rice which has been previously boiled. This mixture forms the stock of my old fowls, a liberal supply of grain being given during the day.

There is nothing new under the sun. We remember something very like this in the days of our youth, when we prided ourselves on our matchless white Dorkings; but the baking is a great improvement to the parching before the fire which was then practised. No better or more heartening food can be given.

Potatoes, beans, peas, and lentils have their admirers. The tuber is a good variety where starch is required; but the pulse, though containing a larger amount of flesh-forming food—peas proverbially stick to the ribs—is too stimulating to be wholesome, and many diseases

may be traced to the continued use of it. Hemp-seed wonderfully increases the production of the eggs, but it is a dangerous practice to give it, and burns the candle at both ends, largely injuring the constitution of the birds. Cooked parsnips, carrots, and turnips are much relished—parsnips for choice—and are useful and wholesome as a variation of diet. Fresh green vegetables are indispensable.

The most advantageous animal food for fowls, and on which they make the most rapid and healthy progress, consists in the worms, snails, and insects that they obtain naturally when unconfined; and I do not think that there is any other kind of food which conduces so much to their healthy condition; where it cannot be obtained a small quantity of fresh meat (either raw or cooked) may be chopped small and given to them; it is, however, but a poor substitute for the natural insect food.

Poor indeed. As for the practice of hanging up meat to putrefy for the sake of the maggots, we hold it in abhorrence. But a wasp's nest in the season of *pupa* affords a glorious and wholesome treat.

Greaves from the tallow-chandlers we hold to be abomination, though some pertinaciously give it to increase the quantity of eggs, the flavour of which, we believe, suffers accordingly. This half putrid filth, for it is little better, is used in some piggeries as food, and pretty pork it must make, only to be surpassed in quality by that fed on horseflesh.

All the fattening in the world will not relieve the annual fibre of stock, of any description, from the deterioration of early foul or bad feeding before the fattening process commences. 'Education, sir, education,'—as we once heard an enthusiastic pig-master exclaim, pointing to his well and wholesomely filled troughs and comely gruntings, which were regularly washed with soap and water—'education, sir, is everything.' Two-thirds of the hard, dry-fibred pork—so fat and fair to look on when beheld by an inexperienced eye—is due to the abominable early feeding, which no fattening pen can correct.

Water, above all, is of the utmost consequence to poultry; and as

their supply is pure or impure, so will be their state of health or disease.

BREEDING.

Those who delight in artificial hatching, whether in hot-beds, ovens, ecaleobions, or hydro-incubators, and rejoice in artificial mothers, should consult Reamour, Bucknell, Moubray, and Young, and go to Leicester-square. Those who would follow nature, cannot do better than attend to Dixon,* and the plain practical teaching of Tegetmeier.

I am aware (says the latter) that these recommendations to leave natural operations to nature are contrary to what are frequently found in books, but I am merely writing the results of my own experience, and I have always found the more the hatching hens are meddled with the worse the result. It is a notorious fact, that when a hen steals a nest in some copse or place where she can remain unmolested, she almost invariably brings forth a more numerous and stronger brood than when she sits in a hen-house.

But, in the hen-house, the nearer we approach to the principles manifested by the dear goddess the better. We, therefore, with our author, set our faces against contiguous rows of 'pigeon-holes,' as he calls them, as encouragers of vermin, in consequence of close crowding, and the difficulty of thorough cleansing in such cases. Separate shallow baskets or boxes, covered if you will, as a hen hates nothing more than to be disturbed in the least degree when laying, should be provided. In these some well-sifted coal ashes or drift sand should be placed, so as partially to fill the basket or box, and over it a little short wheat or rye straw. Hay, which is excellent for packing eggs when sent to a distance, should be carefully avoided for the nest, as too heating. The seeds, besides, are apt to ferment; and instances have been known of the loss of the entire clutch, in consequence of the hen having been placed, as it were, on a bed of hay-seeds. The chicks were glued to the shell, and so destroyed. The natural position of the nests of gallinaceous birds is on the ground; and where there is no fear of rats, stoats, et id genus omne, they may

* A most valuable and amusing book.

be so placed in the house, if it be kept perfectly dry and clean. At all events the nest should be low enough to be reached without effort; and the basket or box should be sufficiently filled so as to permit the hen to leave without having to spring up from the eggs, and to return without jumping down upon them at the risk of breaking them. There is no objection to having a less number of nests than hens, which will be seldom all sitting together; for hens have no repugnance to laying in a common receptacle; on the contrary, the sight of eggs seems to stimulate them to lay, whence the practice of placing a nest egg, which should be artificial, and made of some light wood—for if a nest egg breaks the nest becomes terribly fouled. Chalk, or an oval ball of whiting is not so good; for we have heard that the hens pick up occasionally bits that fall off, or even peck the ball itself, and so learn to eat eggs. The most secluded and darkest nests are preferred by the hens, which should be disturbed as little as possible, and not at all on the twentieth and twenty-first days, when they are hatching.* The meddling at such times, and taking away the chicks from the mother, whose equable warmth it is so difficult to imitate, and keeping them by the fire in flannel till the hatch is complete, is mischievous. If any interference is permitted, the empty shells may be removed; for it sometimes happens that the unhatched eggs slip into them, and the unfortunate chick, which is endowed with the power of chipping one shell, has not strength enough for breaking through a double prison wall. The added eggs may also be taken away. The absurd and barbarous plan of cramming the new-hatched nestlings with peppercorns is absolutely deleterious. A chick requires neither food nor drink on the day on which it is hatched; on the contrary, both are then injurious, and interfere with the absorption into the system

of the yolk which is, in fact, the chick's first food. Mr. Tegetmeier recommends two-thirds sweet coarse oatmeal, and one-third barley meal, mixed into a crumbly paste with water: this is very much relished, and the chicks make surprising progress on it. He sometimes gives them a little cold oatmeal porridge, or a few scalded grits, dusted over with barley meal. In cold, raw, or wet weather, we have found a little of the green of onions or chives, with curd, a very comforting and fortifying addition.

As in all other stock, breeding between relations is to be avoided; and though, to preserve special markings, and peculiarities—take the Sebright bantams, for example,—you must breed in and in, great delicacy of constitution is the result.

We would advise none to keep fowls for the purpose of rearing chickens in situations where they cannot resort to the fields, and where their natural habits are interfered with.

The remark is often made, that chickens reared in the country by cottagers are more vigorous and healthy than those bred in the most expensive poultry houses: this I believe to be entirely owing to the more natural circumstances under which they are brought up. Fresh air, fresh grass, and fresh ground for the hens to scratch in, far more than counterbalance the advantage of expensive diet and superior lodging, if these latter are unaccompanied with the more necessary circumstances just described.

The subject is far, very far from being exhausted; but, popular as it now is, there are other things in the world besides poultry; nor must we trespass farther upon pages that may be better occupied: we, therefore, for the present, refer our readers to Mr. Tegetmeier's book.† There is more good sense and practical knowledge in that modest shilling's worth than in many a more voluminous treatise; and it is only necessary to say, that the illustrations are from the pencil of Harrison

* A hen, when undisturbed, seldom leaves her nest on the twenty-first day. On the twenty-second, the chickens are generally strong enough to follow her, and forth she sallies, in all the pride and fuss of clucking maternity.

† Though we cannot enter more largely into the subject at present, it may be expected that we should give our humble opinion as to which are the best and most profitable breeds. For eggs we would choose Spanish, Hamburgs, and Cochins. For

Weir, to give a notion of their characteristic truth.

One suggestion we would venture to make, as the poultry mania is now prevalent. The fashionable world has supped full of hat-spinning, table-turning, and spirit-rapping; why not revive the *Ἀλεκτρυομαντεία* of the Greeks, as a rational amusement for the next season?

But what was the *Ἀλεκτρυομαντεία*?

The *Ἀλεκτρυομαντεία*, madam, was effected thus. The letters of the alphabet were written in a circle. Upon each letter a grain of wheat or barley was laid, and a consecrated cock was placed within the circle. The required information was obtained by collocating those letters

from which the cock picked the grains. If there was any hitch, as will sometimes be the case in the best regulated similar ceremonies, grains of corn were laid on the letters a second time, and the process was repeated.

We beg to recommend this mysticism to Mrs. Hayden, and other mediums, by way of a change. Variety is proverbially charming. Even turning tables, and talking to them, must share the fate of all sub-lunary things, nor will rapping spirits interest our drawing rooms for ever; and this cockular divination would be quite as incomprehensible, and equally satisfactory.

EMILY ORFORD.

CHAPTER XXX.

FLOWER married Susan Briarley, and resigned his appointment in the police-office. He took a public house and Emily painted his sign-board in oils—a portrait of his famous horse. The house was called 'The Sheriff's Arms.' Flower also became the proprietor of a livery stable, and took to boat-building; and in all these ventures he was remarkably successful. Abrahams, the Jew, used to advance him any sums of money he required at a moderate rate of interest, for Abrahams was under very peculiar obligations to Flower, and would not have offended him on any account. In short, George Flower was now one of the most prosperous men in the Colony of New South Wales; Mr. Brade was dismissed from the magistracy for improper conduct, which Flower brought to light, and was walking about the streets of Sydney, almost bare-footed, and without a shilling in his pocket; and sure enough, Mr. Brade *did* receive money from George Flower's hand—not half-a-crown, but a five pound note. And Flower paid his passage to England, after reluctantly forgiving him the offence of which he had been guilty.

There was a constable who was under great obligations to Mr. Brade, and he fancied that Roberts was the cause of his patron's ruin. He therefore brought to the notice of the Bench, that 'this convict, assigned to his wife, was seldom at home with his mistress,' and that he was 'in the habit of staying out all night.' The Bench regarded this as extremely improper, and the constable was ordered to apprehend Roberts on the next occasion that he found him in the streets, or in a public house at a late hour. Soon after this, Roberts and the Enchantress were drinking together, and playing cards at about two o'clock in the morning; and on the constable breaking in upon them, the Enchantress assaulted the constable; and he, therefore, not only took Roberts into custody, but the woman also, and both were locked up in the cells.

The next day, Emily was summoned to appear. She came, in fear and trembling, and beheld her husband in the dock—and beside him the Enchantress, who nodded familiarly to Emily, and then told 'Reginald' to 'cheer up.' When Emily heard the deposition sworn to by the constable, and observed that her husband was silent when

flesh, generally, Game-fowls, Cochins, Brahmas, and, above all, Dorkings. For a roast, the Black Normans, and a cross between the Cochins and game-fowls—the latter for those who like a pheasanty flavour. But, if restricted to only one race, we would choose the Dorkings for their excellent qualities; and of all the varieties, give us the white.

the magistrate asked him what he had to say in his defence—when she found that he could not, or would not look at her—when she heard the Enchantress abuse the magistrate, and tell him that ‘Charley’ was a much finer gentleman than *him* (the magistrate), she was deprived, not only of power of speech, but of reason.

‘Have you anything to say, madam?’ inquired the magistrate.

Emily stared at him, and sank into a chair. At this moment Flower came into the office, and took the unhappy woman away.

The Bench were of opinion that the prisoner’s services should be withdrawn from his wife and resumed by Government. Judgment was delivered accordingly, and Roberts taken from the dock, and led to Hyde-park barracks, where he was divested of his blue frock coat and tasteful neck-tie, his fancy waistcoat, drab pantaloons, Wellington boots, black beaver hat, and lemon-coloured kid-gloves; and clothed in a suit of coarse canvas apparel, consisting of a smock frock and trowsers, with the letters H.P.B. (Hyde-park barracks) and two broad arrows (↗ ↘) painted on various parts of either garment. In lieu of his white linen shirt, a coarse blue cotton garment was given to him, and he was fitted with a pair of ‘slop’ boots, with huge hobnails in the soles and heels. The cap he was required to wear was made of black cloth, and shaped like an old fashioned nightcap with a large button on the top. He was made a messenger, and his duties were to carry letters from the superintendent of police to the various public offices.

Emily was now perfectly satisfied of the truth of all that she had previously disbelieved; but still, she could not banish ‘the unhappy wretch’ (she so spoke of him) from her gentle mind. She no longer desired to see him, or to speak to him; but since he was her husband, and she had loved him, she could not utterly abandon her interest in him. She was now living under the roof and under the care of George Flower and his wife, who frequently suggested to her the advisability of returning to England, and claiming the forgiveness of her

parents. But Emily’s invariable reply was, ‘not so long as that man lives.’

CHAPTER XXXI.

FLOWER bought two vessels—a ship and a brig. The ship was sent on a whaling expedition; and the brig, with a gang of men, was sent ‘sealing’ to Macquarie Island. In six months, both vessels returned—the ship laden with sperm oil, and the brig with 7000 skins. The value of the two cargoes was 37,000*l*. Such luck had never been heard of; and Flower, like a prudent man, sold all his property, and invested the proceeds in the Bank of New South Wales, and lived upon his dividends, which were rather more than five thousand pounds a-year.

Roberts’s first forgery in New South Wales had been so successful, that he was tempted to take a loftier flight. He conceived a noble project. He was to obtain a very large sum of money—purchase a vessel in the name of some ‘free man’—have her fitted out as a whaler—and in her get to America or the Cape of Good Hope.

There was a convict in Carter’s barracks, called Sly—a ship-mate of Roberts—who was an engraver—a very clever man in his trade; a man who had successfully copied the plate of a provincial bank, and had paid, or rather was paying, the penalty of so doing. Roberts had a conference with Sly, and Sly said that ‘the plate of the Bank of New South Wales would be mere child’s play’ to him. Roberts and Sly forthwith ‘collaborated,’ and between them produced a work of astounding merit, so far as success was concerned. Sly did the engraving, and Roberts the signatures of the directors and the secretary. They made five hundred twenty-pound notes, and gradually cashed them. Amongst other signatures, Roberts, with a laugh upon his lips, used those of George Flower and Robert Wardell.

A convict, who had been formerly a commander in the Royal Navy, was now consulted about the vessel, and the means of escape, and he suggested a fast-sailing schooner then for sale, and ‘lying off the

Queen's wharf.' The boat was purchased, well stored with provisions, and all were ready for embarkation.

Three casks with false tops, covered with biscuits, were constructed to hold Roberts, Sly, and the naval gentleman, until the vessel was 'safe outside the heads'—the harbour of Port Jackson. There was nothing whatever to stand in the way of their escape from the colony, except Roberts's evil propensity. He must needs invite the Enchantress to share his wild fortunes in—what he was pleased to call America—'the mother penal country.' The Enchantress said she would, and Roberts then laid bare the whole of his heart, and informed her of what the reader is already in possession, touching his design to *escape*. But the woman did not keep her word. She gave notice to the police, went on board the schooner, and pointed out the three casks of biscuits in which the convicts were sitting, and peeping, respectively, through the bung-holes.

The moment they were detected, each wanted to turn 'king's evidence,' and convict the other two. But the Custom-house officer who was on board, and who had some voice in the matter, very properly observed, 'Well, but you can't all three be king's evidence—draw lots for it.' This was done. A pipe-stem was broken into three unequal pieces, and the ex-naval hero was the lucky man—he drew the longest piece.

The forgery part of the business had not yet transpired, and Roberts had in his pocket a quantity of the 20*l.* notes, and with these he purchased his release from the constable who had him in charge, and who allowed Roberts to knock him down and then run away, while Sly was being conveyed to the jail by another constable whom he had not the means of bribing.

Sly was hanged, and Roberts made the best of his way towards Bathurst, where he joined two other runaway convicts of desperate character—men who (to use the colonial trope) had ropes around their necks; and, ere long, Roberts was the captain of the gang, which his fears induced him to increase until it numbered seven. At the head of this gang, or rather in the rear of it,

Roberts committed several highway robberies, and in more than one instance wilful and wanton murder. Large rewards and conditional pardons, as usual, were offered for the apprehension of these bushrangers, but still they contrived to remain at large and carry on their depredations with equal vigour and daring.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ONE morning, Flower read in the *Australian* newspaper the following paragraph:—'The notorious Roberts, the confederate of Sly, who was hanged for the forgery on the Bank of New South Wales, is one of the gang of bushrangers whose deeds have recently occupied so much of our space. He was recognised by a bullock-driver in charge of a dray belonging to Captain Raine, of Bathurst, which dray was robbed of sundry stores about a fortnight ago.'

Flower had given up business of every sort and kind, and was now living quietly in a villa which he had built on a lovely spot of land overlooking the ocean. It was near to a place called Bundye Bay, and not very far distant from the famous bay (Botany) whence the colony of New South Wales has derived its disagreeable (from association) cognomen. Emily was still under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Flower. Indeed it was to her determination not to quit the colony so long as her husband was alive that Flower remained in the South, for he now panted to put foot again on the soil where he was reared, and stand on Yewbray Bridge, once more, and say, 'I would do it again to-morrow. He robbed my sister of her virtue, and he broke the old woman's heart as well as the dear girl's.'

It was in a strange frame of mind that George Flower strolled down to the beach which bounded his domain, and faced the strong wind, which blew in his face and tossed about his long thin hair, and sent the monster waves hissing and creaming to his feet.

'Roberts a bushranger!' said Flower, contemptuously looking over the breakers at the troubled main beyond them. 'Roberts a bushranger! Defying the police! What

has bushrangering and the police come to, at last? What would Donahough or Millighan say to this? or Webber, or Alfred Jackson?—brave men who have died by this hand! I would take Roberts armed to the teeth, as he would be, with no other weapon than a horsewhip, or a soldier's cane! You tell me that I could *not*,' said Flower, talking to the winds and the waves, and knitting his brows, and compressing his lips. 'I could not? I *will*. I swear—to you I swear I *will*!'

Flower turned round, walked hastily home, went into the stable, kissed Sheriff, and smiled at the scars which decorated the gallant little animal.

'I owe all my fortune to you, Sheriff, my little dear,' said Flower, embracing his horse. 'If it had not been for you, Sheriff, I should have been killed many a time! Come along, my darling, let us have another brush. We'll go out together on a spree as it were, and tell Susan we are going to see a flock of sheep that is to be sold at Bathurst. Riches have not made either of us fat, Sheriff—have they? But, my honour, you are getting as grey as a badger, and I'm getting one or two in my whiskers. Can't you kick, old boy, as hard as ever?'

Flower touched Sheriff in the ribs, and the panel of the stall, on which the horse instantly left the imprint of his hoof, very loudly responded to the question.

That night Flower told his wife and Emily that he was going up to Bathurst to look at a farm which he thought of buying, and next morning after breakfast he took an affectionate farewell of them, and rode Sheriff quietly along the road to Parramatta, calling, as was his wont in former days, at every public-house to have a few words with the landlord, the landlady, or the barmaid. And Flower took the opportunity of paying, with interest at twelve per cent., a number of scores which had been standing against him, and had escaped his memory for several years past. From Parramatta Flower rode to Penrith, and from Penrith, in one day, he went to Bathurst—a distance of ninety miles. It was to the house of Major Grimes that Flower guided Sheriff.

The Major was delighted to see him again, and so was Mrs. Grimes. But his host and hostess could not prevail upon him to go into their sitting-room.

'No, Major; no, Mrs. Grimes,' said Flower, 'riches doesn't alter rank; give me something in the kitchen, and come there and let me talk to you. The first time I came here I carried off some of your tea and sugar, Major, and the second time I carried off dear Sue. So you see I have been to you a regular robber.'

When Flower made known the reason of his visiting the Bathurst district again, Major Grimes was astounded, and so expressed himself.

'Ah, but you see, Major, it is not a matter of money with me now,' said Flower; 'it is a matter of passion and feeling. I cannot tell you all that is in my breast. But it must be; I must take this fellow and his gang, and you must help me.'

'How?' inquired Major Grimes.

'Why, you must give me a man and a horse, and you must make Captain Piper do the same, and all the other settlers who have had drays stopped and robbed. I want about six plucky men, all well mounted. Gov'ment's a fool for going to the expense of mounted police. You ought to learn the value of combination, and how to protect yourselves. You can club up to get rid of the blacks, when they spear your cattle or steal your sheep. Why can't you capture your own bushrangers? Why, hang it, the rewards would more than pay for the loss of time, and look at the inducement that a ticket-of-leave would be to your servants engaged in the affair.'

'I see,' said Major Grimes; 'but had we not better speak to the officer commanding the mounted police?'

'No, no,' said Flower, 'I wish to teach you settlers, and the Gov'ment, and bushrangers, a great moral lesson. I want to make you more independent and secure—bushrangers less numerous and daring—and Gov'ment more economical and sensible.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FLOWER carried his point. Every settler whose drays had been recently robbed was called upon, and

each contributed a man. Some volunteered to take the field themselves; but to this Flower, for good reasons no doubt, objected.

It was amusing to see Flower, mounted on Sheriff, putting his small force through its various evolutions, in a paddock fronting Major Grimes's parlour windows. The great difficulty that he had to overcome was making the stock horses stand fire.

All this was at last accomplished, and one fine frosty morning the force, with its leader at its head, moved out for action. Information had been gleaned by Flower of the enemy—located some eleven miles from Major Grimes's, and not very far distant from the den which has been already described in this narrative. No general officer ever knew better than George Flower the value of accurate intelligence—touching not only the enemy's position, but his strength, weakness, and resources. On all these points Flower was thoroughly informed. From long experience he could guess the very hour a gang would be on the move—what direction it would take—and what would probably be its sport, or object of plunder; and upon this occasion his calculations were *marvellously* correct.

After riding some eight miles there were seen, in the distance, six or seven men on horseback. 'These are they!' cried Flower. 'Now, my lads, be steady. When I tell you to charge, out swords and at 'em. Never mind your pistols, and don't mind theirs; it is not easy to shoot a man from the back of a horse in motion, but it is the easiest thing in the world to cut one down from the saddle. Be steady!—Here they come!'

The forces were within a hundred and fifty yards of each other. Roberts became alarmed at seeing so strong a party, and suddenly recognising Sheriff and his rider, he called aloud, 'It is all over with us!'—then turned his horse and galloped away, followed by his gang, in great confusion.

'Charge!' cried Flower. 'Charge!' This order was obeyed, and a hard contest, in speed, immediately ensued, for Roberts and his party were excellently mounted. Ere long they came to some very bad ground, which

slackened the speed of the horses, and in a few moments the pursued and pursuers mingled and fought, hand to hand.

Three out of the seven bushrangers were killed. Amongst them was Roberts. Flower lost two men, and received a rather severe blow on his head from the butt end of an adversary's pistol. Nevertheless, the victory was complete, and what Flower so eagerly desired, 'Charles Roberts, *alias* Reginald Harcourt,' ceased to live.

'Yes,' said Flower, gazing on the corpse of Roberts, while his companions were digging a hole wherein to bury their own dead, and that of the enemy—'Yes, it *is* so. It *was* to be. Something always told me it *would* be so. I knew it. I felt it.' Then turning to another of the slain he contemplated for several minutes the features so recently sealed in death. What was Flower's surprise, his horror, on recognising the face of a woman whom he knew in former days—a woman named Ellen Ledger. She had been transported for poisoning her father, and on arriving in the colony had been 'drawn,' as a servant, by a gentleman in power and in authority, and with that gentleman she had remained for several years. She afterwards ran away, committed some offence, was apprehended, and shorn of her long black hair in the Parramatta factory, and from that hour became a very desperate person. She had been good looking, nay handsome, and the traces of beauty were still upon her face.

'Well, thank Heaven,' cried Flower, 'that it was not *I* who cut *you* down, my poor girl. I was very near doing it once, to-day!'

The bodies were buried, and the captured prisoners and their horses taken to Major Grimes's; but Flower did not accompany the cavalcade. He was overcome by a curiosity to revisit the spot where he fought Millighan a few years previously. So Flower wended his way to the den.

Not a soul had been there since the day he left it.

On the limestone table was a pipe which had belonged to Millighan, and a clasp knife which was once the property of Drohne.

Of the fowls not one remained; but the pigeons still clung to the abode; albeit they were now very wild, instead of so tame that they would settle on the heads and shoulders of those who formerly inhabited the den.

There was property still in that den,—guns, pistols, swords, handcuffs, plated ware, saddles, &c. &c.; but Flower was not disposed to carry anything away, except the broken handcuffs, which the reader may remember had been filed from his wrist on the night of his first appearance in that locality.

From the den, Flower proceeded on foot to the top of the mountain, leaving Sheriff in an enclosure, eating some rich grass which grew therein.

'Yes, that is the rock,' said Flower to himself, pointing to a huge mass of limestone. 'Yes, that is it—this is the way.'

The awful stillness of the place had struck Flower when he was there talking to Millighan, but now it was even more striking, more awful. Had Flower's heart been susceptible of fear, at that moment, and in that spot, would the passion have stolen over him. As it was he could not help muttering, 'What is the matter with me? I feel very curious—what is it?' he asked of himself, grounding his double-barrelled fowling piece, 'What is it? There's nobody here, and if there was, what do I care?'

'I care,'—the echo answered him.

Flower started, and then smiled at himself for so doing. 'Sussey, dearest!' cried Flower at the top of his voice, and echo responded the last word.

'All safe?' cried Flower.

'Safe' was the reply.

(The echo amongst these limestone rocks is something wonderful.)

At a slow pace, and with a reverential feeling, George Flower directed his steps to the spot where lay the bones of Millighan. He placed his gun beside a rock; and, unarmed, went to gaze on the relics of mortality which had attracted him thither.

There was the skeleton of the man, quite perfect. Corruption had rotted the flesh, and with the flesh

the clothes had been consumed. The eagle had not visited the dead body, nor had the wild dog. There lay all that remained of the man, *as he fell*,—the rusted musket by his side. But mingled with the bones of the man were the bones and the skull of the dog—the little terrier who had died of starvation and grief, near the man whom he loved so well. Fresh from a scene of slaughter—with human blood recently shed upon his hands and his clothes, Flower sat beside the skeletons of Millighan and his dog, and relieved the heart of its heaving by shedding scalding tears.

'You were a man,' said Flower, staring wildly into the sockets which once contained Millighan's bright eyes—'and you, poor dog, you were as clever and as brave as he was. Better to die with one you loved than live without him. *Dear Nettles!*'

Flower put his hand gently on the little dog's skull; but did not disturb the position which, in the last moment, the dog had taken up on the breast of his master.

'What is this?' cried Flower; 'here is the ball—the ball which flew from that carbine, and stopped the current of his life;' and inserting carefully his fingers between the ribs of Millighan's skeleton, he took up, and held between his forefinger and thumb, the fatal and slightly battered piece of lead.

Flower was in the very act of putting the bullet into his pocket; but something checked his hand; some mysterious power seemed to whisper, 'No!'—and Flower replaced the bullet with the same care, lest he should disturb the bones, that he used when he removed it.

Millighan, when he fell, had in his pocket a small silver flask, which contained spirits. On this the worms could not banquet, and there it was—blackened, but still perfect. 'Into this I will put his epitaph,' said Flower, 'and some day or other when these bones may be stumbled across, those who find them shall not suppose he was some black fellow. So Flower wrote on a piece of paper with a pencil the following words: 'This man's name was Millighan; he was killed in a fair fight with one George Flower. The dog's name was *'Nettles.'*' George Flower

wrote this himself. My hand writing is well known.'

Grief, as well as ardent spirits, has its intoxicating properties; and Flower, lost sight of the fact that the day was drawing to a close. For full three hours he remained beside the skeleton—speculating as more educated philosophers have done before him, upon matters which we have no inclination to discuss.

When Flower left the skeletons of Millighan and the dog it was almost dark, and quite dark before he arrived at the Den. To find his way to Major Grimes's was utterly impossible. In the broad daylight it would be far from an easy matter, for the trees which had been marked had, in the course of nature, shed their bark several times since Flower was an inhabitant of the den. Flower therefore was compelled to stay in the den all night; into the den he took Sheriff, and, in the absence of any other companion, talked to the horse incessantly, and asked the little animal, several times, whether he would not rather die with him, Flower, as Nettles had done with Millighan, than live with any other master?

At about twelve o'clock Flower became very hungry. He had not tasted food for eighteen hours. He became faint, and then ravenous, and would have given any sum of money for even a biscuit and a glass of wine. He made a fire (as the aborigines do, by rubbing two pieces of dry stick together till they ignite), and was sitting over it, thinking how he could satisfy the craving of hunger, when he suddenly got up, lighted a wax candle (there were several pounds of wax candles in the den), and searched about in the desperate hope that 'something to eat' might be discovered. There was a box of macaroni, which with his own hands Flower had taken from the dray of Captain Piper; but it was rotten, and full of weavels, and when he handled it, it became like 'seconds flour.' He mixed this with water, kneaded, and was frying it, when he heard the pigeons cooing in their cote, outside the den.

That horrible impulse of our nature which always steals over us under similar circumstances, now stole over Flower, and he was bent on taking

the life of one of those creatures which have been 'sanctified to our uses'—and he put down the frying-pan, ejaculating, 'By Jove! a grilled pigeon!'

Flower went out stealthily from the den, put his hand into the cote, and withdrew a plump bird. He brought it into the den with the intention of wringing its neck, but lo and behold! he recognised 'poor old Moses,' a pigeon so christened by the women, and around the bird's leg there was a gold ear-ring.

'I would not hurt you or any of your numerous family for the whole world,' said Flower, releasing the patriarch pigeon, which, strange to say, seemed not afraid of George Flower; for instead of flying away in terror, he partook of the macaroni pancake, dipped his beak into the water, and pouted about the table, in apparently an ecstasy of satisfaction.

The next morning, at daybreak, Flower saddled Sheriff, and rode to Major Grimes's. His absence had caused great alarm, and people had been despatched in all directions to search for him, for the Major was fearful that Flower had been 'lost in the bush.'

The bushrangers were 'given up' to the men who had assisted in their capture, and Flower took leave of Major and Mrs. Grimes, after thanking them over and over again for not being angry with him for taking away from them 'the best hearted and prettiest girl that ever breathed.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE death of Roberts, and the two others who fell by his side, and the capture of the remainder, was published in all the papers, (the *Sydney Gazette*, the *Monitor*, and the *Australian*.) But Mrs. Flower and Emily knew nothing of this; for Flower, previous to setting out upon his expedition, had 'stopped his subscription,' and had given orders to his servants that no newspaper was to be allowed in the house during his absence. It would be difficult to say which of the two welcomed Flower back the more heartily, Susan or Emily.

* * * * *

'Why are you out of sorts,

George?' said Susan, when Flower, after dinner, was sitting silently over the fire, smoking his pipe; 'you have been away for more than a month, and, now that you have come back, you won't speak a word.'

'Go to bed, Sussey, dear,' said George, with a kind look, which Susan understood. 'I want to have some conversation with Mrs. Harcourt.'

Susan lighted her candle—bade George and Emily good night—and left the room.

'Now look here,' said Flower, 'there's no use in hesitating. I am going home to England, and mean to take Sue. Will you go with us, or not?'

'Not so long as that man lives.'

'He does not live: he is dead!'

Emily stood up. Her face became very pale; she trembled, and said, 'Dead! Is Reginald dead?'

Flower, observing her emotion, dropped his pipe, caught her in his arms, and cursed himself for breaking, so abruptly, intelligence of a nature which he ought to have known would shock the feelings of a sensitive woman.

A scene ensued—Susan was called—and Emily conveyed to her room, in a state of insensibility.

The shock over, Emily's mind experienced a relief, when she reflected on Robert's death. Her chief anxiety, of late, had been lest he should perish by the hands of the public executioner.

Emily now no longer objected to accompanying Flower and his wife to England, though she feared that her parents would never forgive her, or listen to any of her entreaties.

Flower sold his bank stock and houses, and the proceeds were 51,000*l*. With bills upon England for this amount, he embarked on board the old *Lady Jane Grey*. The stern cabins were engaged, and Emily had one of them—and a good-sized cabin, in the fore part of the vessel, was secured for Sheriff, whom Flower could not leave behind him.

Off Cape Horn the *Lady Jane* encountered very boisterous weather, and Susan, who was in delicate health, became seriously ill. Emily, who had of late gained strength and spirits, watched her with much care

and tenderness, and thus repaid a portion of the obligations she was under to Susan and her husband.

But, alas! neither the skill of the surgeon, nor the attentions of Emily and of George, could hold in its mansion the fleeting breath of Susan Flower. She died, in the arms of her manly husband, and was committed to the troubled deep, on the following afternoon.

For several days after the death of his wife, Flower never uttered a single word, or shed a single tear—nor could he be prevailed upon to take food. His cheek-bones began to protrude, and beneath his eyes came dark lines, and his face was as pale as that of a corpse. He sat down upon a chest, in his cabin, and there remained, in a perfect lethargy of woe.

Emily became alarmed, and did all in her power to rouse her protector, and console him. She who had recently been as helpless as an infant, was now as active and intelligent as an experienced nurse; while he who had lately been as strong as a young lion, was nerveless and childish, in his overwhelming affliction.

Old Captain Dent, this voyage, had his wife on board. She was a motherly lady, who had seen much sorrow in her day, arising from domestic bereavement, and she hinted to Emily that if Flower could be moved to tears, his present mood would speedily disappear. Emily acted on this hint—took Mrs. Dent into Flower's cabin—and began to tell Mrs. Dent, in Flower's presence, of all Susan's good qualities: how kind and gentle was Susan, and how beautiful and good-natured.

At first Flower did not heed Emily's discourse. There he sat, gazing on the floor, and wearing that peculiar vacant look which had overspread his countenance since Susan's death. But, at length, his ear drank in a few of Emily's words, and he regarded her intently.

Emily pursued the strain, and, ere long, 'the flood gushed forth' from that overcharged brain, and Flower was aroused to consciousness.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AFTER a passage of four months, the *Lady Jane Grey* sighted the

Lizard Light, and next morning the land was clearly visible. Flower and Emily were gazing on it from the poop, and experiencing those emotions common to all who have been for any length of time absent from their country.

'Where do you intend going when we land, George?' Emily inquired.

'To Orford Hall,' was the reply.

Emily shuddered, and remained silent for a few minutes.

'But I cannot go there,' said she, 'until I have written to my father and mother.'

'No,' said Flower; 'but you can go with me to a road-side inn that stands near Yewbray Bridge—or that used to stand there in my day—and there you can remain until I have seen your father, and heard what he has got to say.'

'And will you see him?' she inquired.

'Of course, I will,' said Flower. 'I wonder if he will remember me. He used to be very fond of me when I was a little fellow, and always took a great interest in my welfare. What awful changes we shall find in the neighbourhood! Prepare your mind for that, Mrs. —.' (Flower, since Roberts's death, never breathed any name when addressing Emily.)

'I am prepared for all,' said the unhappy lady. 'I am even prepared for the refusal of my father and mother to receive me under their roof. I am prepared to lead a life in England quite as unhappy and as cheerless as was that in New South Wales.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

At Gravesend Flower and Emily disembarked—and Sheriff, the first Australian horse that ever rounded Cape Horn. Sheriff was very stiff on landing, though in excellent condition: and he created no small amount of curiosity with those present; for Flower had brought home the identical saddle that Sheriff always wore on great expeditions, and it was now upon the little horse's back. It was not a pig's skin, but made out of the hide of a calf. Its flaps were not padded, but flush. The stirrup-leathers were as black as ink, and

very thin, though strong; the irons that were attached to them were so small, that the toe only of a man's boot could get inside them. There was a sheep's skin spread behind the saddle, and fastened under the crupper. On this reposed sundry pairs of handcuffs, and a small chain. The bridle, too, was rather quaint; the head-piece was that of a gig-horse, with the blinkers cut off; and the bit, a racing snaffle, as light (to use Flower's words) as a feather.

But if the horse and his trappings attracted attention, so did also his master.

Riches had not worked any change in either Flower's sentiments or dress. He still wore the uniform fustian shooting-coat and fustian trousers (washed white), and the blue cloth waistcoat; boots, laced up the front, and a cabbage-tree hat, with a black ribbon; while around his neck was a blue silk handkerchief, tied in a sailor's knot.

Flower had become not only very 'colonial' in outward appearance; but in parlance he was peculiarly so. He had mixed a good deal with the blacks during his stay abroad; and in the colony, where the aboriginal language, if it be not thoroughly understood by the European, nevertheless contributes sundry words and phrases which became current, it was all very well to use occasionally a little of it; but in England it was otherwise; and therefore, when Flower told a groom to give Sheriff some 'patter,' he was driven to explain that 'patter' did not mean a thrashing, but 'grub.' So, also, when he used the word 'narang' (small), but 'bidgee' (good), the groom did not quite comprehend the gentleman's praise of his horse; which induced Flower to say—

'You stare at me as if I had just come from some outlandish country!'

A large carriage and post-horses were hired, and Emily and her boxes put inside. Flower took his seat in the rumble. They had only a journey of twenty miles before them.

When they neared the spot where they had been born, how strangely did the heart of each palpitate.

And now, every house, every tree, every lane, became familiar to Flower's eye. And—yes, there was the bridge! Yewbray bridge!

There was the spot where the young Squire fell—and there was the little road-side inn, whither George Flower, on that morning—now twenty years ago—ran, and boasted of having done the deed!

'Stop!' cried Flower. 'Pull up here!'

Flower descended, and took Emily from the carriage into the inn. She was greatly agitated, and very pale; but Flower bade her take heart, make herself comfortable, and not talk to any of the people of the house.

The landlady did not recognise Flower; but he knew her. She was a young unmarried girl when he left that part of the world. She was now the mother of eight or nine children. He longed to make himself known to the landlady; but he contrived to master his inclination, and left the inn, on foot. He went to the lodge where his family used to live. All were gone!

Flower paused for a few minutes.

'Ah! that's where I shall get the most information in the shortest space of time!' said Flower to himself; and he bent his steps to the church-yard, whereon he had often played as a boy, and where he had first learnt to read.

Yes; there was told the tale. His mother was sleeping beside that sister whom he so dearly loved. But of his father, who always treated him and his sister with so much severity, there was no record. He knelt beside the grave, and placed his head on the stone which marked the spot where lay the dear ashes of his kindred: and he plucked some daisies, and placed them on the stone. He then strolled about the yard, and saw the graves of many whom he had left in the bloom of life—many a brave lad, and many a bonnie girl, with whom he was acquainted. And inside the church he then moved, to see what inroads death had made amongst the gentry. Yes; the gentry had suffered as much as the peasantry. Lord Waldane's monumental slab was there, and those of many other great folks whom he remembered. And there was cut upon a piece of white marble these words: 'In memory of Emily, relict of Edward Orford, Esq., of Orford Hall.'

'Then he is not dead,' said Flower, —'he is still living. I am sorry for Mrs. Orford; but—why I know not—she never liked us.'

It was now evening, and Flower walked to Orford Hall, which stood about three quarters of a mile distant from the church. He inquired at the lodge if Mr. Orford were at home, and was answered—'Yes.' He entered the house, and expressed to the footman a wish to see the master.

'What name?'

'Well, I don't see the necessity of giving my name,' said Flower. 'Tell Mr. Orford that a person has come to give him some information. Mr. Orford is a magistrate, I believe?'

'Yes.'

'Then go, and tell him what I have told you.'

The footman called to another footman, and saying, loud enough for Flower to hear—'Keep this gentleman company until I come back,'—he went into the library to deliver the message.

After an absence of a few minutes, the footman returned, and said—'Walk this way;' and he conducted Flower to Mr. Orford's presence.

Mr. Orford had grown very old, infirm, and irritable. When Flower was announced he was reading the Bible.

'Well, Sir, and what may be your business?' he asked.

'It is private business, Sir.'

'Shut the door, and go,' said Mr. Orford to the footman.

'You do not remember me, Sir,' said Flower, when they were alone.

'No, Sir; who are you?'

'It is more than twenty years ago since we met, Sir.'

'Well, that may be. But who are you? What do you want? What is your business?'

'Sir, you knew not only me, but everybody belonging to me.'

Mr. Orford put on his spectacles and surveyed the intruder. He rose from his chair, with the assistance of his hands, approached Flower, who was still standing, hat in hand, and peered into his eyes.

'Good Heaven!' ejaculated the old man, placing his hands upon Flower's shoulders. 'My boy! Is it you, George?' and he clung to Flower, and clutched him by the elbows.

'You remember me now, Sir?'

'Remember you? Forgive me for speaking harshly to you, my poor boy. How often have I thought of you, of late—longed for you to be here with me, to talk to me—and read to me. Why did you not write to me?' and the old man shed tears which fell upon the cuffs of Flower's shooting coat; and Flower, too, wept and loved the old man for his warm greeting.

'You will stay with me?' said Mr. Orford. 'You will never leave me, George? I am all alone here, with no one but these servants about me. Sit down, and tell me all that has happened to you.'

Flower obeyed Mr. Orford. He told him of his career in the colony, and of his circumstances—that he had returned with 50,000*l.*, and more, and how he made it. But Flower did not touch upon Emily.

'I wish I could tell you something,' said the old man.

'Do so, Sir.'

'Not now; to-night; when every one is in bed, fast asleep.'

'And I wish, Sir, I could tell you something.'

'Perhaps you suspect it—know it?'

'What, Sir?'

'My secret.'

'No, Sir; I fancy not.'

'Then tell me *what* is it you wish to say?'

Flower fell upon his knees, and said, 'For God's sake, Mr. Orford, forgive my only child.'

'I do,' cried the old man, raising him—'I do—I did long ago, for it was a crime which will be pardoned in heaven.'

'Then may I bring her to you? She is not far from you, at this moment. I have protected her as though she had been my own sister, or my own child.'

'Her? Who?' inquired Mr. Orford, eagerly.

'Your only child, Emily Orford, a wretched widow, who repents of her folly.'

'Are you mad?' said Mr. Orford, 'or is this a dream? Emily lives? No—she is dead, poor dear. She died, without a friend to compose her limbs, and her mother—' The old man faltered, and wept afresh.

'I have been the protector of

Emily for several years past—up to this very hour.'

'How—her protector? Where?'

'In New South Wales. I have been to her a brother, though she is of gentle blood, and I am not.'

'Emily lives? Where is she? Conduct me to my child. Order the carriage.'

'Let me bring her here, Sir.'

'Then haste—haste,' said the old man. 'What a strange world is this! To-night, George, you shall know the truth.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FLOWER hastened in the carriage to the roadside inn, where he found Emily in sore distress. She had gleaned that her mother was numbered with the dead. So great was her grief, that the glad tidings of her father's forgiveness did not stay her tears.

As soon as Flower left Orford Hall, Mr. Orford ordered the servants not to come near him until they were called, so that when Flower returned with Emily, there was not a soul to be seen.

The poor penitent was conducted to the library, and there the meeting with her father took place.

She knelt to the old man, and with upraised hands craved his pardon; and he forgave her from his heart, and placed his aged palms upon her aching head, and blessed her, and sanctified the blessing with pious tears. And Emily was once more under her own roof, and was installed the mistress of that ancient abode. And that night she slept in, or rather wandered about the room which from childhood up to the unhappy date of her error had been hers.

And Emily heard from her father's lips that her mother had, in her dying moments, forgiven her, and prayed for her salvation 'in the world to come.'

And that night Mr. Orford divulged to George the secret to which, in the morning, the old man had so mysteriously alluded. He told George that when he, Mr. Orford, was a very young man, he was wicked enough to engage the affections of a young girl whom his parents would not permit him to

marry—that had he married her he would have been disinherited;—that the fruit of this connexion were two children, a boy and a girl—that Lord Waldane's gamekeeper, Edward Flower, had married the mother of these two children, receiving with his wife a marriage portion of several hundred pounds—that he, George Flower, was the son, and Bessy, whose wrongs he had avenged, the daughter; and hence that remarkable likeness which not only 'Bessy' but George Flower himself bore to Emily!

A few months passed away, and Flower began to feel 'lonely and miserable.' He no longer cared for shooting and fishing. These sports had lost their charm with him.* He fancied that he was looked upon with suspicion by persons with whom he made acquaintance; and it became tedious to him to explain to everybody who heard that he was 'an expirée,' that he was 'not transported for thieving, or anything mean or low, but for justifiable murder.'

Flower engaged a passage for himself and Sheriff, and re-sought those shores whereon he had achieved so much renown, and where he was 'as well known as the Governor or the Chief Justice, and quite as much respected by honest men and feared by rogues.' He kept up a

regular correspondence with Emily and her father, and frequently sent them Australian curiosities and other presents, such as kangaroos, emus, flying squirrels, parrots, and cockatoos, and in return he used to receive saddlery and cutlery, and other matters precious in his sight.

Mr. Orford died, and Emily succeeded to his estate. Some time afterwards, she was sitting in the drawing-room, all alone, when a card was put into her hand.

'Sir Charles Everest.'

How Emily blushed. What scenes, painful and other, did the sight of that name recall!

Sir Charles took Emily's hand, and said to her, 'I will not release this till you promise to be mine. I have never ceased to love you, Emily, dearest, and I never shall cease to do so.'

Emily held down her head, and gave no reply—but she suffered him to retain her hand in his, and play with its small fingers. Presently, he raised it to his lips, and kissed it fervently. She accepted his proposal on the condition that he would never remind her or allude to the dark past. After a few weeks Emily became Lady Everest.

And the evening of her life was tranquil and happy.

THE INTERNAL RESOURCES OF TURKEY.

AT the present time, when so much interest is excited by the contest between Russia and Turkey, a brief summary of the internal resources of the latter state may not be found uninteresting.

One of the distinguishing features of the administrative system of modern Europe is the regular preparation and publication of accurate statistical information on the internal condition of the various States. In this kind of information (which, by the way, is often most delusive when seemingly most perfect) Oriental Governments are, for the most part, deficient. Even in Europe it is only of recent introduction; and, in the State which especially aims at the conquest of Turkey, it

is either altogether withheld from the world at large, or rendered subsidiary by the Government to purposes of mystification and misrepresentation. Of one thing we may rest assured, that whatever statistical information on Turkey may be derived from that country will err rather on the side of omission, and that the Turkish Government is guiltless of that gigantic imposture which was first used for political purposes by Napoleon the elder, and which has since been systematized by the Russian Government. The detractors of Turkey have made a skilful use of this politico-statistic vacuum. The simple *suppressio veri* has been enough, without more than a very slight and

occasional use of the *suggestio falsi*. Tell the world that France or Belgium is in a state of decay, and forth come the statistics to prove the contrary; in fact, no one dares hazard such a statement, because the refutation is ready to the hand. But tell the world—at least the English world—the same thing with regard to Turkey, and the mere absence of positive statistical information at once endorses the imputation, and helps it to pass current. Fortunately, however, the materials do exist for an approximation to a true estimate of the real condition of Turkey; and the *éclat* attending the bold stand made by Omer Pasha on the Danube may obtain for a few words on the subject a hearing which might have been sought in vain a few weeks ago.

Those who write in this country for the purpose of proving that Turkey is in a state of utter decay, rely for the reception of their statements on a species of tacit comparison with European States, which naturally takes place in the reader's mind. Half the difficulty of proof is thus got over. But if we would wish to arrive at a just and correct conclusion, we must either avoid such comparison, or reflect that the great bulk of the population of the Ottoman Empire is essentially Oriental; there being about twenty millions and a half of Mahometans to something less than fifteen millions of Greeks and others professing creeds foreign to that of the empire. We must also bear in mind that the more recent Sultans have been engaged in adopting European forms of administration; and that as yet these changes have not resulted in the perfecting of the new system. Obviously, therefore, it is as disadvantageous to the Turks to have their semi-European development compared with the greater perfection attained by England or France, as it would be altogether to ignore their existence in the politico-economic world, on the ground of their being Orientals. Left to produce its own natural effect, the Ottoman Empire would stand forth a grand fact, imposing to the imagination: tried by the standard of the so-called civilization of Europe, it appears neither good Eastern nor good

Western, but prominently displays all the evils inherent in the political systems of both Continents. On the other hand, it is quite fair to compare reformed Turkey, not with States that have attained to the pitch of civilization enjoyed by France and England, but with those on her frontiers in Europe and Asia, in whose interests her demerits are chiefly proclaimed. Difficult as it is to ascertain the truth with respect to the actual condition of the Russian serfs, no candid inquirer will fail to see that the class in Turkey corresponding with those in the social scale are, at least, no worse off; and if, in Turkey, it be an evil that the dependencies of the empire, and the various provincial governments, are administered by extortionate officers, surely that delegation of power is no worse than the centralization prevailing in the Russian Empire, which, with the universal corruption of officials, the venality of the judgment-seat, and the abject state of the lower classes, renders the attainment of justice almost an impossibility. We are told, too, of the disorganized state of the Turkish Monarchy, compared, as it is, of so many nations not amalgamated as one nation, and insubordinate to the sovereign authority of the Sultan. Russia, it is true, is not exposed to this particular evil; but look at Austria. The detractors of Turkey are accustomed to point to the solitary instance of the threatened subdivision of the Ottoman Power by Mehemet Ali. That would, at least, have been but the substitution of one monarch for another, according to the custom of the East. Turn to Austria. What was the condition of Austria five years ago? Has anything happened to Turkey, within the last century, at all approaching, in evidence of decay, to the Hungarian insurrection, the Italian rising, the threatened destruction of the capital by the Hungarian army, the flight of the Emperor, and the proclamation of a Republic? Is not the whole of the vast Austrian Empire only a congeries of States and races, often antagonistic to each other, and always in repulsion towards the central (and to them the foreign) German governing Duchy?

In no one of the subject States of Turkey does there exist the hatred towards the Ottoman that is borne by the Hungarians and the Italians towards the Austrians. As for the rest of the empire, although the causes of irritation have been, for the time, skinned over, the sources must be deep that could have produced the scenes which, from 1848 forward, agitated with one common instinct of rebellion Moravia, Bohemia, Lombardy, Venice, and nearly every other constituent State of the Austrian dominions. One hundredth part of the chronic animosity to Austrian rule existing among those States, if manifested in Bulgaria, Wallachia, Moldavia, Bosnia, Syria, or any of the multitudinous members of the Turkish Empire, would have furnished the abettors of aggressive designs with a theme for a dismemberment policy enough to carry conviction with the English people, who seem to be losing the faculty of thinking for themselves, as well as that sense of justice, which commands that both sides of a question shall be examined before a judgment be formed.

In endeavouring to arrive at a correct estimate of the position and resources of Turkey, we must steadily keep in view the fact that everything is systematically said against her, and little in her favour, and also the natural disposition of Englishmen to hold in contempt all that falls short of their own standard of excellence.

Agriculture is of course the basis of a nation's strength, and in agriculture Turkey is stated to be grossly deficient. To arrive at any clear perception of the truth we must use an Oriental, not an European standard. All Orientals are more or less disinclined to the cultivation of the soil, partly because its natural fecundity renders manual labour less necessary than in cold climates; partly because the wants of an Oriental are more easily satisfied than those of the inhabitant of the west. The soil of Turkey is singularly fruitful, and it yields a vast variety of products. Whether more would be extracted from it were it in the hands of the Russians is at least problematical. As it is, it more than suffices

for the wants of the population, and leaves a considerable quantity of produce for exportation. The Turkish peasantry are charged with an ignorant obstinacy in refusing to adopt European scientific improvements. This is no doubt true, especially as by the vast majority they have never been heard of. Go into the southern parts of Belgium, or into provincial France, and you will find a less pardonable ignorance, and quite as obstinate a refusal on the part of the peasantry to depart from the ways of their fathers. Of the actual agricultural produce of Turkey there are no accurate accounts. Even in England we are reduced to something very little better than guess work in order to arrive even at an approximation to the real production; and in Ireland matters are still worse. The natural fruitfulness of the soil excepted, the Turkish agriculturist labours under every disadvantage, of which the chief are want of capital and want of knowledge. He lives under a system of government unfavourable to the development of his industrial energies, in so far as they would tend to *prospective* cultivation. He produces for the present only. If he can satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer, and produce enough for his subsistence, he is satisfied. His want of capital places him in the hands of usurers, who really absorb the best fruits of his labour. In these respects, however, he is not much worse off than his fellow cultivator in many Christian countries enjoying a good reputation for agriculture—for instance, Ireland and Belgium. The state of the former is notorious; in the latter, more especially in the south, the cultivation of the soil is lamentably impeded by the very causes that operate so prejudicially in Turkey. Turkey, too, is in a desperate condition as to roads. Except in the near vicinity of the sea, and of the great ports, there are no effectual means of communication, so that even if the farmer had the necessary capital, enterprise, and knowledge, he would not be able to find a market at any distance from his own home. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages, the agriculture of Turkey produces enough for the consumption of the five and

thirty millions of the population; and yet there are considerable exports of various articles of produce which are not of prime necessity as food. Among these are tobacco, of which there was exported from the single port of Samsoun on the Black Sea, in 1850, to the value of 17,000*l.* in British steam-vessels alone—beans, lentils, yellow berries (value from Samsoun 4906*l.* in 1851); fruit of various kinds—gall nuts, butter, caviar, nuts, potatoes, honey, wheat, Indian corn, and a number of minor articles.

The cultivation of the silkworm forms a prominent branch of industry in connexion with this part of the subject. The exportation of silk proves a considerable item of Turkish commerce, although it is, of late years, on the decline. From the port of Trebizond, alone, upwards of 3000 bales were exported in the year 1851. In the year 1850 there were exported, from the port of Constantinople to Great Britain, in British vessels, 1848 bales, 1693 cases, and 1167 ballots of silk; of wheat, 38,448 quarters; of maize, 79,283 quarters; of sheep's wool, 813 bales; of goats' wool, 11,301 bales. To these must be added the exports in vessels of other nations, as well as in those of Turkey.

If we turn to Egypt, which is still a part of the dominions of the Ottoman Sultan, we find in the exports from Alexandria proofs of agricultural productiveness. Of raw cotton the total value exported from thence, in the year 1851, was 611,240*l.* The three countries to which the bulk of this cotton was exported, are Great Britain, Austria, and France. Of the above value we ourselves took 275,740*l.*, Austria, 247,180*l.*, and France, 86,700*l.* Of flax the value exported, in the same year, was 191,934*l.*, of which 141,940*l.* was shipped as for England. Of wheat, in the same year, there was exported, in value, to Great Britain, (and Malta,) 535,949*l.* The total value of wheat, barley, maize, beans, peas, lentils, and lupins, exported from Alexandria, in that year, was considerably over a million sterling. To these must be added gums, to the value of 348,434*l.*

We are not pretending that

Turkish agriculture is in a healthy condition. On the contrary, the universal testimony of travellers establishes the fact, that, while the soil is fruitful to prodigal abundance, the indolence and ignorance of man lead to its neglect. It is scarcely fair, however, towards Turkey, to isolate her case from that of other countries, which have the benefit of European science and civilization. Again we suggest to the reader to compare her condition not with that of England or France, but of other countries, not so far advanced. In the European tributary provinces of Turkey, there is a large production and exportation: in Servia of swine, (of which the annual export amounts, in value, to upwards of 200,000*l.*) in Moldavia and Wallachia, whence are exported horses and cattle, in immense quantities; and in Bosnia, whence are exported cattle also. In the European provinces actually under the sway of Turkey, extending from the Adriatic to the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, the soil teems with the richest products—with rice, tobacco, cotton, silk, and all varieties of fruits. When these are exported it is chiefly through Salonica, but the export trade from thence has declined. In 1847 the total exports amounted to about 800,000*l.*, in 1851 they had diminished to little more than one-fourth. The former year, however, was one of great abundance and activity. On the other hand, the imports to the provinces to which Salonica is the inlet, have steadily increased. The production in cereals of Asia Minor (population about 10,000,000) is estimated at about 800,000,000 French kilogrammes, and the value at about 3,500,000*l.* sterling. If this result is arrived at with the minimum of labour and knowledge, we may conceive what would be the production under more favourable circumstances. At present the cultivator is oppressed and impeded by every conceivable obstruction to his industry. The Government, however, is in the way of reform, and, should it survive the storm raised by Russia for the purpose of arresting its progress, we may hope that as great results will be produced in Turkey as have arrived even in Christian countries where a good has been substituted

for a 'bad administration. Model schools of agriculture have been established, where the theory of scientific cultivation is taught, and immense experimental farms, conducted by competent persons, have been formed in various parts of the country, for the purpose of affording the peasantry, and cultivators generally, practical examples of the application of those theories. There is also a large agricultural colony on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. From the journalists and book-makers, whose allotted task it is to represent Turkey as incurably lost, not one word is ever heard of these efforts of the Government, vigorous and systematic, to spread a knowledge of agriculture among the people. Let us apply our principle of comparison even here. Notwithstanding the famine and the exodus, is the agriculture of Ireland yet rescued from barbarism? How long is it since scientific agriculture became the fashion in England? In Belgium, which used to be the (kitchen) garden of Europe, and whose people were supposed to have perfected the art of cultivation, the very same means of imparting knowledge which we have described as being employed in Turkey, are now made use of by the Government. It is remarkable, too, that the Belgian Government, one of the most enlightened and beneficent in Europe, was anticipated in this great work two or three years by the Government of Turkey. The radical error, or fallacy, of all reasoners on the condition of the Turkish peasant, consists in the comparison tacitly instituted between his condition and that of the more artificially trained native of the western countries. That man is rich who possesses as much as he desires: the wants of the Turkish peasant are so few and so simple, that even the languid and imperfect cultivation he bestows on the soil is enough to meet them. The favouring climate enables him to content himself with the simplest and most primitive of domiciles—sometimes a tent suffices—while the produce of his fields and his flocks furnishes him with all he requires for his food and clothing, and something to exchange for his almost sole

luxuries, his coffee and his tobacco. Why should we reproach him because he accepts life and enjoys it as best he may, happily ignorant of that feverish passion for gain which consumes the energies and poisons the existence of the natives of the West? The Government of Turkey is now alive to the necessity for marching with the progress of civilization; to the want of internal communication; to the sensible though remote competition of western nations in every branch of production wherein the Turks once excelled. Already efforts are being made to put the finances of the country on such a footing as will permit the necessary expenditure: much is accomplished; and more will follow, if the war forced on Turkey by Russia, seemingly with the object of repressing her nascent energies, does not impede the patriotic designs of the Sultan and his advisers.

Turkish mechanical industry has shared the fate of all normal or manual processes of manufacture. In most of the western countries, the word 'manufacture' is a palpable misnomer: in Turkey, with some exceptions, it can still be applied to industry. The capital and machinery of England, and the minor manufacturing states—Prussia, France, Belgium, &c.—have distanced all competition, by producing articles which come within the means of the million, and at the same time diminish the demand for the finer and more beautiful fabrics which formerly attested the taste and ingenuity of individual artificers. Here, again, false ideas have been suggested with regard to Turkey. Time was, when she had manufactures of arms, of velvet, of silk stuffs, of leather, of rich cloths, of jewellery, of gold thread, &c., &c., which were famous all over the world, and for which the wealthy paid high prices. But the capital and machinery of the West have made fatal inroads on all this valuable industry. They have created new tastes and habits in dress, which again they have provided for in productions so cheap that the native makers could not compete with them. The four millions sterling of British manufactures, to say nothing of those of

other countries, annually entering Turkish ports, explains the altered condition of Turkish industry far better than any theories of race, or hypotheses of inevitable decay. The Turkish Government has long been alive to the danger, and has made convulsive and expensive but fruitless efforts to arrest the progress of this competition. How? By imposing prohibitory import duties? No; that barbarism it has left to the Christian nations of the north and west. How, then? By the very expedients adopted by some of those Christian nations themselves within the last few years, in order to stimulate their subjects to a struggle with England in the modern modes of manufacture. The Sultan and his advisers attempted themselves to establish factories and founderies, but they discovered that the European manufacturer could deliver the article in Constantinople at a lower price than the Government could manufacture it at on the spot. Still, as the movement is in its infancy, it is impossible to say what may not be done in time, should extraneous causes permanently raise the price of labour in the Western States, and should tranquillity enable the Turkish Government to develop its new plans for the re-integration and re-organization of the finances of the country. The contemporaneous stimulus to agriculture, should it succeed, will bring about a solution of present difficulties more in accordance with the laws of political economy, inasmuch as it will enable the Turks to exchange their natural productions for the manufactures of the West. As it is, we would only caution the reader against the assumption that the decline of Turkish manufacturing industry is any more conclusive proof of a decay of race, than is afforded by the reduced condition of those classes of the population in western countries, whose subsistence was derived from manufacture in the strict sense of the term, and who have been to a considerable extent 'starved out' by the rapid progress of machinery. The English hand-loom weaver, and the Flemish tisserand, are not cited as examples of decay in either country, yet they are in a con-

siderably worse position than the manufacturer of Bagdad or Aleppo, or any other of those numerous cities which once swarmed with the industrious artificers of the East.

The commerce of Turkey is in a better condition than its industry. Taking the imports and the exports together, it may be estimated at somewhat under twenty millions sterling per annum, exclusive of about one million for the commerce with the European tributary provinces, and of about five millions and a quarter, the commerce of Egypt, as shown in the exports and imports of Alexandria, those to and from Turkish ports not being included in the calculation. The trade between Turkey and England has increased to an extraordinary extent, from about half a million (of imports) in 1827, to upwards of four millions in 1852. It should be observed, however, that not much more than half these English imports are consumed in Turkey, the remainder passing by way of Trebizond to Persia. Turkey receives chiefly our cotton manufactures, linen manufactures, hardware, iron, coal, and colonial produce. Our chief imports from Turkey are flax, raw silk, grain of various kinds, opium, &c. France is not in so favourable a position as regards her commerce with Turkey; the gross total of imports into Turkey from France being about a million, while the exports of Turkey to France exceed two millions. The total commerce of Turkey with Russia (exports and imports) is somewhat more than a million and a half sterling, the balance of exports and imports being slightly in favour of Russia; with Austria, nearly three millions sterling; with Holland and Belgium about 360,000*l.*; with Persia about one million; with Switzerland, the United States, and other countries, about a million and a half. These are all more or less on the increase, and do not include the commerce of Egypt by way of Alexandria. The navigation of Turkey, which is chiefly carried on by foreigners, is on the increase; but the most remarkable evidence of progress is to be found in the rapid and vast extension of steam navigation for

mercantile purposes. Between 1841 and 1849 the number of these steamers entering Constantinople had increased from 274 to 486. There is, as our readers are aware, a direct and constant communication by first-class steamers between Southampton and Constantinople, and recently there has been established a similar line from Liverpool. The communication between the capital and the main parts of the empire, in the Levant, the Archipelago, and the Black Sea, is singularly well-organized and regular. As we are not writing a full description of the Ottoman Empire, but only putting forth a few facts as materials for forming a correct opinion as to its resources, it is not necessary here to enter into details of the internal organization of the Turkish administration; but we may touch the subject with this general remark, that the great majority of recent representations are one-sided, and do not sufficiently consider the counteracting argument derived from the essential Orientalism of the people.

Of the military resources of Turkey it is the less necessary to speak in detail, because they have of late been the subject of so much explanation and discussion. The ordinary active force of the empire is about 140,000 men; the reserve of equal number. These, with the irregular force of 61,500, and the contingents of 110,000, make up a total force of nearly 500,000 men. These numbers, however, were estimated in the year 1850, and they inadequately represent the forces which have been brought into the field by Turkey, to resist Russian aggression. All the troops in the service of Turkey are, according to report, well fed, well paid, and in an effective condition. As to the navy, opinions are less unanimous. In 1850, the Turkish navy numbered 74 ships of all sizes, with 4000 guns, and manned by 25,000 men. Since that date, this branch of the Turkish force has been much increased; and, as in the case of the army, the men are said to be well cared for and well paid, according to *Oriental notions*.

The financial system of Turkey, from being brought more directly in contact than any other part of the

machinery with the methods adopted in the west, appears by comparison to be in a barbarous state. On a closer examination, we find a direct resemblance in the items of taxation and revenue; but a rude fiscal system is combined with what in this country would be described as liberal legislation. Our details are taken from the budget of 1850, as commented upon by a French traveller who published the results of his observations, together with some interesting statements on Turkey, in one of the Paris newspapers, during and subsequent to his sojourn in the country. The total State expenditure of Turkey is 733,400,000 piastres, the total revenue 731,000,000. The latter is composed of tenths, 220,000,000 piastres; virgu, or income-tax, 200,000,000; taxes on non-Mussulman subjects, 40,000,000; customs duties, 86,000,000; indirect taxes, 150,000,000. The expenditure comprises the ordinary items of army, navy, civil service, and civil list, with the amounts of which we need not trouble the reader; and also an item of 12,500,000 for the maintenance of what is called the administration of 'Vakoufs.' It is in this direction, as well as in the reform of the coinage, that the regeneration or restoration of the Turkish financial system may be expected. The administration of the vakoufs is the holder of three-fourths of the landed property of Turkey, which at a period when the laws were powerless for protection, was consigned by the owners to its care, as being sacred. Under its management, this property yields but 20,000,000 piastres per annum; yet the State pays the 12,500,000 above-mentioned for the maintenance of mosques and charitable institutions. A partial parallel to this evil may be found in the mal-administration of church and cathedral property in this country. The vakouf pays a rent to the owner, but that rent is calculated on the nominal coin, as it stood in former days, not at its present value. The scheme of the new statesmen of Turkey is to take this property out of the hands of the administration of vakoufs, and render it more productive, at the same time paying

a large additional sum for the maintenance of the mosques and charitable institutions. It is hoped to realize an additional 60,000,000 piastres; while the owners of property will receive new titles direct from the Sultan. The finances of Turkey have suffered severely from the depreciation of the coinage, and the sacrifices which have to be made in order to meet the engagements of the country in the undepreciated coin of other states. Much has been written against Turkey on the ground of this depreciated coinage, and the deficit (though small) in the finances. The detractors of Turkey have but to turn to Austria, a Christian state, where the currency is a drug, and where the deficit of one year would go far to eat into the whole annual revenue of Turkey.

Our limits have permitted only a cursory view of the subject; but enough has been elicited to show, that whatever may be the positive deficiencies of Turkey in those elements of strength which are necessary to complete the ideal of a great state, yet relatively, and by comparison, she occupies at least a respectable position. In agriculture, notwithstanding her shortcomings, she supplies the wants of

her own people, and exports to no inconsiderable extent; in industry she but shares the fate of other communities, unable to compete with the gigantic manufacturing power of England; in commerce she is respectable, to say the least; in her military resources she has fairly surprised the world; and her finances are being gradually placed on a sound basis, with a fair prospect of indefinite improvement. While the European states with which we have compared her are concentrating their whole strength in the consolidation of a worse than barbarous despotism, she is gradually emerging from the crudest forms of Oriental tyranny, into European civilization; and, more than all, while, in a state like Austria, the Government cannot afford to divert its attention from the fatal duty of repressing chronic disaffection, Turkey has passed through the crisis of a social revolution, rendered all the more dangerous by its close connexion with religious prejudices, and finds herself, even while yet in the transition period, free to devote her whole military and financial strength to the task of defending herself against a foreign invader.

LAST WORDS OF A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

[SUGGESTED BY THE FATE OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO WAS LOST IN CROSSING MOUNT WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1849.]

Q! 'tis as though a century had past,
 Since on the vale beneath I looked my last;
 And yet, 'twas but this morning, glad of heart,
 I left its shades, nor feared from friends to part:
 Friends! coldly falls that word upon my ear,
 Where are they now? My voice they cannot hear.
 Though all is silent round, the muffled air
 To them no words of mine will downwards bear,
 Alas! Alas! how quickly wanes the day,
 No longer can I trace my onward way;
 The stream, my only guide, has ceased to flow,
 And frozen dead, lies buried 'neath the snow.
 Uncertain shapes, that fill my soul with dread,
 Loom through the mists like visions of the dead;
 And high in air, sharp crag and icy peak,
 Look frowning down, as they could vengeance wreak
 On man's presumption, daring thus to tread
 A realm whence every living thing hath fled.

Thick, heavy fogs obscure the sky ; no star,
 To guide the wanderer's step shines from afar,
 And 'neath, seen dimly through the dusky air,
 Are sights and forms of horror everywhere :
 Rivers, whilst raging, struck to sudden rest,
 Their towering waves in rigid heaps comprest ;
 Steep Alps that shelve to deep ravines below,
 Where noiseless sinks the ever falling snow.
 Dread wastes whence soon my dying groans shall rise,
 And break the silence of these gloomy skies.
 Far easier 'twere on battle-field to die,
 Than midst this stillness, 'neath this leaden sky.
 But sure ! this cannot be the gentle earth,
 That loves her children, even from their birth ;
 No mother ever thus forsook her child,
 With whom in grief she wept, in joy she smiled ;
 Then why, where'er I look, beneath, above,
 Does Nature give no sign of tender love,
 But, deaf and pitiless, shuts out my prayer,
 And leaves me to the madness of despair.
 Oh, it is terrible, with sobs of pain
 To gasp for air, then heave it forth again,
 And while each moment fiercer grows the cold,
 To feel its iron grasp my limbs enfold.
 Alas ! I know not if 'tis cold or heat,
 Which makes the ground thus scorch my aching feet ;
 The snow, in flakes of fire, falls on my head,
 And withers up my brain—would I were dead.

What ! is it thus I must for sin atone,
 Pass through the travail of my soul alone ?
 What ! shall the tortured body rob the soul
 Of all its strength its sufferings to control ?
 When will these struggles end, and I be free ?
 Would, without dying, I could come to thee.
 Oh God, my God. Ah ! have I not till now
 Upon thee called, strength of the lonely, Thou,
 Dear father, look on me with pitying eye,
 If thou art near, in calmness I shall die,
 Though chilling glaciers raise their heads around,
 And corpse-like lakes my dying form surround.

Yet fear hath gone, for all Thou dost is right,
 By darkness Thou preparest us for light ;
 And blest, thrice blest, Almighty God, are those
 With Christ who travail ere they taste repose.
 On Calvaries of suffering thus to sigh
 The soul away, is better than to die
 In sheltered vales, where mists too oft arise,
 And from them hide the sun and azure skies.

The dreadful past is fading from my view,
 I know and feel that Thou, Lord God, art true,
 And now thy guardian angels waiting by,
 To calm my struggles, catch my latest sigh.
 With softest touch, they close my weary eyes,
 And on their wings my spirit homeward flies.

HISTORY OF THE WAR OF THE SICILIAN VESPERS.*

WE are never weary of historical restorations. The 'myth' has in so many forms, and for so long a time, obscured our records, that no effort to efface it comes unwelcome. But when the security is endorsed with the name of Ellesmere we cannot refuse to do what in us lies to negotiate.

Every reader of history has heard, and, for want of good reason to the contrary, has hitherto believed, that the revolution of 'the Sicilian Vespers' in 1282, and the overthrow of the French rule in the island, were the results of a conspiracy as complete in design and minute in detail as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Popish Plot of Guido Fawkes. It seemed to be a not improbable account of an event which annihilated the armaments, and rent the kingdoms of the mightiest of the then European sovereigns, while it changed the dynasty of Sicily, that it was the result of a mighty 'plot,' in which kings and nations were accomplices, while foreign gold and foreign intrigue contributed to its *denouement*. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the destinies of men were matters of market, and the rights of the commons yet undistinguishable from the clamourings of half starved *villains*, such a cause obtained credit as being proportionate to the efforts produced, the only alternative being a revolution originating in the mere motion of the people. No one stopped to discover the inconsistencies of the tale, or to consider the source of the evidence upon which it was founded. Even the Sicilians, it would appear, were, and were content to be, in ignorance of the true history of their great revolution. They, like the rest of the world, were deceived by what we can hardly doubt from the case before us to have been a deliberate attempt on the part of the Angevins to revenge their defeat in the field by a misrepresentation of the motives of their conquerors. It was a Guelph and Ghibelline war of literature with fact; and, as must be the case, where the former is not

shackled by obligations to truth, in a half-educated age it carried the day.

We must assume, for the present, that our readers are acquainted with the ordinary version of the Sicilian revolution, and shall only now draw their attention to one feature in the story, which we think contains a no slight evidence of the *animus* with which it is written—we mean the peculiar way in which the names of the chief actors in the drama—Peter of Aragon and John of Procida—are respectively treated. The former, because he was throughout the contest the uncompromising and successful opponent of the Angevin faction, is branded as a traitor, a conspirator, and a perjured peace-breaker. The latter, though according to the admission of the historians themselves he had been the Ulysses as well as the Sinon of the plot, yet because he afterwards deserted from the side of Aragon, is exalted from the very beginning as a pure patriot and hero.

We are unconscious of any special admiration for the character of Peter of Aragon, nor shall we incur the charge of favouritism if we remark upon the evidence by which the crime of conspiracy is supposed to have been conclusively *proved* against him. As we shall have to go through the details of his part in the story hereafter, we will, to avoid repetition, illustrate his behaviour by 'putting' (as the lawyer says) what appears, with a slight allowance for allegory, to be an analogous case. Our James the Second shall be Charles of Anjou, and William of Orange Peter of Aragon, whose position, by his marriage with the heiress presumptive of the legitimate Neapolitan house, may not unfairly be represented by that of the Dutch prince. Then suppose an English exile—Shaftesbury for instance, had he been still alive—employing his time at the Hague, like a spirit of mischief, in whispering in the ear of William the reports of English discontent, to have gone so far as to promise on behalf of his friends at home that a Dutch invasion should be supported; that William, partly from cautious fears for

* *History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers*, by Michele Amari. Edited by Lord Ellesmere. London: Bentley.

his own dominions, and partly from a wish (which he more than suspected would be gratified) that the English nation should themselves call him to the succession, avoided any overt communication; and that, while 'the plot' lingered, the west-countrymen, maddened by the cruelties of Jeffries and Kirke, and the Covenanters bursting from the tyranny of the council, had marched upon the metropolis, where the people were yet in suspense as to the fate of the bishops; that the Stuarts and their adherents were expelled, and, after certain delays consequent upon the suddenness of the movement and the excited hopes of the Republicans, that a deputation from the Parliament had waited upon William, then encamped on the French border, and requested him to assume the crown; we say, supposing all this, would any one pretend that there was any *proof* of a conspiracy *in esse*, much less of William's having been an accomplice? Yet, *mutatis mutandis*, we think the case does not so widely differ from that commonly called 'the Vespers Conspiracy;' and Peter of Aragon, upon no stronger evidence, has been convicted over and over again of the full charge.

Later historians, not content with assuming the above hypothesis as proved, proceeded to spice the tale with pure invention to suit the partisan or romantic tastes of their different readers. Thus 'the conspiracy' is said to have been hatching amongst the whole Sicilian nation for a considerable time, whilst John of Procida, 'the indefatigable missionary of revolt, in the disguise of a monk or beggar, flew from Constantinople to Rome, and from Sicily to Saragossa,' to bespeak protection for the future insurgents. 'The treaty' of revolt 'was sealed with the signet of Pope Nicholas himself, the enemy of Charles, and his deed of gift transferred the fiefs of St. Peter from the house of Anjou to Aragon.*' Finally, Procida made a tour of the island of Sicily, Brutus like, in the disguise of a sunpleton, to communicate intelligence, and to prepare for the simultaneity of the rising. And yet the secret 'so widely diffused and so freely circulated was,' as Gibbon, with almost ironical cre-

dulity, remarks, 'preserved above *two years*' (some say even longer) 'with impenetrable discretion.' The last of all the fanciful additions was that of Boccacio, who put the finishing touch of dramatic interest in the 'Vespers' Bell,' which gave the confederates the signal, and the plot its name.

The romance thus manufactured has been grafted into the historic page, apparently without a suspicion of its authenticity. The historian of the *Decline and Fall* enjoys the credit of having been the first to *express* a doubt upon the subject, which, however, is said to have been suggested by Voltaire. But be this as it may, their joint scepticism (if such it be) goes no further than to discredit any connexion between the actual outbreak and the great conspiracy, on which Gibbon dwells with such complacency as rolling back the tide of Latin conquest from the East. 'It may be questioned,' he says, 'whether the instant explosion of Palermo were the effect of accident or design.' He afterwards reverts with all his former ardour to the idea of the plot. Having described the incident which caused the 'explosion,' he adds, that 'the conspirators seized the opportunity' to execute their design, 'the revolt being inspired by the presence or the soul of Procida.'

Sismondi, not yielding his belief in Procida's sole concoction of the plot, thinks that his hand may be seen in 'stirring up the passions of the people, and sending to Palermo the nobles and the soldiers to assume the direction of the movement, well assured that the occasion would not be delayed.' (Quoted, Amari, Appendix.) Even the philosophic historian of the *Middle Ages*, though he at first appears to doubt freely the truth of the ordinary version, seems unable to clear himself from the supposed difficulties of not adopting a full belief in Peter's entire complicity. And yet one part of the popular story is as unauthentic as the other: the existence of the conspiracy is as unreal as the charges of active complicity against either Peter of Aragon or John of Procida. At least the evidence before us proves incontestably that such a complexion of affairs was unknown to those who

were contemporary with the events themselves. Lord Ellesmere compares the results of Amari's work with that of Niebuhr's in Roman history. However much they may resemble each other in effect, there is, nevertheless, a wide difference in the respective processes of the two historians, as well as in the subjects with which they had to deal. In the one case was a series of legends representing a state of things *primâ facie* unreal, but which had been looked upon as agreeably filling an otherwise blank page in the world's story, yet withal evidently more than mere idle tales, though their meaning had not as yet been discovered. The master mind of Niebuhr, in an apparent chaos, discovered a principle and a system, and, with the aid of materials scattered up and down through all history, reared a graceful and regular building, but one founded at best only upon conjecture, and dependent for its existence upon future confirmation. Amari, on the other hand, simply turns upon the dishonest inventions of men the reflection of that great modern mirror, the State-paper Office, and as it was at the touch of that spear of celestial temper, which

* No falsehood can endure,
* * * * * but returns,
Of force, to its own likeness ●

so has the high-blown conceit of historic fraud melted before the plain tale of truth and reality. We are enabled to judge not only how complete was the work of falsification, but also how bitter must have been defeat to those who could avail themselves of such a subterfuge to avoid their disgrace.

Mr. Amari, in his Appendix, enters into a comparison of the several versions of the story which he finds in various historians, contemporary or otherwise. Through this part of his work we have no desire to follow him. We shall prefer pointing out some of the evidence afforded by contemporary public documents against the belief of any foreign interference, or indeed foreign intrigue, having been in any sense the cause of the Sicilian revolution.

In a bull of Pope Honorius, dated in 1285, three years after 'the Vespers,' it is expressly declared that the proximate causes of the disturb-

ances in the island were the fearful extortion and oppression practised upon the inhabitants by the Angevin government—evils which Charles of Anjou is therefore advised to correct as a sure means of recovering, what he professed to desire, the lost affections of his former subjects. (App. 333.)

As regards the part which Peter of Aragon is alleged to have played in the drama, we have the evidence of his bitterest enemies. First, we turn to the bulls issued by the successive Popes, and heaping anathemas and excommunications upon the heads of the Aragonese monarch and his adherents for certain crimes specified therein. We may be sure that the success of Peter and the Sicilians had so far exasperated the Roman See that any charges made by the latter would lack no colours which either malice or industry could supply. And yet it is not pretended to accuse the offender of conspiring with the Sicilians against Anjou, nor is a conspiracy even alluded to. Peter's utmost crime is that of being the *dux et auriga* of the discord between the Holy See and her revolted vassals (he is nowhere described as the *auctor* of such discord), and principally it is alleged that to this unchristian purpose he had directed an expedition, which he had allowed the Pope to believe was intended against African infidels. (App. 329—332.)

Secondly, Charles of Anjou, in reality the principal victim of the supposed conspiracy, in a letter dated May 1282,—just after the outbreak in Sicily,—and requesting assistance of Philip the Bold of France, makes no mention of Peter, or of a conspiracy; and in the negotiations for the duel between himself and the King of Aragon, in which both parties were to prove their re-criminative charges, Charles complains only of Peter's invasion of Sicily, *contra ratione e in mal modo*, but not a word escapes him tending to connect such invasion with any previous design. Again, after the failure of the arrangements for the duel, when Charles would be most anxious to blacken the fame of his adversary in the eyes of Europe by even the most reckless charges, all his accusations of perfidy go no further than that Peter had, while

engaged in warlike preparations, whose object he would not avow, made offers of intermarriage between his own family and that of Naples.

Having then emended this hitherto corrupt passage, we will endeavour, with the aid of the light thus gained, to run through the narrative of 'the Sicilian Vespers,' first briefly touching upon some of the chief points in the previous history of the island, which we think will tend to a better understanding of the revolution and its true causes.

Liberty, we may premise, was a plant of native growth in Southern Italy. The Lombard, the Greek, and the Saracen had preserved till the tenth century institutions innocent of the feudal spirit. And when that system was at last introduced by the Norman Conquest, many circumstances tended to mitigate its rigour and restrict its limits. To the obstacles which Nature offered to a foreign conqueror in the two kingdoms, were added the influence of numerous rich and important cities—moral barriers against which, as in Spain, the advancing tide of feudalism fretted in vain. Again, the vast powers assumed by and conceded to the Church, to whose authority the Normans, 'few in number, and having no title but their swords,' were glad to defer, and the great quantity of land which retained its allodial nature, narrowed the field of merely military power; while, last but not least, the characters of the Norman monarchs themselves gave to the innovation less violent pretensions than it elsewhere introduced.

The constitution of the Norman sovereigns was scarcely less venerated in Sicily than were the Saxon laws by our ancestors. In theory it recognised a more complete balance of the powers of the state than we are prepared for at so early a period, while its practical influence was gratefully remembered as the source of mild and equitable government. The crown, instead of representing only a precarious chiefship amongst turbulent peers, seems to have more nearly resembled the executive central power of the state which we find in a modern limited monarchy, undisturbed by territorial privileges or jurisdictions. The nobles, neither too numerous to awe nor too

few to embolden the sovereign, are described as animated by an almost patriarchal spirit. The third estate, in the full enjoyment of commercial immunity, and possessing a reasonable voice in the legislature, were peaceful and contented. Serfdom was almost unknown.

§ The first shock sustained by the hitherto prosperous liberties of Sicily was the sudden failure of the line of Norman kings, whereby the whole Southern monarchy passed as a princess's dowry under the house of Suabia. The tyranny of Henry the Fourth and the absenteeism of his son Frederick the Second, entirely alienated the affections of the people, whilst it aroused a determination to look to themselves for the preservation of their rights. On the death of Frederick they rebelled, and proclaimed a republic under the protection of the Roman See, but so feeble was the assistance rendered by the latter, that in four years they again were crushed under the yoke of the bastard Manfred. Twelve years of misgovernment yielded them an easy prey to Charles of Anjou, at the head of an army of *condottieri*, collected from all nations for the plunder of the South. And for sixteen years it would almost seem that the King and his nobles desired nothing more than to emulate the infamy of Verres.

The author of *The Decline and Fall*, in one of his favourite periods, sums up the condition of the conquered nation:—'The new kingdoms of Charles,' he says, 'were afflicted by every species of fiscal and military oppression; and the lives and fortunes of his Italian subjects were sacrificed to the greatness of their master and the licentiousness of his followers.' Mr. Amari's narrative will show that the great, though in this matter credulous, historical freethinker has unwittingly enunciated the true causes of the revolution.

The most ruthless government Sicily had yet experienced was that of Frederick the Second, whose foreign wars had proved a ceaseless drain upon the blood and treasure of his people. But though he had greatly increased the taxation, he granted one sensible boon in the abolition of compulsory military service. Charles, without abating any

of his attacks upon the purse, re-established the arbitrary power of the Crown over the persons of his subjects, compelling them to serve in the fleet as well as the army; and in order to force recusants to appear, the government imprisoned or fined their relatives. But further, as if to fill up the measure of insolence in the conqueror and endurance in the subject, no household was safe from outrage in what it holds most dear—the honour of its women. Violence or deceit were mercilessly employed to work

the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel,
the sluggard's blood to flame.

To the remonstrances of the afflicted people Charles turned a deaf ear. Their delegates hardly escaped with life, and the character of the monarch was too well known to render the advocacy of Sicilian wrongs either a safe or a grateful task. The monarch was dependent of the Pope.

Third, threatened with the wrath of God, and overlook such a meaning of Charles. 'I am w that God Almighty guide, and confident he will

The excesses he had heard of with a regard to them as a general regards the brutality of his stormers during a sack. The men had served his purpose, and must serve it again; and he would not, if he dared, curtail their licence. If they exacted too severe a return, *væ victis!* was all the consolation he could offer.

He himself, cold and otherwise passionless, was solely bent upon enlarging his dominion. He had, with this view, connected his family with that of the titular Emperor of Constantinople and the French dynasty in the Morea, and had also purchased the title of King of Jerusalem; intending to make the Latin cause a stepping stone for his own ambition. His authority seemed to be sufficiently established in Italy as head of the Guelphic faction. His creature, Martin the Fourth, had lately been chosen Pope, so that nothing now hindered his long-promised East-

ern campaign. For some years Italy had rung with warlike preparations; his fleets and armies awaited but their leader's signal. Charles's pride and confidence knew no bounds—all seemed to be his, and extortion and oppression redoubled their efforts to drain from his present subjects the means of further conquest.

It is at this point that the common version goes astray, and Angevin dishonesty, combined with Italian love of dramatic effect, has ascribed to other than natural causes a result which was as necessary as the roar that follows the explosion. *We* should say that the bow had been overdrawn, and that the rebound and its consequences were at hand. Our historians refer the same effects to the great 'conspiracy,' the secret workings of which, like a rat, gnawed the bowstring of the Sicilian tyrant.

Throughout the peninsula there had arisen a loathing of the avarice and insolence of the conquering foreigner. A passion peculiar to individual Italians was fostered and augmented by the municipal feeling, and for a time all consented to fuse minor differences in the hotter furnace of revenge. Some otherwise unimportant disturbances in Tuscany had been distinguished by this animosity of race. 'Death to the French,' had been a war-cry which had rallied many patriot spirits to deal destruction among the unsuspecting foe. It could hardly be supposed that from a feeling like this such a nation as the Sicilians should be exempt. If they had hitherto bowed to the storm it was from other causes than that of insensibility to their disgrace.

Sixteen years (says our author) of constant exposure to violence had operated powerfully on the energetic character of the Sicilian people, and had completely changed its tone. From having been joyous it had become gloomy. . . . Every pulse throbbed with fear, writes a remonstrance of this unhappy people. . . . Their poetical ardour gave place to gloomy meditation—to sadness and shame—to profound hatred and burning thirst for vengeance; fierce passions, which spread from those who suffered injury to those who only witnessed it; from the eager to the slothful—from the fiery to the meek—from the daring to

the cowardly; through every age, rank, and sex. Private emotions, private interests, were silenced for the time, or contributed to swell the tide of popular feeling, more powerful than any conspiracy, because it mocks the suspicious watchfulness of rulers, and a hundredfold exceeds their power.

It was clear that the opportunity only was wanting for the smothered fire to burst out. Thus the year 1282 dawned in Sicily. The interruption given to the Easter festivities by the insolent or licentious conduct of some French officials supplied the occasion. The events which followed are too well known to require detail. The *émeute* gained strength and importance in its progress, and the sword, which was drawn to avenge only a private insult, was not sheathed till it had slain or expelled every foreigner in the island, and the power of Charles of Anjou had been trampled in the dust.

Perhaps we can hardly wonder, considering the combined suddenness, simultaneity, and success of the outbreak in all parts of Sicily, that historians who looked no further than these effects should have clung to the belief in its being the work of design, even after a doubt had occurred to their minds. After the complete history of the various stages of the revolution which Mr. Amari gives us, we can no longer hesitate in attributing it to causes simply accidental. We are persuaded that, had the case been otherwise, had there really been a conspiracy of the Sicilian nobles with foreign princes, neither the Government would have assumed the form which it did, nor would the nation have been left so utterly unprepared to meet the vengeance of Charles, as we know to have been the case; we cannot get away from the alternative that, either no conspiracy existed, or if any did exist *before* the outbreak, that the tumultuary character which the movement assumed overpowered the original design, and carried the revolution *de facto* far beyond its predetermined limits. Either is destructive of the common tale.

For the first draft of the new constitution was the pure offspring of the popular will taking into its own hands the supreme authority. The

accounts, indeed, are scanty, and very slight information as to the institutions promulgated, or the names connected with them, has come down to us. But Mr. Amari's researches establish sufficiently for our purpose the democratic character of the Government, which was in fact modelled after the short-lived republic of 1254, the intention being that the chief executive, after the general Italian fashion, should be vested in the hands of a foreign *podestà*. Each city was to form a separate polity under one or more 'captains of the people,' and our author suggests that probably Messina and Palermo were to be heads of incorporations.

This view of things, we say, is more than hypothesis. It is illustrated by the condition of Messina, in which we find the people supreme till after the beginning of the siege, nearly three months from the date of 'the Vespers,' when they for the first time felt that their own leaders being unsuited to the necessities of the time, they must look to the hitherto forgotten nobles as being by education and habit the fittest to direct their efforts. Where were the nobles, the so-called chief 'conspirators,' up to that time? It is more than probable that they had for years past been scattered in exile, and that they did not conceive the idea of returning till *after* the revolution. We may at least remark upon one fact as significant of the dearth of military capacity in those days of need. The citizens of Leontinum were glad to elect Macaldà, *the wife* of Alaimo de Lentini, as their leader—a woman of masculine spirit and education, but still *a woman*; her husband, as is well known, filling a like situation in Messina during nearly the whole of the siege.

Again, had the ordinary version of 'the Vespers' been true, and the revolution been, in any sense of the word, designed, it is impossible that the authors should have been so careless of their interests as not to have provided for the defence of the island from the certain vengeance of Charles of Anjou, now at the height of his power, and about to take the command of a mighty armament. It would have been to little purpose that 'the mine was prepared with deep and dangerous artifice,' could it have been exploded so heedlessly

and with so little effect. Besides, even had the outbreak been premature, we know enough of the character of Peter of Aragon to make it unlikely that he would willingly have risked the loss of the prize he so much desired by delaying his arrival in Sicily for more than four months. He did not sail from Spain on his African expedition till the beginning of June (*Append.* p. 347), 'the Vespers' massacre having commenced on the 31st of March; and his ultimate landing in Sicily did not take place till late in August.

But it is time for us to account for the appearance of the Spaniard on the stage. Peter had married, before the French conquest of Naples, Constance, daughter (some say sister) of Manfred, the last king. Charles of Anjou, having closely imprisoned all the other children, or their existence having been forgotten, Constance was regarded as the sole heiress of the House of Swabia, and she failed not to keep her husband in mind of her rights. It was said, too, that Conradin, the grandson of Frederick the Second, and another of Charles's victims, had on the scaffold designated Peter his heir and avenger. As such his court had been for some time past the refuge of all who had suffered from Angevin tyranny, and who looked for maintenance, or hoped for revenge. Among this number the most distinguished were Roger Loria and Conrad Lancia, themselves allied by birth or marriage with the Queen, and the immortal John of Procida. By their means Peter had doubtless frequent information as to Sicilian wrongs and views of resistance. He had besides embraced the cause of Michael Palæologus, the *quasi* legitimate occupant of the throne of Constantinople—against whom the Western kingdoms were leagued for the restoration of the Latin dynasty—and he might well consider a descent upon the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily as the best diversion he could devise in favour of his Eastern ally. Peter's attention in consequence for some time had been directed to the defence of his dominions at home, in case of his own absence; and, to throw Charles as much as possible off his guard, he had even proposed a treaty of marriage. Under cover of an in-

tended expedition against the Moors, he also made considerable levies of troops: and it may possibly be true that he was assisted by supplies from Constantinople. As far, therefore, as resolutions went, a Sicilian invasion had been contemplated as soon as Charles should sail for the East, long before 'the Vespers' explosion. It will be remembered that all that has been objected to is any supposed connexion between such imperfect designs and the actual revolution. Had Gibbon been more attentive to dates he might have spared his sneer at 'the patriot Specialis,' for disclaiming any correspondence between Peter and the Sicilians. The national historian was, when he used the expression, *nullo communicato consilio* (as is often the case with Livy), truthfully relating a fact, of which perhaps he did not at the time recognise the importance. The words refer to any correspondence before 'the Vespers.' Peter, as Mr. Amari's dates will elucidate, did not 'happen' to be with a fleet and army on the African coast till after the Sicilians had made a two months' experiment of an arrangement in which he bore no part; and when he did arrive in Sicily he was too late to render any assistance to Messina, whose daring citizens had, after a three months' siege, disheartened and repulsed the invaders.

Whether the Sicilians despaired of finding any Italian bold enough to accept the office of *Podestà* in the teeth of Charles, or began to mistrust their own powers of self-government, we are not informed. Each probably had its share of influence; while, in further favour of reaction, the nobles, returning from exile, were naturally desirous to restore the monarchy. Many eyes, therefore, were doubtless turned to the camp of Peter, and many hoped what none ventured to propose. In this suspense Peter's embassy to Rome, sent to ask for the assistance usually granted to a crusader, was driven into Palermo by a storm. One of the envoys, hearing of the difficulty, boldly entered the Parliament, and advised the deputies to offer the throne to his master, at once ready at hand to assist them, as well as being their most natural leader. The 'scene' was doubtless

not improvised, and, Mr. Amari justly remarks, is probably the only circumstance in the whole of the history which bears the slightest semblance of design. Be this as it may, the proposition was adopted with acclamation by an assembly in which were many accomplices: and Peter arrived in Sicily, having attained the object of his ambition by a simpler and more straightforward path than his own policy unassisted by circumstances had pointed out to him.

Such appear to be the true characters in which the history of this momentous revolution is written, when the veil of falsehood and ignorance has been rent from before it. We hail the restoration with feelings of unmixed delight. We have no time-hallowed legends to mourn for like those which faded before the wand of the ruthless German in Roman story. We even doubt whether the result obtained be not every whit as romantic (to all save an Italian imagination) as aught which Mr. Amari's criticism has destroyed. There is, at any rate, an act of tardy justice rendered to the reputation of the Sicilian nation.

For, hitherto, we have regarded (as we could not help doing), 'the Vespers' as glorious to all save those immediately concerned in it. The results of the outbreak we could not but admire, as, indeed, we could hardly resist acknowledging its necessity. But it was impossible thoroughly to sympathize with what appeared to be a simple repetition of scenes of treachery and outrage, with which we were familiar in the history of Greek and Italian faction. Here were a people who, after submitting without resistance, almost insensibly to every indignity, national and individual, which tyranny could devise, suddenly emerge from their degradation to redeem their character by the deeds of bravos—with this further reproach, that foreign gold or intrigue appeared to have prompted a revenge which patriotism had shrunk from. And with the bloodshed all enthusiasm (if such it could be called) seemed to cease. The people freed themselves from one tyrant to pass as dupes and slaves under the yoke of another.

In what a different light do we

now regard the Sicilians! Patient under insult and oppression, because, as good sons of the Church, they were loath to believe that she was indeed allied with their enemies, but hoping, almost against hope, that her arm would, though late, be raised in their defence, an unforeseen accident placed in their own hands the opportunity of an immediate remedy. The sight of blood roused the savage nature of men smarting under insult and tyranny, and a thousand wrongs were in one hour revenged. Without design, even without concert, save that which a momentary sympathy inspires, they hurried to take every man his share in the shame or glory of that day.

But, as the slaughter had been neither premeditated nor unprovoked, so was it neither 'the be-all nor the end-all' of the outbreak. To secure their freedom—the people's sole object—it was as necessary to avoid a domestic tyranny as to break off a foreign yoke. We can hardly exaggerate the difficulties of the first months of Sicily's new-born liberty, when we remember the dangers of her isolated position, the power of her foes, and the inexperience, nay, even ignorance of her people, as well of their wants as of the means of satisfaction. Yet we see them, neither betrayed by success, nor debauched by anarchy, without a leader or an ally, trusting only in themselves, fearlessly erect a constitution, and prepare firmly to defend themselves against the most powerful sovereign in Europe. Accident favoured their self-dependent efforts, and was the means of restoring, under a king of their own choice, the beloved constitution of their ancestors. We, whose forefathers, about the same time, had been vainly contending for the observance of an imperfect Charter, under which pretence they had rent the kingdom in pieces with civil war, should be able to appreciate an equally early, but more successful, establishment of national independence.

Were confirmatory evidence wanted, the history of the next twenty years of Sicily's career would afford a complete illustration of the truth of Mr. Amari's version. It would be vain here to attempt

to describe in detail the glorious and, with a few exceptions, successful struggle which Sicily maintained single-handed against Charles and his son, assisted by the powers of France and the Vatican. Suffice it to say, that the principles of 'the Vespers' are indelibly written on every page. We find the same moderate desires, but the same devoted determination, the same vigorous self-reliance, the same dignity of conduct.

Sicily, after her deed of successful daring (remarks our author), was conscious of her powers: amongst her people were many lofty spirits owing to the civil franchises she had obtained, to her unwonted material prosperity, to the force of her arms, of which so many proofs had been given, and to the various talents and powers called into exercise in state affairs, when they became the common property of all. (Vol. ii. p. 309.)

The same qualities survived in all their freshness after more than two centuries of anarchy; and when the rest of the monarchy groined under the weight of overgrown Spanish rule, the Sicilian parliament firmly and fearlessly withstood the extortions of Charles the Fifth and his son Philip.

Never was contest more thoroughly national, but it was for scrupulously national objects. Never were monarchs followed to the field by a more devoted and patient people, so long as their interests remained unmerged in those of other nations. Six armaments landed in succession on the shores of Sicily. Many of the leaders changed sides, —neither Peter nor James, their two first kings, were true—but the Sicilians remained the same; in defeat unconquered, amidst treasons unshaken, gathering courage and confidence even from misfortunes. They were, as one of their orators declared, ready for any emergency rather than lower their eagles to the detested lilies. (Vol. iii. p. 5.)

But perhaps the most striking feature which these volumes reveal in the conduct of Sicily at this time is in her relations with Rome. Long before 'the Vespers,' she had enjoyed comparative emancipation from ecclesiastical interference. Her Norman monarchs (though feudal subjects) had, as is well known, extorted

from the Popes legantine authority in their own dominions. Yet Sicily had never flagged in her spiritual fidelity, not unwillingly persuading herself that Rome would cherish such unstrained allegiance. But her eyes were opened when, on making her submission after the revolution, and entreating the Pope to confirm her act, the only answer vouchsafed was a command to return unconditionally to her former servitude, with a threat of the usual ecclesiastical thunders in case of disobedience. This, added to the cold and insulting indifference with which her appeals for redress, while it might have been peacefully obtained, had been rejected, discovered the moral weakness of that power to which she had hitherto trusted; while it proved how dangerous the sacred influence would become when wielded as an instrument of warfare in the hands of her ruthless enemies. The discovery thus early was of an infinite value. Sicily at once renounced all ties between herself and the Vatican, and nothing tended more to the development of the bold sentiments and uncompromising behaviour which mark her career. 'God had raised up another Peter for their defence,' her citizens somewhat pedantically answered to the remonstrances of the Roman envoys. They even ventured to arraign the conduct of the See in somewhat striking language for those times. A common citizen of Agosta, to the fair speeches of the legate, when he found that force had failed to produce obedience, said—

We regard the Church as our mother, but he (*sic*) who now riles her as our enemy, since he sends weapons and combatants to fight against us. Inquire now of the legate whether God ever commanded Christian blood to be shed in order to reduce Christians to servitude. If he tells you that He has so enjoined it, he misbelieves the Gospel; and let him learn from us that the only weapons given to the Church by the Christian faith are humility, the cross, and works of meekness. (Vol. ii. p. 249.)

Afterwards Boniface, having failed to detach Frederick, son of Peter, from the cause of Sicily by the lure of a foreign marriage, sent a monk to the island to preach peace and forgiveness of all past offences, if the people would but turn and repent. As an earnest of the Pope's

intentions, the churchman produced sealed parchments in blank, and bade his hearers consult with what pardons and privileges—with what terms, in short—those blanks should be filled up. They mocked at his deceit, and defied its author. 'Know,' said they, 'that the Sicilians will no more endure a foreign yoke nor any king but of their own choice. And see here,' continued one of them, unsheathing his sword, 'it is from this that the Sicilians look for peace, and not from your lying parchments.' (Vol. iii. p. 37.)

These bold words prove more clearly than mere feats of arms the spirit of resistance which had awakened in Sicily. We should remember that the century in which Innocent the Third had wielded the Roman sceptre had not yet expired; and though her Angevin partisanship had somewhat lowered her in Italy, the Holy See still maintained her moral influence unimpaired in the eyes of Europe. And as the war proceeded, a sort of reaction was produced, which was unfavourable to Sicily. The origin and merits of the contest were forgotten, and all sense of right and wrong paled before the irresistible fact that one of the contending parties was in fact, though not in name, the Church.

The recollection of this staggered many of the Sicilians themselves, who, the instant they recognised a divided duty, seemed to think that religion might justify even treason. For towards the close of the war we find many men of hitherto unblemished honour putting this sort of pious compromise upon themselves, and betraying the strongholds of their country to the invader. Patumo and Catania, places of the utmost importance, were thus lost after successful defences; and in many more the treason was prevented by discovery.

For these effects, it is true, our author endeavours to find a far different cause, by pointing to the abundant means of corruption which the mutability of feudal tenure placed in the hands of the invading leaders. But they could deal only in promises contingent upon success, a condition in which the Sicilian government *de facto* was at least their equal. The lands of the renegade Lorias and Procidas would con-

stitute a prize sufficiently seductive to such mercenary patriotism as could be roused by no other means. We believe, with all submission to Mr. Amari, that the religious sentiments we have mentioned had more to do with such a state of things. The superstition which was shocked at remembering that Sicily had been for sixteen years in arms against the declared allies of the Roman See, might think any means justifiable that would put an end to the contest. We read with what joy the Aragonese hailed the (not otherwise advantageous) treaty of 1292, and the marriage of their king with an Angevin princess—the 'bride of peace'—because they thereby were reconciled to the Church, though the only difference between them had been an absurd claim of Pope Martin upon Aragon as a forfeited fief. Even Queen Constance, Sicilian as she was, shuddered at the protracted schism in Christendom, which the cause of her beloved country seemed to render inevitable, and retired to Spain, as well to escape the unholy strife as to atone, by the devotion of her remaining days, for the part which she had unwittingly taken in its origin.

It is not then to be wondered at that some of the Sicilians should have shared these feelings; but while we acknowledge their force with the few, we thereby throw into bolder relief the firmer and more far-sighted patriotism of that greater number who steadily held on their course, unswayed by even such a powerful momentum. And the existence of such a spirit, in our opinion, adds one more crown to the monument of 'the Vespers.'

We need only add that there is no longer any reason for our ignorance of the minutest trifle in this all-important epoch in the history of modern Europe. We can with all confidence and sincerity recommend Amari's volumes as, so far as feasible, exhausting the question as well as opening abundant sources of information, which, though not hitherto inaccessible, have still been unknown. And, apart from an occasional memento that we are reading a translation, Lord Ellesmere's edition possesses attractions of style which, if it were possible, add a new interest to a most interesting subject.

THE LAST OF THE FINS.

CODS, GADUS.

IN no one family of the deep are the deficiencies of the ancients, when brought into comparison with the exuberant produce of our own markets, so strikingly exemplified as in that of the cod and his next of kin. With the cod proper (*Gadus Morrhua*), the haddock (*G. Egilfinus*), dorse (*G. Mulangus*), coal fish (*G. Carbonarius*), pollack (*G. Pollachius*), ling or burbot (*G. Lota*), they had no acquaintance whatever; indeed with the exception of the hake, which abounds in the Mediterranean, and is an excellent fish wherever it swims, together with a few delicate but pigmy codlings of its own,* almost all the better members of this family repudiating the tepid waters of southern seas,† never offered to the cooks and connoisseurs who inhabited their shores any individuals worthy a sauce. But though the ancient kitchens saw no specimens of the elite of the Dogger Bank, or Newfoundland, we cannot consent to pass over some of the more interesting species wholly *sub silentio*; and as in speaking of the Clupean race we felt ourselves imperatively called on not to give herrings the go by, albeit unknown to Greek Agora or Latin forum; so here, prefatory to a notice of the classic *gadus merluccius* or hake, we shall pause to make some observations on the potbellied *gastrocharybdie* cod, and on one or two other of the race, to which salted or fresh, mankind is almost as much indebted as to the cod itself. Some of the gadean etymologies are so strange that we cannot forbear giving the reader a sample. *γᾰδος* (Gr.) and *gadus* (Latin), are said to come from the Syrian word *gad* (fish), and there is a Syrian queen mentioned in Athenæus whose name is *Atergadis*, i.e. *Venus fish*. The Greeks and Romans restricted the word to a particular species of the

present group, and by a third caprice of nomenclature it now stands for a whole genus in modern ichthyology. With regard to our own trivial name for the 'caput' of this tribe. 'The word cod,' says Cuvier (what ears some naturalists must have), 'is derived from *gadus*, which it resembles in sound.' Cod meant originally a purse, or *πηρα*, and the fish was so called, says an ingenious finder of strange similitudes, *ab aliqua marsupii similitudine*. *Aliqua*, indeed! If that he spoke to one that's whishte, Or looketh on his booke; Or talk not all in print or tune; Saye we this, *coddess head* (look) This man doth want his common sense.

And *morue*, its French equivalent, comes, says Belon, from the English *merwel*, a word which, like Cuvier, we are unable to find in any English author of our acquaintance. According to Aldrovandi, the word *morue* is a Marsellois patois for a person with thick blubber lips, and is thence applied by metonymy to a fish like the cod, whose labial appendages are quite in character with this description. Being ourself unacquainted with Marsellois patois, and warned by Belon's mistakes of the perils of dabbling in foreign etymologies, we leave all the responsibility of this to the manes of the literary executors of the venerable *ciderant* professor of natural history of Bologna. *Egilfinus*, the modern Latin designation for the haddock, is, according to the dictum of Rondelet, and another, from the English words *eagle* and *fins*, which as eagles do not commonly exhibit these appendages, we take leave to doubt. *Hadou*, the French for *salt haddock*, is evidently our own word gallicised. Of the trivial name of 'that most delicate of all gadeans,† the dorse, the meaning has not, that we are aware of, been even attempted; cal-

* Two of the best known of these are the *G. Minatus*, which is hawked about Naples (with another minute pisciculus of the next family of *flats*, the *platessa nuda*, with which it is taken in large quantities under the well-known cry of *fiche and saure*), and secondly *muscleus di funnali* (*Physa Mediterranea*), which looks not unlike a tench, and is, as its name imports, peculiar to this sea.

† It seems a singular though it is a certain fact that the luxurious and warm waters of the Mediterranean in place of improving the fishy fibre generally deteriorate it.

‡ Cuvier.

larias,* its present Latin designation, is also a classic name, but incorrectly endorsed upon this species. The whiting is evidently so called from the silvery whiteness of its abdomen and under flanks. Merlangus, its ichthyologic name, comes of course from *merlan*, but whence that comes still wants interpretation. Belon makes an amusing blunder regarding the nomenclature of the *G. Carbonarius*, a species next akin to this fish. In order to contrive a plausible derivation for this word he is necessitated first to mis-spell it, and for 'coal' to read from a private manuscript of his own 'colle,' or glue fish; and having got thus far (*ce n'est que le premier pas qui route*) he ingenuously wonders why this particular species should be selected out of a tribe, all of which yield large quantities of isinglass or fish-glue, to receive a name derived from this substance which it yields in common with so many other individuals, several of whom furnish

it in yet more copious supplies. Cuvier says that coal fish is derived from *colin*, a word by which French sailors are in the habit of designating it; this would do very well if the dark brown hue of the body, whence the northern words *kohl* and coal fish, and the corresponding Latin word *carbonarius*, used by Linnaeus for the species, were not a better and the obvious one. After having fished for the pollack's (*G. Pollachius*) name for some time to no purpose, we at length give up the sport. As to the unde derivatur of the word burbot, which is a fresh water gadean, we are equally without information. Lastly, for the modern merlucius or sea pike, no fitter or more characteristic name could have been possibly bestowed on the all voracious fish that bears it. And now having called over the general muster-roll of names of the present section, we proceed to introduce a few to our readers; and first the

GADUS MORRHUA, or COD.†

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this most serviceable fish: when, writes an accomplished author towards the commencement of the tenth century, Gaspard de Corte Real, a Portuguese gentleman, jealous of the Spaniards, and their rival in the desire of discovering new countries, cast anchor in the midst of the fogs of the savage coasts of a sterile island, on landing for the first time in Newfoundland, though he certainly did not think that he was opening for Europe a source of riches more profitable, equally certain, and far less inexhaustible than those which the proud rivals of his nation derived from the mines of Potosi, the conquest of

which had been effected with such effusion of blood; the fact has so turned out, and a fish in other respects by no means remarkable, has become in the hands of almost every nation in Europe the origin of one of their most assured and lucrative branches of commerce. But though Newfoundland was thus discovered, and afterwards visited by the Norwegians as early as the tenth and eleventh centuries, its fishy depths appear to have remained generally unexplored, and its very existence on the globe for the most part lost sight of, till the region was once more revisited in the year 1497, by one John Cabot, in the pay of Henry VIII., who thereupon imposed on the whole of

* There is a fish, perhaps a gadean, mentioned by Pliny, and called by him *callarias*, which some have supposed to be the haddock. Apprized of this, and going for a brief sojourn to the city of the Clyde, an easy etymologist might readily persuade himself that the never ceasing cry of 'caller haddie' under his window was tautological, and that *callar* and *haddie* was the Scotch mode of pronouncing Pliny's *callarias*, and our haddock *vox et præterea!* The haddock was unknown to Pliny, not being a Mediterranean fish. There is also a gadean, a Rhine fish not unlike the haddock, which those of the district salt and dry much after the manner of the Scotch in curing that species. They call it *Aberdanum*, and here again a too confiding etymologist on first seeing a spread eagled *Egilfinus* fresh smoked from *Aberdeen* would probably seek to connect the two words, though he would of course only lose his time, as is often done over a mere coincidence of sound!

† Sable, a chevron between three cod fish naiant argent, are borne as arms by the family of Codd; and azure, three cod fish naiant in pale argent, are the arms of the family of Beck. (Moule.)

his *supra*, both island and mainland, the same name which at present is confined to the island exclusively. Cabot not only refound the land but discovered the cod, a discovery which he communicated on his return home, and of which many nations besides our own forthwith reaped the advantage, by setting up an extensive line of fisheries all along the east and south coasts of the island. Nor was the sea the only source of profit to those hardy sailors; the island itself for some time after it had been thus taken possession of, was found to be rich in bears, beavers, red foxes, martins, and hares, and a profitable trade was carried on with the Indians for the skins of these animals, which were then shipped to Ceylon. At first, deterred by the fears of a winter's campaign in this inhospitable region, no one seems to have thought of residing permanently at Newfoundland; by degrees, however, men took courage and made one or two attempts, which, though failures, led ultimately to others, of which the issue was more fortunate, and the success at last complete. The first Englishman who essayed to make Newfoundland his winter quarters was a merchant named Hoare, but after encountering great hardships he was at length compelled to give up the attempt, and to return to England. In 1583, a half brother of Sir W. Raleigh made a second attempt with five vessels and two hundred people to establish a colony there; his failure was more signal and disastrous than the first had been, ending in the total loss of the crews. In 1623, Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, actually formed a colony in the south-eastern part of the island, which he called Avalon, and over which he appointed his son governor. As this gentleman is reported to have repaired thither in order that he 'might freely enjoy the profession of the Catholic religion,' he could not have selected a more appropriate spot—the fogs of Newfoundland would be no doubt a fit subject for daily penance, and if he were opsophagist by inclination as well as by conscience, he might addict himself to the innocent unrestricted use of nothing more carnal than cod and salmon all the days of his life.

Under our most religious and gracious King Carlo Dolce the Second, a tax which the French had hitherto paid to England in acknowledgment of our courtesy in letting them fish there, was abrogated, and our flourishing cod trade, which had at one time occupied eight thousand hands, and given employment to two hundred vessels, began to stagger, whilst that of France thrived in proportion, and our Gallic neighbours were all cock-a-hoop; but Englishmen are not so easily bullied out of their rights: *Dieu et mon droit* is a motto which we do not write up everywhere in large letters for nothing. This was a lesson in which John Bull was now determined to instruct their gracious king and his graceless favourites. A princely cod merchant, in 1676, took with him one hundred and twenty-gun ships, and two ships of war, and (in spite of French fortification) succeeded in a capture of so many *not* Frenchmen but cod, as brought him in no less a sum than 386,400*l.* What France could not effect by open force she next attempted by covert encroachment, and in spite of the treaty of Utrecht, which had awarded Newfoundland to the English, *la grande nation* again outwitted us, for in 1721 she had in her employ no less than four hundred vessels trading in cod, which quite eclipsed our own, and chiefly supplied the foreign markets with their *morue*. Emboldened by success they took, in 1762, during our first George's reign, forcible possession of the island, but had only salted their cod in peace for one year, when it was again wrested from them by the English. After various altercations on both sides, the French at length set fire to and consumed all our drying stages, which was a grievous loss, amply retaliated no doubt by the English. In view of this and similar acts of violence and misrule, 'I need not,' says Mr. Pitt in 1800, 'urge upon the House that the fishery of Newfoundland has been for two centuries the constant object of rivalry between the French and English.' And 'at this time' (1831), writes the author of the article 'Cod' in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, 'it is far from being placed on a satisfactory footing, though the sovereignty of the island as settled

by the treaty of Utrecht remains undisputed.* Fortunately for all men, cod, when fished for at a right depth (viz. at from twenty-five to fifty fathoms), are to be found in vast quantities in many other parts of the watery world, as well as over the summit of the great submarine mountain, which was for a time looked upon as their great and almost exclusive depôt. So long back as in the days of Edward IV., when English fishermen were strictly prohibited the cod trade in the isles of Sweden and Denmark, and were especially warned off the coasts of Iceland, the exports from these places was known to be so great, as to have induced our prudent Queen Elizabeth first to beg permission, and then to take 'French leave' to send her subjects to Iceland to fish during the reign of Christian the Fourth of Denmark. The Dogger Bank has long been famous as a submarine gite for cod, and deep sunk hordes of these fish are now known to lie close upon our own shores, and particularly to abound along the Norfolk and Lincoln coasts; whilst of late years a greater take of cod has been effected off those of New England, than from the fishery of Newfoundland itself; they are therefore a most widely distributed fish, and being exceedingly prolific as well, we have every reason to believe that remotest posterity will continue to eat cod and oyster sauce with as little stint as ourselves.* Twenty years ago it was computed that twenty thousand sailors were employed, who carried off 36,000,000 from Newfoundland alone; even on our own shores cod is sometimes so common as to become a drug in provincial markets, so that instances have occurred of very fine specimens finding no sale. Mr. Yarrell gives a remarkable instance of one weighing seventy pounds, sold at Scarborough for a shilling. The maintenance of the supply from these enormous and inexhaustible

cod banks will not excite surprise when we consider the unprecedented fecundity of the females; in the abdomen of one mother, and she a moderate-sized coddess of nine pounds weight only, nine hundred thousand eggs have been discovered; what increase, then, in spite of every conceivable deduction, might we not expect from shoals so generally distributed, containing myriads in which many of the members are of much larger dimensions. It may not be out of place here to give a few particulars of the craft of cod-fishing, as it is pursued at Newfoundland, where, 'all we export for all our rich returns, is a little spirits, provisions, fishing lines, and fishing-hooks;† so that, as M. Lacepede observes, the matter is one worthy to engage the attention of all enlightened persons, philosophers and philanthropists; and therefore is he solicitous that the patriots of his own country should join with him in the vow, *que la grande nation lorsque elle verra luire le jour fortuné où l'olivier de la paix balancera sa tête sacrée, et les palmes du génie κ. τ. λ. . . qu'elle n'oublie pas son zèle éclairé pour les*—cod fisheries. From the same author we learn several interesting particulars respecting the mode of conducting these, whether on land or on ship board. He begins by informing us that nets were first employed, but when it was found that these were liable to laceration, and were not unfrequently swept away by marine monsters shut up in the mesh work, the fishermen at length adopted the plan, now universally pursued, of *long-line* fishing; the length of these lines varies with the time of year, being of from five to twenty fathoms during the shore fishing, which commences in April; and from thirty to forty fathoms when the crews follow the fish as they recede from the shore, and continue to take them at that depth till December, after which winter prorogues the proceedings.

* This inference is borne out by what we read of their stratification in the sites where they occur, which is so dense and deep that nothing seems to affect it: in spite of the myriads upon myriads devoured by wild birds and ravenous sea monsters, and the quantity (a very small one comparatively) abstracted by man, all that is necessary in this fishery is to be incessantly dropping and drawing up the line; as long as the fisherman's arm is equal to the effort, so long he may count his fish by the time it requires to draw them up.

† Burke.

The trading captains bring their vessels to the Bank as early as practicable in spring; the object of this being to secure a good station, which, when most of the shipping is already on the spot, may not be quite so easy to effect. When the vessels have cast anchor, the waters around speedily are enlivened with a flotilla of boats, sent out by their respective crews to procure bait; the baits used vary considerably, but owing to the great voracity of the fish, all are alike successful, cod, like sharks, swallowing not only all kinds of fish, and shell-fish, whole or in fragments, fresh or salted, but bolting bits of wood or red cloth, and sometimes, as appears from the subjoined anecdote, a whole book.* Their voracity is in a great measure accounted for by the rapidity of their assimilation, which enables them to convert haddock and other prey into cod in a few hours;† and so potent is the action of the gastric juice, that it turns the shells of lobsters and crabs red, as if they had been recently boiled. In spite of the almost incessant bickerings of rival crews, certain by-laws, framed for the good of each ship, are rigidly adhered to; amongst these, it is enacted that the man who catches fewest fish (a point easily settled by counting the tongues)‡ shall clean the deck and throw the heads overboard; to avoid which often cold, and, after a day's hard labour, always fatiguing job, the men are all

eager to anticipate each other, and to apply themselves as early as may be to the morning's work. As soon as a fish has been hooked and hauled up (sometimes in his greediness he is caught by two fishermen at once, when he becomes the property of the one who hooks him nearest the eye) the captor removes the tongue, and hands him to a second executioner, the *decolleur*, who, cutting off the head, passes him over to another functionary, who cuts the body open, and ripping out the liver and intestines, puts him into the hands of the *trancheur*, to remove, by means of an exceedingly sharp knife, the ribs and upper vertebrae, and who then, either splitting him open from the head to the caudal fin, dresses him *à plat*; or if only from the gills to the anal fin, *à la rond*; § other hands having next carefully spunged and dried, he is then handed over to the *salter*, who rubs the carcase with one-sixth of its weight of salt, and then gives it over to the last man, who arranges all the carcasses in rows, and finally barrels them. That part of the proceedings of the *Petit André* and *Trois Echelles*, who first operate upon him, is given by Lacede with the precision of an historian describing the execution of some state prisoner:—*L'ététeur saisit d'abord la morue, en place à faux la tête sur le bord de la table, la cerne avec un couteau à deux tranchans, nommé couteau à életer; quand la morue est decollée l'ététeur*

* A fish, furnishing the University of Cambridge with a religious feast, was the occasion of a tract entitled, *Vox Piscis, or the Book Fish*, containing three treatises, which were found in the belly of a cod in Cambridge market at midsummer eve, 1626. This fish is said to have been taken in Lynn deeps, and was carried to the Vice-Chancellor by the bawle on the discovery of a book within it: as it made its appearance at the commencement, the very time when good learning and good cheer were most expected, it was quaintly remarked, 'that this sea guest had brought his book and his carcase to furnish both' (Moule). It is to be hoped that the learning he brought in his belly was not so out of season as he himself must have been at midsummer. The parallel story of the shark who swallowed a log-book thrown overboard to him by a pirate, and afterwards repenting took the first hook that offered, and turned king's evidence so as to hang the villain by the revelation of the document in his inside, is doubtless familiar to most of our readers.*

† If a haddock be left on a small line for a tide over a cod bank, it generally disappears, and a cod is found occupying its place on the barbs; six hours are said to suffice for the conversion of any other fish into *gadus morhua*.

‡ These are separated as soon as the fish is hauled up, and kept with the sounds for salting, as a great delicacy: this practice is, it appears, very ancient.

§ 'The fish of Egypt, as shown in the paintings on the walls of the Theban palaces (vide Caillard's *Egypt*) were divided lengthwise by a knife, not unlike that now used for splitting the cod fish of Newfoundland; their fish were cured with fossil salt, procured from the African Desert, sea salt being deemed by the priests impure.' (Moule.)

enleve toutes les entrailles, et ayant fini son operation il pousse le corps à l'habilleur, qui le saisit de la main gauche et qui tient de la main droite le couteau à habiller,† dont les fonctions consistent à l'ouvrir depuis la gorge jusqu'à l'anus.* All the fish, however, are not salted in this way—some (stock-fish) are merely sun-dried‡ on a stick, and a good many used to be towed away alive in perforated boxes, care being taken to prick the swim-bladder, which kept the fish from rising, and so from sustaining bodily injury against the top of the case. This practice, in consequence of the far greater supplies of cod obtained now than formerly, has no doubt been given up, as it would, at the present low price paid for this species, scarcely be remunerative. The whole of the cod's carcase, like that of the sturgeon, is eaten, and no portion is inferior meat; the gills alone are not cooked, but carefully collected for future bait; the tongue is considered on all hands a prime delicacy; the skin and swim bladder (or sounds), beside their place on the epicure's plate, yield an isinglass extensively used by brewers, and not inferior to that of the sturgeon itself; the eggs and intestines, the 'noues and rogues' of the French, enjoy with many a reputation at least equal to these last; the bones, from which oil is extracted, not only feed the Kamtschatka dog, and, mixed with marine plants, the Icelandic's cattle.§ but, 'properly dried, constitute the fuel of the desolate steppes of the

icy sea;' lastly, the liver of the fish is not only the finest of hepatic luxuries, but yields half its volume in oil. The mode originally had recourse to for procuring this, was to punch a hole in a tub, line it well with spruce boughs, and then place the livers upon the top to corrupt in the sun; when putrefaction had commenced, the oil began to run apace from the putrilaginous mass, and in less than a week the whole had dripped through the boughs into a vessel placed underneath to receive it; this, though at first only generally known as a better sort of lamp oil, and to curriers in particular, in their trade, as communicating more suppleness to leather than that of the whale, was even then valuable; its commercial importance, however, has of late years greatly increased, owing to its present large employment in medicine.

Of the vast variety of drugs used or misused by the medical practitioner, the majority certainly produce no sort of impression on his mind—the fiat of routine rhubarb pill, the petty tyranny of the black dose, or the mild control of a chalk mixture; all drugs, in a word, for the minor ills of life, make no appeal to the sensibility; but some medicines cannot be viewed or prescribed with quite the same stoical indifference. Paphian blue pill suggests a new view of 'Love among the roses,'|| which, in spite of all his veneration for an orthodox pharmacopœia, and all the poetry of Fracastorius¶ to back its pretensions, must be re-

* The terms severally employed to express the operation of cutting open different fish are, strangely various: thus the reader will remember when he puts the slice into a fish, that he gobbets trout, truncheons eel, fins chub, tusks barbel, splates pike, solays bream, and sides haddock.

† The sun during the summer months is very scorching in Newfoundland; the nights and mornings being temperate and pleasant, so that the operation of drying is generally a very easy one.

‡ This name, which is also given to ling and haddock similarly preserved, is either so called because the carcase is spread-eagled across transverse sticks in the drying, or because it is as hard as a stick and requires a bastinado before it can be dressed. Immense quantities of this fish are exported from the north. 'Gules, a stock-fish, argent, crowned, or, are the appropriate arms of Iceland; these arms are borne by the Kings of Denmark in the royal achievement, illustrating in the simplest manner the source of a chief part of their revenue. The Bawdes of Bedfordshire quarterings exhibit three headless fish, presumed, perhaps not unwarrantably, to be stock-fish.' (Moule.)

§ This is a very ancient practice in vogue amongst the ichthyophagi in the days of Arrian and Alexander, and of course long before.

|| Blue pill is made by triturating mercury in conserve of roses, till the two are intimately mixed.

¶ See his poem, 'De Morbo Gallico.'

garded with a sensible disrelish; brimstone, too, albeit lotum well and 'washed,' no medical man will ever fancy clean enough to finger, or desire to put its 'flowers' to his nose; and as to every ointment, since the day for smearing the person with fragrant grease has passed (however rare or costly), he regards the gallipots which contain them, with decided subnausea; remembering only the vile purposes to which they are put. But of all painful drugs to contemplate, that which is daily applied to the moribund nostril of hundreds, that deathbed drug, the overpowering ether, which escaping from the narrowest chink in a phial, comes fitfully, coldly, clammy, as a breath escaped from the charnel-house to force upon his memory many a scene of sorrow where he has inhaled it, in presence of the last struggles of the departing, and amid the sobs, wailings, and faintings of the bereaved—he recoils from with detestation and loathing. Other medicines convey pleasanter sensuous impressions, and suggest pleasanter trains of thought: colchicum, that assuages as by a charm the anguish of acute rheumatism; quinine, that paralyses the violence of ague, and looses his victim from the punctual foe's attack—the sealed mottled wrapper, with its two blue papers enclosed, and a doctor, worthy a saint's name on the cover; the powder that *dovers* the unhappy off to sleep, and 'closes lids though sullied with a tear;' hemlock, that mitigates the spasmodic sufferings of whooping-cough; and belladonna, the antidote to that malignest of scourges which ofttimes, not content with taking our first-born, departs not till it has swept the nursery with the besom of destruction, and stilled for ever the sweet jargon of infant voices lately heard exulting in the now hushed chamber with its drawn blind, are associated with pleasanter feelings; nor do those vile drugs, the fetids, 'valerian,' 'assafœtida and musk,' by which he has so often

been compromised with pouting fair ones (who coquettishly vowed to give him and them up together, though they happily afterwards thought better of it, and have long since been happily married and mamma'd); or that benumbing chloroform which annihilates pain, and robs the surgeon's saw, probe, and bistoury of half their terrors, present themselves to view unappreciated or unfelt. But with what still greater wonder and complacency must every enlightened physician now-a-days contemplate that wholly unexpected and invaluable ally which suffering lungs have recently secured from the iatric liver of the cod.* *Alere flammam*—to feed common lamps—was, till lately, all it professed to do; but now its vaunt is, *alere vitam*—to replenish the lamp of life when burning low and threatening to go out. About sixty years have elapsed since Dr. Bardsley first sounded its praises; but scarce a dozen have passed since it was fairly put upon trial in this country, and everybody now knows the result. Thousands of cases hitherto most unpromising, have, under its auspices, suddenly changed their aspect, and looked bright: here, a fair girl hastening to decay, had scarcely taken a few doses, when the ominous cough was appeased, she recovered her roses, smiled once more on a reassured family of friends, and went on her way rejoicing; there a case of graver import, which had whispered death to the inquiring ear, made a stand, rallied, and consumption was, for the time, arrested in mid course; and again, in patients still further reduced by the blighting malady, the administration of the bland oil was frequently observed to respite, soften, and assuage, sufferings beyond its power to remove. Scepticism, by slow degrees, made way to conviction; and he who, a few years ago, would justly have passed for a quack who should have pretended to cure consumption, is now countenanced everywhere by brother practitioners, who have all the same story to tell, till the world at large has become con-

* What calendar saint, whose illumined name shines in Roman missal or breviary, can show half so many or so well attested cases of miraculous cure as have emanated from the body of this fish? Verily, as shoemakers and cabmen have their patron saints, St. Crispin and St. Fiacre, the doctor ought to insist on notice of the next vacancy occurring at the Vatican, on the canonization of *St. Gadus*.

vinced of the fact; and there is now not a village apothecary through the length and breadth of our isle who has not himself witnessed some of the endless beneficent wonders which this penetrating balm, under the Divine blessing, has already worked, and is daily working, among the children of men.

The Church of Rome is as much beholden to cod as the doctors themselves; on it the faithful faithfully fast more than upon any other species; this very important duty of ichthyophagizing, dates some way back in ecclesiastical history. 'It was taught,' says Mr. Moulé, 'before the age of printing, by means of rude sculptures and pictures; and these necessary helps to public devotion are also to be found on the enrichments of architecture.' A grotesque figure, with outstretched arms, holding up the fish, and the wassail bowl, is shown in one of the capitals in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. So early as the middle of the fourteenth century opisophagy was enjoined, in order that men should slay their bodies with the cold flemc of fish eating (Tyndal); and in support of it, as the amusing author just cited further instructs us, one Juan Ruez wrote a poem, 'which is not without humour and sprightliness, in which the *beasts* and the *fish* are arrayed in mortal combat, and which ends in the total discomfiture of the former, the fish and the holy cause obtain the victory, and Mrs. Lent condemns Mr. Carnal for his contumacy, to fast (unless in case of illness) upon one spare meal of fish a day.' Perhaps, however, in their origin, these compulsory fish meals were not so much based on religious motives as on those suggested by political expediency; it was even thought by some, that the practice should be enforced, as in accordance with a law of nature. As old Tusser sings—

The land doth will, the sea doth wish,
Spare sometimes flesh, and feed on fish.

And in compliance with some such notion, we find, *after* the Reformation, the law enjoining it still in force. The sumptuary requirements of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, were

just as stringent in this matter as the *Papal*. The Statutes 2, 3 Edward, c. 6, p. 19, professes to have these three objects in view: 1st, the better observance of Fridays and Saturdays, and other times of accustomed abstinence; 2nd, that fishermen may thereby the rather be set to work; and 3rd, that by eating fish, much flesh may be saved and increased. 'Burnet, in his *History of the Reformation*, gives as many good reasons for obedience to the same—viz., that fish eating affords due sustenance, as a means to virtue, and to subdue men's bodies to their soul and spirit; that it encourages the fishing trade, and that it saves flesh. The despisers of this act were liable to imprisonment, and no flesh was allowed during incarceration, except to such as might be duly authorized to receive it—viz., 'the sick, the aged, the infirm, and, finally, women being great with child, who were allowed to participate in such one kind of flesh as they shall have a great *lust unto*.' To the two primary fish days (Friday and Saturday) Queen Elizabeth added a third (Wednesday) to be observed in the same manner—allowing, however, one dish of flesh, provided there be at the same meal consumed three dishes of sea fish; though during certain seasons this permission did not extend either to *beef* or *veal*. How long these restrictions were enforced we do not know; but when once the religious motive was eliminated, they would probably soon come to be disregarded and obsolete.

Perhaps the following charade, with which we close our notice upon *cod*, may not be familiar to all our readers:—

Cut off my head, and singular I act;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off my tail and head—oh! wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing here.

What, is my head cut off?—a sounding
sea.

What, is my tail cut off?—a flowing
river.

Far in the ocean depths, I fearless play;
Giver of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

GADUS MERLUCIUS (HAKE).

OUR somewhat lengthy notice of the cod will preclude the saying anything of many other gadideans, almost as beneficial to mankind as the cod itself. Of the haddock, which an English admiral* 'clutches in his strong right hand,' and a German Baron† 'embays' over the episcopal hat of an ecclesiastical ancestor; of whiting, which fresh, *ne poise non plus dans l'estomac que pendus à la ceinture*, and fried, ornamented the coronation fish banquet of Catherine, Queen of Henry V.; of ling, which the third Edward thought so valuable as, Numa-like, to tax the sale of it; of the burbot or coney fish, between two of which, 'argent on a chevron azure a coney courant,' is conspicuous in the arms of a Gloster prelate‡; and to procure constant supplies of which a French Countess is said to have sunk half her fortune; of these and other notabilities of the present family we cannot here speak, but must reserve our remaining 'few words' for the gadus merlucius, or hake, the pseudo-descendant of the ancient *nas* fish. This some of our older naturalists for awhile gave out to be the haddock, because of his Norman name of donkey, an asinine stripe across the shoulders,§ and the barbel below his jaw; till it was discovered that the haddock was not a Mediterranean fish; and the hake, a near neighbour, whose general hue of body was sufficiently asinine to sustain the simile, and who, moreover, fre-

quented that sea, was made to supplant him.

The grounds upon which the modern merlucius or sea pike, and the ancient marine donkey were assumed to be identical, will scarcely bear the test of inquiry, as indeed Hardouin confesses, declaring that though he translates Pliny's word *Asellus* by Merlucius or Hake, he does so rather out of respect to the opinion of the learned than because he considers the fact to be certain and established. In order to put the reader in a capacity to judge on what slight grounds this opinion has been hazarded, we will now give him all the details furnished by classic authors respecting this fish. Varro says that *asellus* is named from the ass-like hue of his skin; Aristotle, that he is a ground fish, who buries himself temporarily in the sand,|| where, by means of little oral appendages, he inveigles his prey after the manner of the fishing frog;¶ this indolent mode of sustentation has procured for the Greek ass fish the reproachful term of sluggard, *ονων νωθρον γενος*, as we read in Oppian. Elian adds to this, that he is of a solitary turn,** hating society—in short, quite a *minicthys*, that he carries his heart in his stomach†† and stones in his head.‡‡ Putting all these several hints together, they furnish, we think, abundant evidence that the *ass*-fish cannot be the hake; for in the first place the hake has no barbels,§§ employs force not stratagem for his

* Sir Nicholas Haddock.

† Baron Von Eytzing.

‡ Cheney.

§ Thus Lister, interpreting a passage of Varro, says—'Ex virgatis maculis nigra ad scapulas & secundum ventrem asinorum instar nomen habet.'—LIST. in *Apic.*

|| The *ονος*, says Aristotle, is one of those fish which hide for a season, for which reason he is not always to be taken. Pliny and Elian repeat the same statement. Pliny says this retreat takes place during the great heats of summer. Elian, at the rising of the dog-star, and that it lasts for sixty days. *The hake, however, is taken all the year round.*

¶ The *ονος* hides in sand, while it employs, like the fishing frog, certain oral appendages, which the sailors call the *παβόια*, angler's tackle, by means of which they entice the little fish, who are deceived by these movements, mistaking them for the undulations of fucus.

** *μονοτροπος εστι, και σιν αλλοις βιουν ουκ ανεχεται.*

†† *εχει δε αρα ιχθυων μονος οστος εν τη γαστρι την καρδιαν.*

‡‡ *εχει δε εν ιγκεφαλω λιθους, οιπεροιν ιωκασι μολαις το σχημα.*

§§ The presence or absence of these appurtenances and differences of the back fins have caused the genus *gadus* to be divided into several subgenera as follows:—

1. Cod, haddock, dorse, which have three dorsal and two anal fins, and one barbel at the lower jaw.

livelihood, and is by no means a sluggard in disposition; neither does he hide himself from observation in the sand; nor has he large stones in his head; nor is his heart set and centred (unless metaphorically, after the manner of gluttons generally) in his stomach, but in the usual place; and these great difficulties led a distinguished French naturalist of the old school to abandon the merlucius in favour of a more promising fish belonging to another subdivision of the genus *gadus*. To Belon is the glory due of having found, on the Cretan coast, a fish which, in many important particulars, accords perfectly with the ass-fish of the ancients, and notably so with Aristotle's first requisite; the oral appendages we call barbels, of which it has three, two attached to the under and one to the upper lip; another circumstance much in favour of Belon's view is, that the Cretans call this fish *gadeisparo* or ass-fish. It is ungracious, having half persuaded the reader as oneself that this must be the old, lost gadean at last, to be compelled to ask why, were this frequenter of the Cretan coast indeed the *asellus* *redivivus*, does he only hug the shores of Crete, and absent himself from his former well-known sites, and why is he not seen in the Nice or Neapolitan markets, where formerly his ancestors abounded? We, therefore, rather incline to think that though Belon's individual might be the *asellus*, as far as outward appearances go, a common Mediterranean or sea-tench, which is a cod, and has a *barbel* and a large head, which might make the epicures of antiquity take a great fancy to it, is, more probably than any other species, the ancient *ovoc* of Aristotle and *asellus* of Pliny, the only common gadean with *barbels* frequenting southern seas. The hake, then, not being the old donkey-fish, we shall restrict ourselves to say but few

words respecting him. As to his culinary merits they stand very high. '*Asello post lupum præcipuam fuisse auctoritatem*,' was, Pliny assures us, the opinion of Laberius the poet, and of C. Nepos the historian, agreeably to which Galen places such prime fish as labrax, soles, mullets, and muggils, *after* this in goodness, and says in his treatise on dietetics that a good *asellus* may compete with the best saxatile fish. '*Aselli si probo utantur alimento et in mari puro degunt carnis bonitate cum saxatilibus contendunt*.' '*Post asellum diaria non amo*,' says Petronius. '*At tam deformi non dignus nomine asellus*,' says Ovid, and Apicius gives several elaborate recipes for dressing it. Its culinary character is very much that of the haddock and hake, which are both in high repute; but as no fish, or any earthly thing, ever gave universal satisfaction, of the haddock (of which one must winter in Glasgow thoroughly to know the value and reputation,) Turner has said that 'its flesh is unwholesome, and even prone to excite fever;' and Archestratus records of the *ovoc*, that though others find it light and pleasant food, to himself it is not palatable — *σομφην εἰ τρεφεῖ ρίνα σάρκα, καλῶς οὐχ ἡδέϊαν ἐμοί*. The testimony of the former is certainly not to be credited, nor probably that of the Greek gourmet, which was at variance with the world at large. Idiosyncracies in taste go for little: some persons' vitiated palates bribe their tongues to disparage turtle, and to profess mutton as preferable to venison: here at least public opinion may be safely opposed to private judgment. The pleasantest way we think of dressing haddock or hake is in curry.*

The hake (unlike Aristotle's *ovoc* which is solitary) goes about in great bodies, and is eminently gregarious; they are a very greedy fish, and as fond of pouching pil-

2. Whiting, coal-fish, pollock, possessed of three dorsal and two anal fins, and no barbels.
3. Hake, which shows two dorsal and one anal fin, and no barbels, and,
4. Ling, with the fins as in the last, with one or more barbels, according to the species.

* Besides the more usual culinary methods had recourse to in preparing the haddock for the table, the Poles, Germans, and Belgians, are in the habit of seasoning it with turmeric, which is said to communicate both a flavour and an agreeable colour to the flesh.

chards as the cod is of lining his inside with *them*: they get through a dozen of these clupeans in a very short time; but, like all fish with teeth, are not scrupulous against whom they whet them, and we must report to the discredit of the Neapolitan hake, that of the quantities we used to inspect in the fish market there, most of them exhibited the tail or half the body of some young codlin (generally a brother hake) projecting from the mouth, the head and shoulders of which they had gorged like boas, and quite digested, while the tail had scarce ceased to quiver. The Mediterranean abounds in hake, and it is equally common in the north. No country is better off for supplies of this fish than our own; forty thousand in one day have been landed on the shores of Mount Bay in Cornwall: the quantity taken off

various parts of the Irish coast is immense: they may be said almost to encircle the Emerald Isle; the men of Wexford make a good thing of the banks which lie off their county; Galway Bay is called also 'the Bay of Hakes;' and Waterford, scarcely behind Wexford, has yielded one thousand line fish to six men in a night.

Hake is frequently borne in heraldry, in allusion to the name: 'Sable semé of cross crosslets fitchy: three hakes hauriant argent,' are the arms of the family of Hacket of Newtown, Isle of Wight. The Hackbeds of Ireland adopt the same fish; the Hacket and Doxay families in Ireland, and the Devonshire Hakes, quarter their namesakes hauriant, on their arms azure, vert, and or.

PLEURONECTS OR FLAT FISH.

Brill and soles are nutritious and

FISH with flat bodies are of two kinds, whereof one (the skate furnishes a familiar instance) is flattened downwards or vertically; whilst in the other (which includes turbot, plaice, soles, and flounders) the compression, except as regards the head, which is distorted as well as flattened, is from side to side. All the fish belonging to this division are styled pleuronects, or side swimmers, as they ordinarily move through the water on one of their flat surfaces or sides.† The tribe is composed of many species, which are unequally distributed in different parts of the globe in a greater or less variety, according to latitude. 'Flat fish,' says M. Yarrell, 'are found to diminish as the degrees of northern latitude increase: in England, there are sixteen species; at the parallel of Jutland, Denmark, and the islands at

and the same may be said of Turbot.* the mouth of the Baltic, thirteen; on the coast of Norway the number is ten; at Iceland it is reduced to five, whilst Greenland possesses only three species.‡ With many of its members (though possibly with not quite so many as ourselves) the ancient world was familiar, and on a select few of these we shall now offer some remarks. We ought here, were heraldic rights or precedence at table alone to be consulted, to direct the attention first to our turbot; but as modern ichthyology has displaced great turbot (*Rhombus maximus*) for vulgar plaice (*platessa vulgaris*) we must consent, as we are neither writing a cookery book nor the heraldry of fish, to follow Cuvier rather than Soyer or Moule, and give reluctant priority to these last and their congeners, dabs and flounders (*flesus* and *limanda*), reserving turbot and soles for our valedictory

* Φήττα, βουγλωσσος, εὐτροφοὶ δὲ ἡδίσται, τοῦτοῖς δὲ ἀναλογεῖ ὁ ῥόμβος.—Athen.

† The coloured surface of a sole is not the back, nor the white one underneath the belly; but the upper and under sides. The absence of colour on the last is an effect of etiolation or deprivation of the sun's rays, the fish indeed when scared exposes this surface to the light, but too momentarily to be affected by it. The upper side assimilates so perfectly with its gite on the sand that the eye frequently requires the end of the barbed fish spear to determine on which of the two it is resting.

‡ We do not know the number of exotic pleuronects in warmer waters than our own—what proportion, for instance, English species bear to those of Indian Seas. In the Mediterranean markets, the variety does not appear *prima facie* so considerable as our own.

fish offering. Of the common plaice fish (*platessa vulgaris*), though unlike every other member of the finny tribe, he presents a lozenge ready for quartering, the annals of English heraldry make no mention, and that indefatigable antiquarian Mr. Moule has been obliged accordingly to refer his readers to a Danish family hight Bukens, who have adopted in their armorial bearings, three *platessus* (naiant) on an argent bend, in an azure field. Having given this fish his brevet rank, we have but little to say about him. He was unknown to the ancients, not being

a Mediterranean species. His bright orange spots have procured him some partisans, particularly on the Sussex coast, where these brilliant parallelograms have obtained them the name of diamond plaice; large specimens reach occasionally as much as from ten to twelve pounds; they are generally however both held and sold very cheap, a dozen, weighing thirty pounds, sometimes fetching but a very few pence. The French, who occasionally salt them, call them *carrelet*, we presume from the little coloured squares on their upper surface.

FLounder OR FLUKE.

The flounder, though mentioned complacently by Pope in conjunction with the gudgeon as what 'his Thames affords,' and though (and perhaps in consequence of this predilection of the poet) Thames *flesi* enjoy a sort of cockney reputation of their own, a poorer fish, except plaice, (for what food is more flat than a flounder) it would not be easy to name. The inhabitants of Friesland, however, think otherwise, and have been at the trouble of naturalizing them in their fish ponds. The flounders, too, about Memel on the Baltic, like our own Thames bred, are held in particular esteem by the inhabitants of the locality; but Catalani's *mot* of an inferior cantatrice, that she might be the best of her kind, but that her kind was none of the best, is no doubt applicable to every variety of this poor *pisciculus*, whom it is far better entertainment to fish for than to be compelled to eat. As soon as it is dawn he prowls about for his breakfast, and this is therefore the best time to take him:

He that intends a flounder to surprise,
Must off betimes and bob before sunrise.
He has also qualities invaluable in the angler's eye, being greedy, playful, and full of pluck. 'This fish,' writes Franks in his *Northern Memoirs*, 'is bold as a buccanier, of much more confidence than caution, and is so fond of a worm that he will go to the banquet, though he die at the board. He is endowed with great resolution, and struggles stoutly for the victory when hooked; he is also more than ordinarily difficult to deal with by reason of his build, which is altogether flat, as it

were a level. He delights, I must further tell you, to dwell among stones; besides he is a great admirer of deeps and ruinous decays, yet as fond as any fish of moderate streams; and none beyond him, except the perch, that is more solicitous to rifle into ruins, insomuch that a man would fancy him an antiquary, considering he is so affected with reliques.' In heraldry, sable a fluke argent is the armorial bearings of a family of the name of Fisher; and the crest of the Butts of Dorking is an arm couped at the elbow and erect, grasping a buttfish or flounder. These fish, like some other pleuronects, are often *reversed*—i. e. have eyes (other flounders being the standard) on the wrong side of the head; specimens also occur presenting other anomalies, shewing sometimes both sides coloured alike, at others both equally colourless. Northern seas furnish another fish belonging to the present subgenus, the *platessa limanda*, or dab, which has larger eyes than the flounder, and a rough skin, whence it derives its name from *lima*, a file. The dab, being a cheap fish like the flounder, and much better flavoured, has a great sale in the London and Paris markets. There are no less than five different species occasionally exposed for sale; the commonest of all is the *P. limanda*, and next *P. microcephalus*, 'town or lemon dab,' as it is commonly called at the fish-stalls.

Intermediate between the *platessæ* (plaices) and rhombi (*turbota*) occurs the *hippoglossus vulgaris*, or holibut, also a northern

fish, more remarkable for size than goodness. Its dimensions are indeed whale-like; individuals have been captured nearly eight feet in length, four in breadth, and a span thick, and cut specimens of half the bulk are sometimes seen exposed at inferior fish-stalls in London. The holibut is held in no esteem by connoisseurs at home. Some disparage it exceedingly, calling it 'workhouse turbot,' but though thus stigmatized in England, the Greenlanders, according to Crantz, often subsist for a considerable period almost exclusively on its flesh, which they first cut into slips, and afterwards dry in the sun. The Norwegians and Icelanders largely

salt and barrel it for home consumption. As few fish when hooked offer a more determined resistance, plunge more furiously, or struggle longer for life than a full-sized holibut, the fishermen employ very strong tackle, and even then are often not a little put to it to haul him on board.

Having thus summarily disposed of the coarse northern fish, plaice, flounders, dabs, and holibut, with all of which the ancients were happily unacquainted, we come to three much more delicate flats, which are first on the *carte*, and enter *deu amore* into a brief notice of those princely pleuronects—turbot, brill, and soles.

RHOMBUS,* (TURBOT.)

This species was so well known to the ancients, that to cite all the passages where the name occurs would be tedious, and might leave our readers with a fish surfeit, which we should be sorry to have on our conscience. It was held by the two rival representatives and exponents of the sense of civilized man of yore in as high culinary repute as it now is. *Nihil ad rhombum*—nothing to a turbot—was a Greek sentiment as well as a Roman proverb, and

Th' untasted turbot shows his tempting flank,

was no doubt either a poetic licence intended by Horace to be received with limitations, or at any rate a very uncommon event. The common Greek names for it were *ψηττα* and *ρόμβος*, as we read in *Athenæus*. 'The Romans call our *ψηττα* rhombus, which is also a Greek name.'† *Archestratus*, in the following line, uses the first word.

They served us mighty *Psættas* then, and soles all subrugosie; § and another Greek *deipnosophist* *ρόμβος*.

Sicilian rhombus of the milky flakes. ||

Frequent allusions to the size of the turbot occur in Latin writers, thus,—

Grandes rhombi patinæque
Grande ferunt una cum damno dedecus.
Hor.

Quamvis lata gerat patella rhombum,
Rhombus latior est tamen patellas.

Mart. ¶

- Rondolet tells of one he had seen measuring five cubits from head to tail, four across the broadest part of the body, and the flesh of which was one foot deep! And that extraordinary 'Adriaci mirandus litore rhombus' which Domitian had so much difficulty, by reason of its size, to cook, is a fit pendant to it. But of all big fish, none approaches that which furnished the giant *Geryon* with a dinner, and Swift with the conception of *Gulliver*. For him the

* This genus includes, besides the *R. maximus* or turbot proper, the *trill* (*R. levis*), the *kitt* (*R. punctatus* Bloch), the *whiff* (*R. cardina*, Ouv.), and two very small Mediterranean species, *R. nudus*, which is only two inches long, and *R. candidissimus*, a still smaller species, and quite transparent.

† *Angustata mihi porrexerat illa Rhombi.* (*Hor.*)

‡ *Ρομαῖοι δὲ καλεῖσιν τὴν ψῆτταν ῥόμβον καὶ ἔστι τὸ ὄνομα ἑλληνικόν.*

§ *Ἐἵτα λαβεῖν ψῆττῆ μεγάλης καὶ τὴν ἐπὶ τρυχὺν βούγλωσσαν.*

|| *γαλακτοχρῶτα Σικελὸς
ὡς πῆγνισ' ὄχλος ῥόμβος.*

But sometimes under each of these names distinct species were intended, as in our motto prefixed to the present family *g. v.*

¶ Great turbot and late suppers lead
To debt, disgrace, and abject need.
The border of the broadest dish
Lay hid beneath the monster fish.

inhabitants caught only the finest fish, *οὐχ ἡμισίον*—not such as you meet with daily in the market, but such as offered an acreage of body equal to that of the Isle of Crete. One of these they would place upon a lordly dish capable of holding a hundred as large. When it was the king's pleasure to have the fish prepared for table, the Sardiens and Lycians, and Mygdonians, the Craniens, and the Paphians, began to vie with each other in felling timber to cook it. Then they piled up the forests they had cut down into a vast pyre in circuit equal to a city, and having let a lake into the caldron that was to seethe it, and carried for eight months in succession a hundred daily wagons-load of salt to season the pot, they kindled the crackling mass, and as it flamed up five galleys, every one of which carried its five banks of rowers complete, cruised round the margin of the caldron sea, and as it bubbled up from below, issued prompt directions to the crowd not to overboil the contents.

Was not this a dainty dish to set before a king?

We have to regret that the name of these whacking fish is not given by the historian, as it ought to have been. We can only conjecture, therefore, from the size, (somewhat exaggerated, no doubt,) and the trouble taken to prepare it properly, that the individual in question was a rhombus maximus of very large size! But whilst willing to admit that this is only hypothesis, we are not so willing to give up Domitian's rhombus, which all the world in our schoolboy days agreed to call turbot, and to debase the 'bellus peregrinus' of Juvenal into a vulgar brill.* There is no reason that we can see for reversing the opinion originally entertained respecting *this* particular fish in favour of the brill; and there are some objections to be made against it. In Juvenal's notice of *his* rhombus occur the words 'erectus in terga sudes.' Sudes (we write for unlearned ears) is literally a stake or rigid stick, and is so used

in the Georgics of Virgil, and elsewhere *passim*, applied therefore by poetic licence to a fish, it must be to one with *stiff fin rays*, which bristle when *erect*, somewhat after the manner of stakes. Now, while this suits perfectly with the back-fin of the turbot, the rays of which are rigid, it does not accord in any way with that of the brill, one of whose distinctive characteristics (as separating it from the turbot) is to carry a *soft* back-fin, the *rays of which* split and divide into delicate threads at the top, as the reader may convince himself when next he passes a fishmonger's shop, where he will see both species (which are often confounded by young housekeepers) lying on the same slab, and inviting comparison. But besides this objection, as the ancients certainly had turbot as well as brill, and as the turbot of Ancona are still famed throughout Italy, why suppose Domitian's *Adriaco* 'mirandus litore rhombus' was anything else? So much as regards this *particular* rhombus, for we do not mean to maintain that under the same designation both *brill* and *turbot* might not be included; how else, indeed, can we reconcile Galen and Xenocrates, the former of whom recommends plain boiled rhombus to invalids, as the flesh, he says, is *soft*; whilst the other declares the rhombus to be *too firm* a fish to consume fresh, and advises keeping it for some days to make it more tender? Here, whilst the Greek physician must necessarily mean *brill*, which is of a much softer fibre, the Deipnosophist philosopher is clearly speaking (*eodem sub nomine*) of turbot, which all the world knows is tough enough fresh, and is very much improved by keeping. In other cases we are inclined to believe that the brill had its distinctive appellation, and that the passer which Horace associates in the same line with rhombus, and which is certainly a pleuronect, may have been it. Heraldry is as careful as ichthyology to separate brill and turbot. Azure three brets (or brills), naient, are the arms of the family Bretock;

* No error is innocent, and the indirect consequence of this has been to make the fishmongers of Billingsgate and Hungerford require the poor invalid to pay as much for a brill as the wealthy epicure for his turbot.

and the crest of the family Britwesill is also a brill niant, azure. Three *turbots* argent, finned or, belong to an ancient family, the Turbutts of Yorkshire, whose heraldic claims upon posterity are probably anterior to those of the Bretecocks or Britwesill.* As the best turbot were formerly 'peregrine' importations into ancient Rome, though the Mediterranean doubtless furnished a good many, so the chief supply brought to our markets at present come to us from abroad. The Dutch (those fishers for all the world, and not least so in their own interests) 'purvey' for London consumption alone eighty thousand rhombi, and to eat these as Nature always intended them to be eaten (though Apicius and Lucullus never found out the secret!) one million of Norway lobsters, for which we pay twenty-two to twenty-five thousands sterling a year, accompany these up the river alongside. Cælian mentions a curious mode adopted in some places in his time for taking these and other flat fish, founded on a well-known peculiarity which they have to lie hid in the sand, like hares in their forms. The plan is very simple. A number of fishermen go at low water and walk over the

sand in *sabbs*. As the water comes in and covers the bottom, the various pleuronects resort to the print-marks left by the fishermen, and it being shoal water, are easily seen and taken. The modern plan is very different, and is adapted for taking turbot of much larger dimensions. The fishermen of our northern coasts go out in parties of three in a boat called a *cobble*; each man carries two hundred and eighty hooks, attached at equal intervals on a long line, the united ends of which extend a league in length, and draws after it fifteen hundred and twenty baited hooks. These lines, as they are to lay across the current, can only be shot twice in twenty-four hours, when the rush of the waters slackens, as the tide is about to change. In place of the small cobble (which is but twenty feet long by five feet broad), the Dutch repair to the Dogger Bank in a boat twice that length, and three times as broad, carrying besides six fishermen, engaged in the craft, a cook as well, who no doubt has plentiful experience in dressing turbot. Here, as the fishing is continuous and the bank never fails to furnish supplies, the expedition is generally successful and the proceeds highly lucrative.

SOLES.

SOLES are distinguished from plaice by having no tubercles on the skin; from holibuts by the smallness of their teeth, which are confined to one jaw; from turbot by their eyes lying on the right in place of the left of the mouth (which is also twisted to one side) and by the comparative shortness of the dorsal fin. They have a very wide range, extending southward from the Scandinavian and Baltic seas, along the Spanish and Portuguese coasts into the Mediterranean. They are a frequent fish in America; abound and are of an excellent kind at the Cape of Good Hope; and, not to mention other foreign sites, are, as all the world knows, one of the best and commonest fish of the British seas, swarming along most of our sandy shores.

Though sea-fish by birth and right, they will not only live but thrive in fresh water, and like it so well as sometimes of their own accord to ascend rivers to a considerable height, and nestle for months in the slime at the bottom, during which time they grow apace; indeed, when some have been retained in fresh, and others of a like weight placed in salt water, the first, after a year's sojourn, have been known to acquire an increment of weight twice that of their saline cousins. With regard to the genesis of the sole, a strange statement, making large demands upon our credulity, has been advanced by an unbelieving Frenchman of note, who, having heard that these fish spring by natural birth from prawns, procured a supply, and keeping them in sea-water, ob-

* Beside the Yorkshire family of Turbutt, a Middlesex and a Scotch family assume the name and its insignia. A demi turbot crest, tail upwards, gules, is also the family crest of Lawrence, and was so borne by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.

tained in due time a handsome fry of young soles, begotten, as he supposed, in the bodies of these crustaceans. The simple explanation, however, of this phenomenon, supposing it a fact, would be, that the eggs of the sole, which are viscid, and readily attach themselves to different bodies, happening to do so in this instance to the persons of the prawns, broke cover and were hatched without any further help from these shell-fish.

No fish in the ancient world was better known, or in higher repute than this. It was the subject of a Greek myth,* *εὐροπόδις* and *ἰδύς*, nutritious and delicate, were the epithets currently applied to it, and one Greek in particular describes the species as the best of flat-fish; the highest praise, since these were considered quite the *pepei nobili* of the market, and equivalent to saying they were best of the best. Soles were served then, as now-a-days, fried, *σίζοντες*, when their size admitted it:—

The cook produced an ample dish
Of frizzled soles, those best of fish,
Embrowned, and wafting through the
rooms,

All spattering still a rich perfume.†

They were also served in a savoury sauce under the name of Citharus. Archestratus orders some for an amateur (*Cithari sciens*) with an exceedingly rich compost of cheese and oil, which makes them, he says, exquisite '*εἰσι δὲ ἀκολαστοί.*' Epicharmus produces soles among the dishes served at Hebe's nuptials; and Archestratus, in his poem, *Hedypathy*, 'Good cheer,' considers that they can hardly be served too elaborately; though it is not likely the ancients ever hit upon the most

dainty and complex of recipes, the French sole, '*en matelotte normande*,' the bare recollection of the taste of which lingers, we must say, after years' desuetude, agreeably on our palate still; that the larger specimens were sometimes served plain boiled, in preference to any other more elaborate mode of cooking, is highly probable, since a doughty Greek authority pronounces that, for an easy digestion, there is no way of serving fish so good as *au naturel*. Though these fish were generally in high repute, yet their reputation varied with the species, and with the locality from which they came; even in our own island, how different in respect to quality are soles fetched from different districts. When Galen, Xenocrates, and Diphilus speak disparagingly of soles, we must suppose them either to have been sadly warped by some caprice of fashion, or else very unfortunate in their supplies; and it was no doubt a feeling of the injustice of such a censure passed on his favourite food, which extorted the complaint from a great Greek connoisseur, 'everything is censured in turn, and now they tell me, but I will never believe it, that there is imperfection even in a sole!'

There can be no doubt that *βουγλωσσός* and *Solea* severally represent the sole. Archestratus speaks of the roughness of the *βουγλωσσός*, calling it *ἐπιστηγνῆς βουγλωσσός*. Ovid illustrates a striking trait of these fish—viz., their mode of suddenly flashing past when disturbed, with the under white surface uppermost, when they become momentarily what he calls them, '*fulgentes Solea candore.*' Indeed, the trivial Greek name, the 'ox-tongue,'‡ or simply

* The fertile fancy of the Greeks suggested them as fit sandals for the ocean nymphs, a use to which the variety of their size and shape, and their adhesiveness when applied to the soles of these sea-damself's feet, must have rendered them well adapted.

They served those 'sandals' of the foamy sea
Which nimble Nereids sent on errands fleet
Apply protective to their tender feet.

Σάνδαλα δ' εὖ παρέθηκεν ἀμειγνῇ Ἀθανατῶν
Αὐτοῦ βουγλωσσός τιναν ἐν ἄλλῃ μορμυρῶσι.

A slave in Plautus, hearing some one order soles† says, in allusion to the name and the supposed use made by these nymphs, of the sole, as their slipper-fish, 'Qui quæso potius soleas quam sculponeas, quibus bñatur tibi os senex requisissimæ.'

†

Μαγειρός

Σίζοντες παρέθηκε φέρων κτισσῶσι δὲ δομα.

‡ Different species of sole had different names assigned to them, as 'dog-tongue,' 'sheep-tongue,' 'horse-tongue,' &c.

'tongue-fish,' names by which the sole is still recognised in Spain and Italy, would, in the absence of all other evidence, have left little doubt as to the identity of the two.*

All these and other flat-fish were kept by the Romans in vivaria,

which will afford us an opportunity, before taking final leave of the reader, to add a few supplementary remarks to what has been already said in the course of these papers on the subject of ancient stews.

VIVARIA.

ARTIFICIAL pieces of water, for the maintenance of fish, are very ancient—though we know not how ancient—inventions. Ponds, with swimming live stock, are exhibited in some pictorial relics of venerable Egypt. The precise purposes of these early vivaria, is uncertain, but in after times, certainly, (and probably from the first,) there were two kinds, the sacred and profane, in which the finny occu-

pants met a very different destiny, according as they were looked upon in the light of mere objects of culinary consumption, as 'mute' victims, for the altar of the particular god to whom they were dedicated, or as being themselves the divinities which were to be inquired of and propitiated.† We have had occasion, already, to refer more than once to ancient vivaria, and have spoken, somewhat in detail, of the

* There is a sort of punning joke on the double meaning of the word recorded in a fragment of a Latin comedy,

'Vine *lingulacus*! S. Quid opus est quando uxor domi est,
Ea *lingula* est nobis piam nunquam tacet.'

Which may be freely done into English, thus,—

'Fresh tongues! fresh tongues! who'll buy, who'll buy?
Come, Sir, will you? 'No, friend, not I;
Tongue always fresh at home I've got
In my sweet wife, Dame Polyglott!'

which reminds us of a similar equivoque we once perpetrated against a lady of our acquaintance, blue as to her stocking, but red as to her face,—

So learned a linguist is Corinna grown,
She's mistress of *all* tongues, except her *own*.

† Martin makes mention of fish belonging to a sacred tank, which were too holy to be handled; (Elian of some kept in a stew, dedicated to Jupiter Militant, which few poachers would have had the hardihood to catch, and no discreet cook would have presumed to stew; or as Varro, speaking of certain Lydian fish, held equally sacrosanct, punningly puts it, *hos pisces nemo cocus in jus vocare audeat*. Polycharnus, in his *History of Lydia*, says that in a grove on the sea shore, consecrated to Apollo, usually sat a priest, to whom those who had any important matter in hand would bring two spits, (to each of which were suspended ten pieces of meat, as consulting bait,) and, throwing them into the gulph, be desired by him to note what followed. As the water came rushing in, the observer saw on the back of the approaching waves 'an immense number of fish, enough to frighten any one, from their multitude and size.' Of some it was even necessary to take care, and keep out of the way, for amongst the mixed shoal were dire sharks, and whales, and hammer-fish, besides other monsters, of 'queer quaint shapes.' When the inquirer, on the bidding of the priest, had carefully recounted to him the catalogue of the fish he had seen, the other was illumined to take up his parable, and to enunciate to the client his future destiny. Sacred fish are still to be found, in different parts of the world. Sir J. Chardin saw, in his travels in the East, 'fish confined in the court-yard of a mosque, with rings of gold, silver, and copper through their muzzles, not for ornament, but, as I was informed, as a token of their being consecrated. None dared touch them, such a sacrilege being supposed to draw after it the vengeance of the saint to whom they were consecrated, and his votaries, not content to leave them to his resentment, took upon themselves to punish transgressors. An Armenian Christian, who had ventured to take some of these fish, was killed upon the spot by one of them.' Sacred fish also frisk about, occasionally, in the holy waters of cloistered monopolists; and Mr. Curzon, if we remember rightly, cites, in his late interesting *Visit to the Monasteries in the Levant*, certain fried fish which were wont, to the consecration of strangers and the confirmation of the faithful, to make their sinful appearance, and to swim about with frizzled fins, secure from molestation, in an integument of sacred batter.

addiction of the Romans* to their stews, whether for the mere pleasure of taming their scaly inmates, or, as in modern Germany, with a view to farming the produce. As yet, however, we have said nothing, and shall now, therefore, proceed to say a few words touching their construction: a work of considerable interest, in which the instructions that have come down to us from Columella, Varro,† and Pliny, are at once so judicious and full, as to prove that Roman fish ponds left nothing for posterity to improve.

Our first paragraphs shall be devoted to the forming of these stews; we shall next speak of the stocking; and, lastly, of the feeding of the stock, according to the order observed by Varro, in his enu-

meration of the expenses incurred by their owners in making them. (*Primum ædificantur magno: secundo implentur magno: tertio aluntur magno.*) There are, says this author, two sorts of stews, one supplied by fresh, the other by salt water. The first, in which advantage is taken of neighbouring land springs, is the poor man's pond; the other, or sea preserve, (where Neptune furnishes both the water and the fish,) none but a *millionaire* can attempt, for though pleasing to the eye, it is a very expensive speculation, and one much better calculated to empty the fabricator's purse (*marsupium*) than to fill his stomach; so that, in two senses, the *fresh* water stew, which entails little outlay or trouble, may justly be

* We have not succeeded in finding any notices of Greek vivaria, except that of a very noble one, which was constructed by the inhabitants of Girgenti (Sicily) for the tyrant Gelon: a reservoir, according to Diodorus Siculus, of many a mile in circuit, and very deep, which was fed with *fresh* water, and filled with fish. There can be no doubt, from this and from Moschon's account of Hiero's ship, which we subjoin, that the Sicilians, at any rate, were used to breed fish in preserves. The following are a few of the particulars, recorded in Athenæus, of this interesting vessel. She was built at Syracuse, under the superintendence of Archimedes, and intended for the transport of corn; the timber felled on the sides of Ætna for the purpose, was sufficient for the fabrication of sixty common galleys. When Hiero had collected all the necessary planks, nails, cordage, pitch, and other materials for his purpose, he brought his artisans together, and set them to work. Archias was the master builder. Three hundred carpenters, without counting helps, worked night and day at the sides. When the wooden walls had been reared to half the intended height, the hulk was launched by Archimedes himself, and the building finished on the water. It was a three-decker, and had twenty rows of rowers. The floors, in all the rooms, were mosaics, exhibiting a series of subjects taken from the *Iliad*, and wonderfully executed. There was a gymnasium and an English flower-garden, a trelliced vineyard and avenues of trees, to shade the walks on deck. There was an aphrodisium, inlaid with a rich assortment of Sicilian agates and cypress panels; an academic saloon, a library, ten stables, on each side the gang way, and cribs, all along the ship's sides, for grooms, harness, and accoutrements. This wonderful ship contained, moreover, near the prow, a large reservoir, made of planks, well caulked and pitched, containing 21,000 gallons of water, under lock and key. By the side of this reservoir, and fed by it, was a pond, also made of planks, lined with lead, and carefully covered. It was filled with sea water, and in this a great number of fish were constantly kept. ἦν δὲ καὶ ὑδροθήκη κατὰ τὴν πῶραν πλειστή δισχιλίους μετρητὰς δεχομένη ἐκ σανίδων καὶ πίττης καὶ οὐθὺν κατεσκευασμένη παρὰ δὲ ταύτην κατεκείατο διὰ μόλιζδωματος καὶ σανίδων κλειστὸν ἰχθυοτροφεῖον. τοῦτο δὴν πλήρης θαλάττης, ἐν ᾧ πολλοὶ ἰχθύες ἐνερπίζοντο.

† M. T. Varro was a vigorous old Roman Coke, of Norfolk, who, in place of dallying with the muses, at eighty, like Anacreon, turned his bald head to better account, and gracefully bequeaths, with youthful and affectionate gallantry, a practical treatise, '*de re rustica ad Fundaniam uxorem*,' with intent that she may make a good thing of her farm, when he shall have been removed from her; and, adds the old gentleman, in concluding his dedication to her, 'we have no time, my dear, to lose; if man's estate be, as we are told it is, a soap bubble, at the best, much it behoves an old fellow like me, whose eightieth birthday is at hand, speedily to put his house in order, before he departs out of life.' The old agriculturist then proceeds, in very hearty prose, to give *Gardener's Chronicle* advice, on every matter connected with agriculture, on tilling and cropping the ground, on the management of horses and cattle, of fowls and bees, and, lastly, on the advantages to be derived from economic fish ponds.

called sweet, (*dulcis*), whilst the sea pond, in consequence of all the heavy outlays it occasions, deserved, in a double sense, also, the epithet 'amarum,' or bitter. One *piscina* (common fresh water tank) is held to be enough, says Varro; but one plain piece of artificial sea water is what no connoisseur ever dreams of. After going to a great expense in constructing, he divides and then subdivides it into partitions, almost as multilocular as a painter's box of colours, and in each compartment places some different fish, or shell fish.* M. and L. Lucullus are both set down as the artificers of stews, but Hortensius found fault with the former, for not going to sufficient expense to provide a suitable retreat for his fish in warm weather, which, indeed, brought his stews into general discredit; whereas L. Lucullus, after he had excavated noble ponds, in the matrix of the solid rock, by judiciously giving his architect the unlimited command of his purse, with liberty to beggar him, if necessary, provided he took care to secure a shady grotto, to the refreshing coolness of which his beloved fish might always retire, for repose,

whilst the dog star raged, or whenever their instincts might see fit, succeeded perfectly in his undertaking, and made Neptune jealous of his ponds.

Columella enters much more into particulars than Varro, and we shall quote from his penultimate chapter, *de re rustica*, the directions which he gives as to the whereabouts for forming, and how to construct proper marine piscinas. He particularly recommends them in insular situations, where the soil is poor, and the returns small or none; in such situations they may be made to turn to excellent account.† Mero sterility of soil, however, ought not to be the only consideration in determining the site of a sea pond; several other things, as we shall presently see, should also enter into the account; but when these are present the best place to commence operations is so near the sea that its waters may easily wash through, and never stagnate, 'thus imitating the great main whence they are derived, which never being of the same temperature, is in perpetual movement, and renewed every hour.‡' They may be made of tiles,

* Pliny tells us that Fulvius Hirpinus, shortly before the civil war with Pompey the Great, invented 'warrens, as it were, for winkles,' which he caused to be made in the territory of Tarquinium. Each shell fish had a separate compartment assigned to it. He specifies several sorts, and tells us 'they thrive so well that some winkle shells would hold near four gallons.' Men took a great pride, he adds, in fattening their different coquillages, not so much it seems with a view to the increase of the malacology within, as to produce the largest shells; and he mentions some very large ones; but it may be doubted whether all their culture ever succeeded in producing such bivalves as are found, now-a-days, in India. The largest of these yet discovered is, we believe, a live shell *tridacna gigas*, (to be seen at a small oyster shop in Maiden-lane,) the sides of which, more than a yard long, weigh not far short of four hundredweight! We recommend all our readers living near the Strand, to go and see it!

† 'Hunc diem quæstum villaticum patris-familias demonstrabimus qui sive insulas, sive mantia agro mercatus, propter exilitatem soli, quas plerumque litori vicina est fructus terre præcipere non poterit, ex mari redditum constituit.' Thus in former days men used to make large fortunes by turning fishmongers on their own account. L. Crassus did not keep stews for the sake of lining his inside with fish, as Pliny informs us, but 'of a covetous mind and for mere gain, for by this and such witty devices he gathered large revenues.' In Germany the nobles make more by their carp and pike, than gentlemen agriculturists in England by their sheep and cattle; and Lacipède, deploring the loss of fish ponds in France, says 'they used to produce large returns from several sources now dried up with them. When that living agriculture was put a stop to, the earth around, no longer bedewed with gentle moisture (descending in dews evaporated from their surface), began first to require irrigation, and even then was less prolific than formerly; the fertilizing manure which used to be strewed over the soil had ceased, and other muck must be bought and brought from a distance; and finally the various wild fowl, in some places so rich in returns, now ceased to yield anything, and thus much evil and no good has attended the 'abolition of our ponds.'

‡ Columella's explanation of this phenomenon, 'quoniam gelidum ab imo fluo-

opus signinum, or be excavated in the solid rock; in either case, in all such ponds as are not perpetually motionless and asleep, that extremity which lies farthest from the sea, and is deeper and cooler than the other, should conduct by straight or tortuous channels into a grotto where the scaly troop may retire from the heat of the day, like cattle for refreshment and cover. The watery alleys leading to these places of repose should not be too broad for murenæ, which prefer a narrow nestling trough; some, however, object altogether to mixing murenæ with other stock, as they are liable to go mad like dogs, and in that case will run down, bite and destroy every other species shut up in the same reservoir, till they have entirely consumed them. In feeding these reservoirs, the supplies of water should, if possible, be let in from one side, while the issue should take place at the one opposite; this will secure a perpetual renewal of the water, which is a matter of prime importance here; a convenient coolness being also of equal consequence, for the salubrity of the fish, the deeper the source whence the seawater is procured, the better; and wherever it is practicable the pond should fill itself from below. When the vivarium to be formed is scarcely above the level of the sea, its basin should be dug down about nine feet, and the conduit pipes placed about two feet from the top; they should be as capacious as possible to admit sudden flushes of water, which will help the issue of the stagnant mass lying below the sea's level. Here it would be absurd to make those recesses and alcoves spoken of above, and always to be practised under favourable conditions: the water here is all too still already, and the farther it is drawn out from the

source of supply, the more stagnant will it become, and thus more harm will accrue to its scaly inhabitants from putrid water suffered to remain, than any conceivable degree of good from the cover it may offer against the heat, *plus nocet putris unda, quam prodest opacitas*. In the issue of the waters, or exundation from the pond, the escape is to be effected by means of a brass grating, with apertures of a size sufficiently great to let it run freely out, but too small to allow the escape of the young fish. If the dimensions of the pond permit, it is no bad practice to remove fragments of rock, covered with sea-weed, from the neighbouring shore, and to scatter these here and there in these little enclosures, in imitation of the open sea. As the gites of fish at sea are very various, some lying on a bed of sand, some ambushed in mud, others feeding among rocks, your pond should be constructed according to the character of the sea in the neighbourhood; and finally, let me advise when you have constructed it, to plant a series of stakes in a semicircular form round that part of it which lets in the water from the sea. These should always be above the level of the waves, and placed so closely as to break the force of the impinging waters, and to keep out the wrack and weeds which would else soon fill your piscina. Having thus constructed and secured the pond against casualties, the next point should be to stock it wisely; for as on land all fields will not bear the same crops, just so is it in the vast acreage of waters; we must not think, for instance, because we find inexhaustible supplies and multiplication of mullet in the open sea at large, that we shall therefore succeed with them in a pond; on making the experiment, we shall have

tum revolvit pelagus in partem superiorem,' since the cold and deeper strata of water rise naturally to the surface, is not true; the specific gravity of the water of the Mediterranean not being below forty degrees, the point of greatest density can have no tendency to the change here imputed to it.

* The ancients sometimes brought fish from a great distance, for the purpose of stock; generally, however, their sea-ponds were fed with species caught in the immediate neighbourhood; but the most extraordinary announcement in Columella is the fact that they turned lakes and rivers into natural vivaria, by carrying to, and depositing therein, not fish only, but the spawn of all such species as, though born at sea, are in the habit of penetrating some way up estuaries or streams. He speaks of the perfect success of the experiment in several rivers, which he names—the Velina, Sabatina, Ciminius, Volturnina.

the mortification to learn that rarely one or two out of many thousands of these delicate fish will bear a pond life; so, too, there is little use in imprisoning fine exotic fish, whose requirements are not well understood; such fish may live, indeed, but they will not *multiply*; and so they are without profit.

Sluggish mugils and the voracious lupus should be selected as easy to rear, as also turdi, and other saxatile fish of value. In regard to poor fish, says Columella, we make no mention of them, since they are neither worth capture nor rearing; but as all good fish do not thrive on the same bottom, study that which is prevalent along your own shore, and according as it is stony, sandy, or muddy, do you imitate these same peculiarities in your stew. An oozy bottom does best for flat fish, such as soles, turbot, and plaice; such a pond, too, is the best nidus for all kinds of coquillages, oysters, scolops, the petunales, (whence we derive our purples,) balani, and spondyles. A sandy bottom, though not absolutely bad for flat fish, suits the pelagians (not heretics, but open sea fish, of the same name) best; such as *e. g.*, auratas, the dentex, and Punic, and indigenous umbras; while it is less congenial to the growth of shell fish. The rocks bring up a hardy race of their own, and where you would have these flourish you must have a rocky pond. With regard to the diet of your fish, the flats (pisces jacentes) just mentioned—turbot, soles, and plaice, require a softer aliment than the saxatiles, having no teeth* to bite their food, which they accordingly swallow whole; for the last I particularly recommend the salt garbage, guts, and gills of any little fish, or the pisciculi themselves; or all the sweepings of stalls; service apples, figs, nuts broken in the hand; and, above all, if your (*annona lactis*) year's provision of the dairy permit, new cheese, may all, or any of them, be given; but no food proves so serviceable, by reason of its strong smell, to flat fish—as salt fish. Lying with their bellies on the ground, they are more guided by the nose

than the eye; they see what is above them perfectly, but all that is on a level with them, whether to the right or left, they see not, and so may lose a dinner which depends only on eyesight; but once offer to their nostril the trail of a salt anchovy, and they need no other guide than the scent. If, in consequence of the severity of winter, you cannot feed your fish high as you could wish, slices of apples or dried figs may always be given, especially those of the better kind, Boeotic or Numidian. There are some who give nothing to their watery live stock, but let them fare as they may, and fatten if they can. These persons are blind to their own interest; whenever their produce comes to the market, all the world despises its leanness, and nobody will buy their skeleton or scavenger fish offered for sale—*ruæies enim indicat eum non esse libero mari captum sed de custodia elatum; propter quod plurimum pretio detrahetur.*

Very different from this was the practice of C. Hirtius, who, having made twelve thousand sesteritia by his stews, spent the whole sum in baits for a larger progeny of fish; and Hortensius, too, of whom Varro relates 'that he not only was never entertained by his fish at table, but was scarcely ever easy unless engaged in entertaining and fattening them. To find suitable fare for his mullet,' says the same author, 'gives him infinitely more care and concern than me my mules and asses; for whilst I with one lad supply all my thrifty stud on a little barley and common water, Hortensius' fish-servants are not to be bountied. He has fishermen in fine weather, toiling to procure them bait; and when the weather is too coarse for fishing, then a whole troop of butchers and dealers in salt provisions send in their estimates of terms for keeping his alumni fat. Hortensius so looks to his mullet as to forget his men, and a sick slave has less chance of getting a draught of cold water in a fever, than these favoured fish of being kept cool in their stew at Midsummer.'

The plan of stocking rivers with

* This is true of some flat fish, as soles, but not by any means of the tribe generally, some of which are well toothed, and bold.

fish *ab ovo*, is a very old one, recommended by Columella, and largely followed; it has been, after the lapse of many centuries, again adopted by two fishermen of the Vosges, Gehin and Remy (Frenchmen, like dogs, do most things in couples), who have not only propagated salmon, carp, pike, tench, and perch; but declare, with our author, that the procedure is applicable first, to all fresh-water fish, and secondly, to those which, though living partly in fresh water and partly in the sea, spawn in rivers. They have thus, by dint of natural sagacity (for they are uneducated

men), revived unknowingly a very ancient practice, and succeeded in stocking the streams and rivers of a great part of France—those in the vicinity of Allevard, Pontcharra, Sassenage, Veary, Vazille, Bourg d'Oisons, Ravis, Pont-en-Royans, Paladru, Lempis, St. George, Avandor, La Buisse, and Grenoble, in the department of the Isère; and others in numerous parts of the departments of the Allier, the Lozère, the Meuse, the Meusthe, and Haute Laone, where either the original supply was exhausted, or where there had never been a supply before.*

MODERN PONDS.

THE age for fresh-water ponds seems to have gone by! There are, to be sure, one or two still to be found about the classic soil of Naples, where the air is, for the most part pure; but elsewhere in Italy the fear of 'malaria' has generally sealed them up, and wisely too, for it would be paying too dear a price for carp and tench to lodge them in pestiferous tanks, where the angler would at least have an equal chance of catching a fever as fish. The same fear, but not equally well founded, towards the close of the last century, induced the French, misguided by the eloquent declamations of Buffon, to fill up with as much earnestness as we are now exhibiting in spoliating the land of our trees, every fish-pond within reach. 'Les étangs,' writes Lacépède, in 1791, 'ont presque tous disparu de nos jours même du sol de la France, quoiqu'ils y fussent autrefois en assez grand nombre.' Those who at the time wrote against this wholesale demolition of what they justly considered as frequently an embellishment to scenery, otherwise sorry, found no sympathy, and were even denounced as a set of miserable fishmongering monopolists, who looked only to their own interests and aggrandise-

ment, regardless of the Hygiène Publique, and at the expense of the *grande nation*! In England's monastic days, before our sea fisheries were what they have now become, and when the transmission of fish was most precarious and expensive, stews were *de rigueur*; but when we were at length emancipated from the thrall of Rome, and the tyranny of a forty days' penance upon fish, and of having twice a-week nothing but carp in the larder, though there were plenty of geese in the pond, men by degrees used the privileges they had obtained, and converted their stews into arable and pasture land. The land is now become very valuable, and ague ceased to hold his court in Lincolnshire, and frogs everywhere to give evening concerts: it is not likely they will ever again be reproduced.

Here we take leave of the 'benevolent' reader; hoping shortly to reappear before him in a volume of 'Prose Halieutics,' being a re-issue of much that has already found its way into these columns, together with a good deal of entirely new matter, now in the course of preparation; and so, with

Christmas greetings, and good wishes,
We close our present notes on fishes.

* MacCulloch mentions that, in '1789, the annual supply of fresh-water fish in France was 1,200,000; that it fell some years back to 700,000, and has been diminishing since.' Is he speaking of the registered supplies furnished by the markets, or does he keep statistics of all the gamins who use fish-hooks throughout France, and receive from them an annual account of their proceedings, to add to the market account? Such figures are plainly of no value as records of the actual amount of river fish consumed in any one year by our Gallic neighbours; but they are interesting, as, however imperfect, they clearly tend to show that fish in France (like beavers and whales everywhere) were certainly getting low when the 'late new creation' of them began.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH QUESTION.

WHEN Shakspeare made his Henry V. ask the affianced Katherine of France, with somewhat more freedom than we are used to in these days, whether the issue of their union 'between St. Denis and St. George, half French, half English,' should not be 'a boy that would go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard,' he little dreamt how closely, two centuries and a half after, the spirit of his prediction would be realized. The two nations, indeed, whose patron saints were by their concert to fill the world with their deeds, are now joined by far stronger bonds than the matrimonial affinities of princes, ever failing in the hour of danger. Nor does the voice of justice, or of policy, call upon them to bid defiance to the ancient enemy of Christendom in the East. A sense of public duty, common interests, and a clear perception of the coming storm, dangerous to all alike, yet not equally foreseen by all, have bound them as one nation, to brave and suffer, or triumph together. The Power that, under the mask of sympathy with its co-religionists, aims at a dominion that would enable it to vanquish and enslave half Christendom, is scarcely less to be called its enemy than was formerly the Grand Turk himself. The standards of 'St. Denis and St. George' may ere long lead to 'beard' the great Northern foe, men 'in arms not worse,' and in a cause ten times more just, than those who fought and bled at Agincourt.

While men's minds are thus fixed on the ancient seats of heathen and Christian civilization in the East, but now for centuries past of Mahomedan conquest and usurpation, the great tidewave of mankind continues to set in the opposite direction, westward and southward. The American shore of the Pacific is becoming inhabited by an active, enterprising, and apparently indomitable race. The same great Ocean seems destined to be further bounded on the South by a branch of the same division of mankind, whose vocation appears to be to carry liberty of thought and action wherever they tread, and to bind the world by

their commerce. This stupendous event, the emigration by thousands, and hundreds of thousands, from Central and Western Europe to the Continents of the new world, with the entire change it can hardly fail ultimately to induce on the face of Eastern Asia, must by no means be left out of sight when reflecting on the whole bearings of our present subject. China is already revolutionized, and bids fair to be thrown open to the world in these latter days. Gibbon has traced with as much distinctness as the nature of the case will admit, the first attacks by the Huns upon the Chinese Empire—its conquest, and the absorption of the victors into its already enormous population—the ultimate defeat of its Northern enemies, and the breaking-up of the Hunnish monarchy, which had existed in Central Asia for thirteen hundred years; the migration of tribes too independent for the yoke, westward; the continuance of this migration for centuries, tribe after tribe being impelled in that direction, by the repeated action, probably, of the same force which first drove them from their native seats; and their final stand on the north-eastern boundaries of the Roman empire, until, in the age of degeneracy which ensued, they crossed its borders, and overspread its plains and cities like a flood. A future historian and philosopher may perhaps see, in the pressure of the European populations westward, in our past conquest, and, we will hope, now commencing civilization of India, in the occupation, by the Anglo-Saxon race, of California, and the Western coast of America; in the probable opening of Japan to the rest of the world; in the rising fortunes of Australia; in the Chinese Revolution; and in many other secret causes at work in that quarter of the globe, but as yet hidden from our view—may see in these a bearing on the great Eastern question, (not, perhaps, that particular phase of it which is now before us, but) the general question between Christian Power on the one hand, and the Mahomedan on the other, not less true because seemingly remote, and

scarcely observed in the glare of facts more near and tangible.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the keystone of the arch that binds the European and Asiatic families of mankind, the natural centre of their moral and intellectual movement, their progress, and their commerce; occupying a position which, for the incomparable excellence of its harbour, wherein the fleets of the world could ride with their leviathans and three-deckers alongside its quays; for its station midway between the two seas, which unite in bringing to its shores the produce and riches of the east and west; and for the luminous beauties with which nature has surrounded it, stands unrivalled in the world; this 'Empire of a City' has long been the object of envy and of jealousy to the great conquerors and autocrats of our race. As eloquently described in an ancient letter:—'Est in Europâ; habet in conspectu Asiam, Ægyptum, Africamque à dextrâ; quæ tametsi contiguæ non sunt, maris tamen navigandique commoditate veluti junguntur.' Founded originally by a little colony of Greeks, that keen and active race that has stamped the impress of its genius on all subsequent ages of mankind; the Roma Nova of Constantine; the great Patriarchate of eastern Christendom; the single stay for a thousand years of a falling empire; lastly the centre of Ottoman might in its meridian and in its setting, it still promises to be the witness of the great struggles of our species for conquest or for existence, of its glories and of its weaknesses. For not only has this wonderful city raised up empires: it has also, by its extreme facilities for luxury and depravity, undermined and cast them down. The latter days of the ancient Greek Empire were perhaps unrivalled for the effeminacy and base servility of its inhabitants. When the Emperor Palæologus, a prince worthy of a nobler people, endeavoured to muster the semblance of a force to repel the last furious assault of the Ottoman, Phranza, his faithful counsellor, mournfully reported that out of a

population of one hundred thousand, not more than five thousand '*Romans*' could be found to give battle for their country, their wives and their children; and our great historian indignantly declaims against 'men devoid of that spirit which even women have sometimes exerted for the common safety. Four hundred years of subjection may have wrought a change in the Greek mind, or certain theorists would hardly venture to propose a reconstitution of the Eastern Empire. But, however this be, the extraordinary influence of Constantinople alone on the rise and fall of already two empires, can hardly be overrated. Perhaps no higher testimony to its importance can be found than the secret article in the Treaty of Tilsit, by which Napoleon consented 'to make common cause with Russia against the Ottoman Porte,' in the event of the latter not accepting the Czar's conditions; 'and,' it proceeds, 'the two high contracting parties will unite their efforts to wrest from the vexatious and oppressive government of the Turks all its provinces in Europe,—*Roumelia and Constantinople alone excepted*.* The jealousies of the potentates were to preserve to the Turks their city. 'I lay no stress,' said Napoleon to the Russian Emperor, about the same time, 'on the evacuation of Wallachia and Moldavia by your troops: you may protect them if you desire. It is impossible to endure any longer the presence of the Turks in Europe; you are at liberty to chase them into Asia; but observe only, I rely upon it *that Constantinople is not to fall into the hands of any European Power*.'† O'Meara also relates the following remarkable saying of Napoleon at St. Helena:

All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it, and at first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would benefit the world to drive those brutes the Turks out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences of this step, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the

* Bignon VI., 339-340. Alison's *History of Europe*.

† Hardenberg, ix., 432. See on this whole subject Alison's *Europe*, chap. xlv., 78, 81, and Notes.

Turkish dominions who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the Islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained.*

Nor does the country of which we are speaking fall short of its great metropolis. Gifted with a climate and a soil to be envied by less favoured peoples, this 'land of the cedar and vine,' with the luxuriance of almost tropical vegetation, would, in the hands of European cultivators, and under the security of European laws, with the aid of proper means of transport, become probably the richest in the world. But, alas! without roads, almost without laws, under the oppression of the worst form of tyranny,—that based on religious supremacy,—this garden of nature has become comparatively a wilderness. Yet many improvements have been made of late years, and are still being made, and we must hesitate before passing a sweeping condemnation on the Turk. We ourselves occupy a somewhat similar position in Asia to his in Europe. A few hundred thousand of our countrymen there lord it over a hundred and fifty million Hindoos. We cannot yet, however, point to the improved state of the interior of India, to its facilities of transport and of communication, to its canals, to its rivers made navigable, trunk and branch roads reticulated over its varied surface, and conveying its apparently boundless treasures to the general mart of the world: to the less frequent visitations of scarcity or famine; to the general well-being of its inhabitants, nor even to the uncorrupt administra-

tion of its law. The honourable Company however professes to be the landlord of India: the Turk acknowledges only a permanent encampment in Europe. The contrast indeed becomes less flattering to us the further it is carried. We profess a religion which has for its object the improvement and (finite) perfection of the human heart. Yet we cannot be said, as a nation, to have made even an approach to the moral amelioration of the subject race. The Turk, on the contrary, believes in the sword of the prophet, and faithfully conforms in general, like the Rechabites of old, to the external precepts laid down for his conduct. Accordingly, what virtues the Koran really enforces are actually practised by the Faithful. Mr. Fellows, who lived among them for several months in Asia Minor, has warmly described their unswerving truthfulness, their honesty, kindness, and hospitality; and, what is unhappily more than we in this favoured land can boast of, *their mercy to their animals*, instruments of punishment for beasts of burden being hardly known among them—an instance of tender-heartedness in their character that would seem to suit them for a truer and purer faith. The Greeks were in the habit of *excusing* the possession of these fine qualities in their former tyrants by such sayings as: 'The Mahometan dares not steal, his religion forbids it'; 'He is not allowed by his religion to tell a lie,' &c., &c. The same traveller gives them also just praise for their temperance, to which he ascribes in great measure their freedom from disease, and denies their addiction to opium in any such immoderate degree as that with which they have been charged. In their manners they carry with them the true Oriental

* The designs of Russia upon Constantinople are of ancient date. So early as the eleventh century, there was a prediction that the Northern nations would one day possess that city, and an inscription to that effect is related by the Russian historian Karamsin, to have been found one morning written on the pedestal of one of the principal statues. The idea has always haunted the Russian people, and even the Turks themselves, some of whom go so far as to show the gate by which the Muscovite battalions are to enter. When our Queen Elizabeth first sent an ambassador to the Porte, the Czar Boris affected to be sorely scandalized, and directed his ambassador not only to pretend disbelief of the report, but to propose a religious crusade against the infidels. Elizabeth evaded the question, called the Czar her well beloved brother, who had long been the protector of the English, and said that 'she daily prayed heaven for him!'—*Karamsin*.

gracefulness and ease. 'Nature indeed seems to have given the Children of the Sun in the East a grace to which the offspring of Japhet are strangers, and the Turks are admitted to a full share in the gift. 'Their refinement,' in short, 'is of the manners and affections, while, however, there is little cultivation or activity of mind among them.' To this sterility, compared with the growth of activity and intelligence to the north and west of their country, they probably in great measure owe their decline.

We do not propose to rake up the apparently interminable question of the last eight months. Every phase of it, so far as foreign ministers have divulged their sentiments to the world, or events have disclosed them, whether in harmony with or contradiction to their ostensible professions, has already afflicted the public mind with a weariness only equalled by its disgust. The satisfaction freely given on the question of the holy shrines; the consequent abandonment of that question, as concluded; the subsequent ground taken again upon it, in Count Nesselrode's circular, as though *not* concluded; the sudden transition to a new claim, unheard of in the annals of independent nations; that the chief of one powerful state should exercise a spiritual protectorate over twelve millions of native subjects of another and that a weaker state; the secrecy which was insisted upon in the negotiations, and the oft-repeated menaces with which each claim was accompanied: the second Russian circular, founding the order for the occupation of the Principalities, upon the advance of the allied fleets to Besika-bay, a statement chronologically false; the eager acceptance of a note, which could be construed into containing the very terms originally demanded;—all this has shown an amount of sharp practice, which, in every-day life, would be called by a name we had rather should be understood than expressed. The public mind of England has sufficiently declared itself upon each point, as it arose, and, so far as resistance to aggression and positive reprobation of injustice and duplicity are concerned, it is as that of one man. The questions which have

arisen amongst us are rather questions of time and degree, and means than of the principle involved. Some of these are also coloured, more or less, with party politics, an inevitable result in this country, where even a momentary influence, by whatever means to be obtained, is too often an object of ambition. Witness the supercilious indifference with which some of Wellington's greatest victories were treated, by the party then in opposition; and, at the commencement of his wonderful Peninsular career, the contempt poured on his measures, by the representatives rather of ignorance and faction, than of English cities and counties. We recal this, not in derogation of a constitutional system, in which, perhaps, such offences must needs come, but to prepare ourselves and others for the phenomena, should they occur, of party politicians making use of a necessary and just though severe and grievous war, to suit their own purposes, and weaken the hands of Government, at the moment when it requires the combined aid of every mind and every arm to sustain its efforts. But, we repeat, in the present instance there has been but one opinion, one voice, on the question of rights and justice against violence and wrong. The same pervading feeling will, doubtless, last out the present day, and display England to the world, as a power essentially, indeed, of peace, but of instant readiness to resist the very strongest in their career of aggression, if needs be.

Russian ambition has, for years past, followed up a gradual career of conquest. It has been well observed that the great Northern Empire has gained even more by its diplomacy than by its victories, so glad have been its enemies to conclude peace, even when partially successful, on the best terms they could obtain, so little was to be gained and so much to be lost. The author of *Progress of Russia in the East* has given us a vivid picture of this rapid advance towards universal dominion:—

The acquisitions which Russia has made, within the last sixty-four years, are equal, in extent and importance, to the whole empire she had in Europe be-

fore that time : the acquisitions she has made from Sweden are greater than what remains of that ancient kingdom ; her acquisitions from Poland are as large as the whole Austrian empire ; the territory she has wrested from Turkey in Europe is equal to the dominions of Prussia, exclusive of her Rhenish provinces ; and her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are equal, in extent, to all the smaller states of Germany, the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, Belgium, and Holland, taken together ; the country she has conquered from Persia is about the size of England ; and her acquisitions in Tartary have an area equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain. In sixty-four years she has advanced her frontier eight hundred and fifty miles towards Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Paris ; she has approached four hundred and fifty miles nearer to Constantinople ; she has possessed herself of the capital of Poland, and has advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden, from which, when Peter the First mounted the throne, her frontier was distant three hundred miles. Since that time she has stretched herself forward, about one thousand miles, towards India, and the same distance towards the capital of Persia.

Such has been the apparently irresistible march of this gigantic power. If we inquire into the causes of this great phenomenon of the last and present centuries, we are equally struck with their simplicity and their grandeur. For centuries there had been a constant immigration of warlike tribes from Northern and Central Asia. Between the Tartars and the Poles, Russia's early history shows one continued period of suffering and subjugation. At length arose a deliverer in the person of Peter the Great, whose task was to bind up the disjointed framework of his State into the compactness of a well-regulated empire. From that moment the star of Russia has been in the ascendant. This was all that was wanting to make a people of intense religious feeling, inhabiting a country almost unassailable by regular armies, absolutely obedient to their nobles, inured to hardship and privation, and possessing a boundless territory, the most formidable nation, perhaps, that the world has yet seen. The means

whereby Russia has effected her conquests, and the line of policy she has pursued, show a remarkable similarity in some respects to that followed by Ancient Rome, while in others they evince a tact and an astuteness peculiarly her own. The former case has been admirably treated by Professor Creasy, who remarks on

—the State craft of the Roman Senate, which took care in every foreign war to appear in the character of a *Protector*. Thus Rome *protected* the Aetolians and the Greek cities against Macedon ; she *protected* Bithynia and other small Asiatic states against the Syrian kings ; she *protected* Numidia against Carthage, and in numerous other instances assumed the same specious character. But 'woe to the people whose liberty depends on the continued forbearance of an over-mighty protector.* Every state which Rome *protected* was ultimately subjugated and absorbed by her. And Russia has been the protector of Poland, the protector of the Crimea, the protector of Georgia, Immeritia, Mingrelia, the Tcherkessian and Caucasian tribes, &c. She has first *protected* and then appropriated them all. She protects Moldavia and Wallachia. A few years ago she became the protector of Turkey from Mehemet Ali, and since the summer of 1849 she has made herself the protector of Austria.†

And we may now add, a well-meant attempt to become the protector of twelve millions, or four-fifths of the Sultan's subjects in Europe.

We have said, however, that this great power, while following the example of the former conquerors of the world, has improved on its teachers by a policy peculiarly its own. It will be remembered that the Russian forces entered the Principalities of the Danube 'not to make war,' but to obtain a 'material guarantee' for the cession of the autocrat's demands. Let us hear now the testimony of the Russian historian Karamzin, who has shown this very feature to be a leading characteristic of the imperial diplomacy :—

The object and character of our foreign policy (he observes) have ever been to make conquests without war, and to secure them at each peace, to

* Malkin's *History of Greece*.

† *Decisive Battles of the World*, ii., p. 220.

maintain a defensive attitude, to place no trust in those whose interests do not tally with our own, and never to lose an occasion of doing them an injury, without, however, involving ourselves in the formal state of war. (*Sans pour cela nous mettre formellement en guerre avec eux.*)*

Really, one would think that this too candid author had been writing the history of the past year.

Bearing steadily in mind this distinctive policy of the Northern Empire, it will assist our obtaining a clear view of the present question, as between Russia and Europe, as well as between Russia and Turkey, to consider her actual military and geographical position relatively to the various nations on her frontier.

The first great fact that meets us in this inquiry is, that the most advanced military position of Russia in Europe, — that of Poland, — threatens both Berlin and Vienna at once, at a distance of not more than 180 miles from either, or nearer than York is to London. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this fact, not only in its military consequences, in case of war, but in the political influence it must secure to this Power at all times. Accordingly, we have seen Russia step in as the armed arbiter between the Austrian Emperor and his Hungarian rebels; and when lately Prussia and Austria seemed intent on effecting their mutual destruction, it was the same great Power that employed its friendly mediation, backed by the presence of 100,000 disposable troops in Poland. It is not, indeed, probable that a German politician would admit this state of friendly dependence, but we imagine it would be difficult for him to define the exact limit of independence of which his country actually feels itself in possession, with respect to its great Northern neighbour. Were Germany a nation united under one head, it would have nothing to fear, or rather, perhaps, it would be itself too much to be feared. But, as Germany now

is, with many of its princes unmistakably espousing the Russian cause, and more or less connected with the Russian court, and its people in an unsettled state, with no definite idea to work upon, with Prussia and Austria resuscitating from time to time their ancient rivalry — last, but not least, with a crowd of exiles that wait but the first shot fired in the general struggle, to recommence their dangerous game, it is clear that neutrality, a very passive, though perhaps talking neutrality, is all that can be expected. And all this is the direct consequence of that act, so infamous in the annals of those nations, which blotted out the name of Poland from the map of Europe. Were this ancient military monarchy reconstituted, even at this late hour, a barrier would be raised to Russian ambition which might throw back for centuries her schemes of conquest. This is not the place to discuss the practicability, or even possibility, of any such scheme. It may, or it may not, be politic, humane, righteous. But this seems certain, that it, and it alone, could re-establish the perfect independence of Prussia and Austria, and, with them, of every minor German State. Truly, the past history of Poland would give no promise of the possibility of the existence of such a nation in this century, whose normal condition was anarchy, and its great internal acts but deeds of blood. Still, the fact remains, and the two principal nations of Germany have only themselves to thank for the presence of such unwelcome neighbours within a fortnight's march of each of their capitals.

The Russian empire presses on the whole Northern and Eastern boundary of the Austrian dominions until the Danubian principality of Moldavia interposes, and its frontier thenceforward follows the line of the Pruth to the Euxine. With the further possession, whether virtual or actual, of Moldavia and Wallachia, Russia would encompass, on three sides at least, the provinces of

* Quoted by General Count Bjornstierna in his *Tableau Politique et Statistique de l'Empire Britannique dans l'Inde*. The reference is not given, nor have we succeeded in finding the passage in Karamsin's works; but the high character of the Swedish statesman is a sufficient voucher for its authenticity.

Gallicia (the Austrian share of Poland), Hungary, and Transylvania, and the Danube would be thenceforth a Russian river. However absurd it may sound, Austria's most important domains are at this moment in peril of being surrounded. Their final capture may well be reserved to the future convenience of the victor. To so great an extent is this an Austrian question, and such chains, nevertheless, has the Czar coiled round the neck of that ancient empress of nations, that she dares not act, and must be content with talking, and with watching the preparations for her own turn, most surely to come, with the giant of the North.

The position of Russia with respect to Turkey is still more threatening. Occupying the Northern coast of the Black Sea, with the superbly fortified harbour of Sebastopol as a base for her naval operations, and with only such wretched sailors to oppose as the Turks in late years have proved, she would have the entire command, but for any foreign aid the latter might receive, of that important sea, including the mouths of the Danube, with the enormous commerce that floats down its stream to supply the markets of the world. Sebastopol is but 350 miles (about) from Constantinople, and a strong force kept constantly in readiness to embark at the former place would effectually menace the latter, and at the same time threaten the flank and rear of any Turkish force occupying the range of the Balkan. The northerly winds which generally prevail, and the currents which set constantly towards the great outlet at Constantinople, must always be an important aid to this fleet. There is no question but the issue of a war between Russia and Turkey would be very much influenced, if not altogether decided in favour of the power which should obtain the permanent command of the Black Sea. With this command, a Russian fleet of ships of war, steamers, and transports, would accompany the left flank of their army, assist in the capture of the maritime fortresses, convey provisions, stores, and ammunition, and constantly press upon, if not altogether turn the right flank of the Turkish force. On the other

hand, should the Turks or their allies be triumphant on this sea, the communications of a Russian force in Wallachia or Bulgaria would be in continual peril, the Turkish coast line with its fortresses would be secured; these, with the aid of the position of Schumla (of which more hereafter), would engage the enemy to attack by his right, probably by Tirnova or Sophia, and a serious repulse in this attack, with his long, circuitous, and exposed communications with Southern Russia, might eventually endanger the loss of his army.

These remarks will be hereafter illustrated by a reference to the campaigns of 1828-9. But in respect to the importance of holding the command of the Black Sea, it is hardly too much to say that it is here that Russian aggression may receive its greatest check, and that not improbably another Actium may decide in the Euxine the fate of the world.

The command of the Black Sea must also exercise an important influence on the military operations in Asia. From the natural difficulties and the want of good communications in the country, on its western and southern coasts, it becomes a material object on both sides to transport their reinforcements and supplies by water. Whichever power, then, can secure this advantage to the detriment of the other, will have mastered one of the principal difficulties attendant on warfare in these parts, and will be so far in a superior position to his adversary. There can be little doubt, however, that the Russian navy will always be more than a match for the Turkish; and that should the latter be ever left to cope single-handed with their formidable adversary, this one consideration of the Russians obtaining a free range of the Euxine, while the Turks are cooped up in their harbours, will be sufficient of itself to give the former an overwhelming superiority in the general campaign. The position of Sebastopol in the Crimea is admirably calculated to secure these advantages.

Such being the general position taken up on the northern coast of this inland sea, it remains to con-

Power on the northern provinces of Turkey in Europe. The Principalities of the Danube, which separate Turkey proper, as it may be called, from Russian Bessarabia, are, it is well known, under the joint protection of the two Powers, but paying a tribute to the Sultan. The ruling influence, however, in these provinces is of course unmistakable. There can be no question of the vast importance of their possession to the great Northern Empire, giving it the entire command of the Danube, reducing Austria to a state of almost absolute dependence, and only awaiting the course of events to complete the march already begun on Constantinople itself. We find, accordingly, that it was one of the first objects of anxiety to Alexander, in his conferences at Tilsit, to obtain the consent of the French Emperor for their annexation to Russia. This was in due time followed by an Ukase (January 21, 1810), formally annexing these Provinces, and decreeing the Danube to be the southern boundary of the Empire, from the Austrian territory to the sea. It is true that in the treaty of Bucharest (May 28, 1812), which concluded that war, they were restored to their former owners; the formidable attack by Napoleon on the heart of the Empire rendered it desirable to procure peace, even at the price of retraction; but the fact of the annexation remains in strong evidence of the real designs of Alexander, which we may very safely conclude are being steadily followed up by his successor. Indeed, one of the principal acts in the reign of the present Emperor has been the procuring the nominal independence of these provinces; and in consequence, by a somewhat novel figure of speech, Russia could seize upon them as a 'material guarantee' for the cession of her demands, without, at the same time, making war upon Turkey.

The Wallachians and Moldavians are interesting, as the descendants of the Roman colonists whom Trajan planted among the ancient Daci, as a barrier against the barbarians of the North. The hope was vain, and these unhappy provinces have been the prey to successive invaders from

those distant ages to the present time. It cannot be said that the hope of the future is to them more promising than the history of the past is miserable. Perhaps their only chance of repose would be to fall under the domination of one of the Great Empires which they adjoin. Could this be Austria, the danger to the Ottoman Empire and to Europe might not be very considerable, while it would effectually separate the two belligerents. A proposition by Talleyrand to that effect is on record. But Russia could never permit such a Power to stand between her and her victim; the prevalent Greek religion is another insuperable bar; and lastly, the Turk himself would fight, as he is now doing, for the small amount of sovereignty that is still left to him in those parts. But the climate is mild, the soil wonderfully fertile, and, under a good government, and with years of peace, these provinces would probably be unsurpassed in Europe for wealth and prosperity. At present they bear only the marks of the hard lot to which their position between Europe and its Asiatic invaders has for centuries past reduced them; ill cultivated, half peopled, half civilized, with few towns, and scarcely anything that can be called a road. The description of the country by an eye-witness, one who served in the Russian war of 1810 against the Turks, may be interesting, as well for the circumstance that its condition must always modify, to an important degree, the Russo-Turkish question, as that it is at this moment the seat of war. We may add, that from all accounts there appears but little difference between its present state and that described in the following extract:—

Taking the course of a traveller setting out from Hermanstadt, we cross the lofty mountain regions of Transylvania by the pass of Rothenthurn, descend on the river Argisch, near the small town and convent of that name, and scale the vine-clad spur of the range, from whence are viewed the fields and plains of Wallachia. Rivers and streams in great numbers precipitate themselves from the mountains into the Danube, all of them impetuous in their course, fordable in dry weather, but overflowing at every fall of rain. The communications, which

are only kept up by ferry-boats and bad bridges, are frequently interrupted, and the rich soil renders the roads impracticable in wet weather. The entire plain, covered with oak brushwood, becomes in winter the haunt of great numbers of wolves from the mountains. Anciently the country was covered with forests, which, however, the inhabitants have cut down for firewood, and turned the land into pasture for their cattle, their principal means of subsistence. In Moldavia and Bessarabia the inhabitants have followed a similar industrial employment, but the soil is in many respects different from that of Wallachia. In these the streams, issuing from the lower levels of Padolia and Bukowina, flow in a more even course to the Danube, and form extensive marshes. Bessarabia is furrowed with these from north to south; yet notwithstanding, the country conveys to the eye the appearance of a perfect plain, with nothing but pasture, and not even a solitary bush. The inhabitants, after the fashion of the Tartars, lead a wandering life, and carry their tents from place to place. The Wallachians are also half Nomads, even their villages consisting but of large and partially excavated hovels, and these changed, from time to time, as the flocks change their pasture. In consequence the only sure indication of a place on the map is when a church or convent may have gathered around it some huts or wooden houses, so as to form a sort of town. More fixed habitations are, however, to be found in Moldavia, probably from its greater proximity to European civilization. Agriculture there is none in these provinces, or scarcely any worth mentioning, except the cultivation of Turkish wheat, of which the inhabitants make their bread; but the abundance of hay produced by their rich meadows, and which, made up into ricks, supplies even the flocks and herds of Transylvania during the winter, more than compensates the deficiency.*

It may seem, at first view, that such a land of desolation is scarcely worth contending for. And, indeed, to Turkey, it can be of but little value, further than the tribute it pays, and the honours of sovereignty. To Russia, however, it would constitute a vast accession of power, not only by its own natural riches, which, by means of good communications and proper drainage, she might turn to good account, but in a still greater degree by its political value, as ensuring the com-

mand, for all practical purposes, of the all-important Danube. We should then hear no more of chokings up, by sand-banks, at the mouth. The great river of Germany, would be under the efficient control of Russia, and it would be as much the interest of the latter to promote its commerce as it now is to impede it, in order to turn off the main traffic to Odessa. It is a paramount duty of Austria and of all Southern Germany to oppose, by material means if necessary, this threatened encroachment. It would indeed appear from the circular of the Austrian Government to its diplomatic agents, that this part of the question has occupied its serious attention, and it is probably in reference to this that the Austrian neutrality is promised only so long as her great state interests are not menaced. *

The importance to Austria of maintaining, if not in her own possession, at least in that of a neutral power, the course of this great river to its mouth, is sufficiently obvious. It is probable that this will determine the drift of her policy; and if so, it must be eminently that of present peace, with prudent arrangements for the security of these provinces, based on the general European equilibrium, and guaranteed by all the great Powers. The object would be to obtain a permanent veto by the rest of Europe against their being invaded by any one without the general consent, or only when required by urgent circumstances, which should be well defined. Could such a resolution be adopted, the present great and otherwise unmixed evil which would have led to it, would scarcely be a subject of regret.

So much attention has been given of late to the operations on this great 'highway of nations,' that we may be pardoned if we dwell a little on its leading characteristics, as materially influencing, not only every war, but even every act in the pacific policy of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe.

The Austrian Empire, though placed *à cheval* on the Danube, is neither in possession of its source

nor of its mouth, yet that river is the main artery of the empire. An invader from the east or the west would strike at the heart of the latter by following the stream as his line of operation; innumerable tributaries still further increase its importance, and nothing seems wanting to secure to central Europe the benefits Providence has marked for it in the possession of such an outlet for its industry and produce, but the control or occupation of the last part of its course and of its mouth. The Prussian General Valentini, from whom we have already quoted, gives an interesting description of this portion of the river:—

The Danube (he observes) which separates these provinces from Bulgaria is, at its entrance into the Turkish Empire, a very important river, as well from the size of its islands, as from the rapidity of its current, which renders it difficult to establish bridges of boats, for which also there would be required very large vessels. Silistia and Turtukai, where the stream is not more than a thousand paces broad, are the most advantageous points for these bridges. It would be difficult, however, to protect them against a skilful enemy who should be master of the right bank, seeing the plateau of Bulgaria is more elevated than the provinces of the opposite side, and extends to the very bank of the stream, terminating in a steep slope, from whence there is an entire command of observation over the plains of Wallachia. This bank is composed partly of rocks, partly of a clay standing at the steepness of rock, and intersected by deep ravines. The province, favoured as it is by nature, presents alternately uncultivated plains and the most luxuriant vineyards, which in some places extend along the river bank for miles, while their fertility is such that it seems impossible effectually to lay them waste. The high lands of Bulgaria are not so fortunate. Intersected by deep glens, which in summer are dry, they suffer much from the want of water, and but for a skilfully combined system of conduits, and the formation of artificial pools in the valleys, their population could never be proportionate to their fertility.*

It is now time that we examine more closely the military bearings of the question, and consider the capabilities of Turkey for defence. For this the experience of past wars will be the best guide, and it will be

necessary to assume, what has always been the case after the parties have been any time engaged, that the Russians are considerably superior in the numbers, and (always hitherto) in the quality of their troops. Without such assumption indeed the inquiry were worthless. We shall also take advantage of the opinions which military officers of distinction have expressed on this branch of the subject, trusting that its great importance at the present time will be an excuse for some little tedium of detail, which under the circumstances is inevitable. To save the constant recurrence of geographical explanation, we will make bold to recommend our readers to have before them any common map of Turkey in which the principal routes are given.

The natural features of the country present two grand lines of defence, at distances from one another varying from fifty to one hundred miles, and with an admirable position for a reserve, or for a third line of defence, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles of the second line. The first line is that of the Danube, with its fortresses. The second line is the range of the Balkan from Varna on the coast, to the Ikhliman pass on the road between Tartar-Bayazjik and Sophia, including the position of Schumla, and the passes through the mountains. The third position is at Adrianople on the Maritza, and extends by the Kuchuk Balkan to Kirlisch. In addition to these the country adjoining Constantinople is also very strong, and may even be considered as a fourth line of defence.

The length of the first line is about 350 miles, that of the second about 250, and the third nearly 50 miles.

The whole country is excessively unfavourable for military operations, from the difficulties of transport, the endless succession of strong positions, and above all from the terrible malaria which to European constitutions is even more destructive than the sword of the Ottoman.

With this general view before us of the theatre of operation we shall now give a précis of the two attacks

* Valentini: *Guerres des Russes contre les Turcs*, p. 41.

by Russia upon Turkish territory which have occurred during the present century, namely the campaigns of 1809-11, and of 1828-9.

The Russians commenced the campaign of 1809 in the spring, with a nominal force of eighty thousand infantry, and twenty-five thousand horse, including Cossacks. They had already occupied, since 1807, Bucharest and the Danubian Principalities. The Turks, weakened by the sanguinary revolutions of the preceding year, could oppose no force in the field capable of meeting such formidable enemies. They prudently resolved, therefore, to throw strong garrisons into the fortresses on the Danube, and to wait the issue of events at Schumla, and on their second line,—that of the Balkan.

Prozorowsky, the Russian general, first attempted Gurgevo, opposite Rustchuk, by escalade. He was repulsed with the loss of two thousand men. He next tried the same too obvious method against Brahilow, where, after leaving seven thousand killed in the ditches he was again repulsed. The Turks, emboldened by these successes, ventured across the river at Gurgevo, and commenced ravaging Moldavia. To draw them off, Bagrathion, who now succeeded to the command of the Russian forces, Prozorowsky having died, attempted to besiege Silistria. The siege was shortly turned into a blockade, and ultimately raised altogether, in consequence of a repulse at Tartaritza. The Russians, however, succeeded in forcing Brahilow to capitulate towards the close of November, thus obtaining a fortress which ensured the passage of the Danube in the ensuing spring. This was their only success of any importance during the year, and we observe that the whole campaign consisted of mere desultory fighting on different points of the first line of defence—the Danube.

The year 1810 was opened with the formal annexation of the Provinces to the Russian Empire, as has been already noticed. To support this audacious measure, the army on the Danube was reinforced to its original complement of 80,000 infantry and 30,000 horse. Kamen-skoi was appointed to the command,

and his plan of operations was as follows. The right wing was to besiege Silistria and Rustchuk, and thus secure the Lower Danube as a basis, while the remainder of the army were to advance upon Schumla, carry it by storm, and open the road to Constantinople.

The right wing accordingly crossed the Danube and invested Rustchuk; the left did not commence its operations till two months afterwards. It then besieged and took a few Danubian fortresses, mostly by holding out favourable conditions to their garrisons. Having secured, therefore, the immense advantage of a broad base of operations in the line of fortresses on the Lower Danube, and with no enemy in his immediate front or on his flank, Kamenaskoi found his projects sufficiently advanced to make his assault on Schumla, the key of the Balkans, towards their eastern extremity, and the pivot of the second great line of defence. To carry this celebrated position, the Russian General took with him forty thousand men.

Schumla, situated on the northern slope of the Balkan, the point of junction of the roads from Rustchuk, Silistria, Ismael, &c. to Constantinople, commanding by its situation no less than three important passes, and with every natural advantage in its favour for the formation of a strong entrenched camp, has in all the late wars with the Russians been selected for the principal defensive position of the empire. The town itself is said to contain 30,000 inhabitants.

It is encompassed by a counterfort of the Balkan, in the form of a horse-shoe, the steep slopes of which, covered with the thickest thorn-bush, form a position as favourable as the Turkish soldier can desire, who is fond of fighting under the shelter of rising ground or entrenchments. The town, which is about a league in length, and half a league in breadth, is protected by an earthen rampart and ditch, and in some places by a thick brick wall, flanked by small massive towers, from which five or six men could fire. Such is the nucleus of the entrenched camp, the contour of which is naturally indicated by the crests of the surrounding heights, which are well protected from attack by the ravines that intersect them, and the steepness of the declivities. The camp, by reason of

its great extent, could scarcely be blockaded, while the place itself is perfectly secure from bombardment, allows ample space for the magazines of the army, and even contains within its circuit vineyards and gardens, and, above all, a stream of pure water.*

The camp was occupied at this time by 30,000 men, under the Grand Vizier, Kara-Yusuf Pasha, who had signalized himself by his defence of Acre, in conjunction with Sir Sidney Smith, against Napoleon. The Russians appeared before it on the 23rd of June. A desultory contest ensued, in which both parties fought with desperation for every eminence and every thicket. The assailants, however, gained but little ground, and on the 12th July abandoned the enterprise, retiring towards the Danube, and leaving a force, nominally to blockade, but in reality merely to watch, the Turkish camp.

The Russian General next endeavoured to wipe off this stain by the assault of Rustchuk. Conformably with the usual tactics of the Turks, the garrison had sat still without molesting the assailants in any way during their approaches. An easy victory was expected by the younger soldiers; the older ones were more dubious. The attack was conducted in five massive columns. Two out of the five were admitted, and instantly cut to pieces by the Turkish scimitars; the others were received with such a terrible fire from the ramparts and roofs of the adjoining houses, that after twelve hours consumed in this hopeless contest, the Russian General yielded to necessity, and drew off his forces, leaving eight thousand killed and wounded on the ramparts, ditch, and glacis.

After this dreadful repulse, the Russians confined themselves to a blockade. A body of 30,000 Turks, consisting for the most part of raw militia, assembled to succour the place, but were attacked, and, after two days of severe fighting, defeated with great loss at Batin; in consequence of which Rustchuk capitulated, but on honourable terms. The campaign concluded with the siege and capture of Nicopolis, and the retirement of the Russians across the Danube for the winter.

Kamenskoi soon after died, and was succeeded by the celebrated Kutusoff, afterwards the antagonist of Napoleon.

This campaign was therefore confined almost entirely to the Danube and the country between that river and the Balkan. An attempt on the latter position signally failed, but on the other hand, every place on the first great front of defence fell into the hands of the enemy. When we consider the relative disparity of forces, in number and in quality, this insignificant result may well surprise us; but we must remember that it is entirely due to the repulse of the attack upon Schumla; and the natural strength of that position, joined to the bravery of its defenders, saved once more the honour, if not the existence of the Ottomans, as it had before done when assaulted by Romanzoff in the middle of the last century.

The campaign of 1811 opened with a great reduction of the Russian forces, in consequence of the menacing state of the relations between St. Petersburg and the Tuileries. Kutusoff found no more than fifty thousand men at his disposal, and the Turks having rallied round their standards to the number of sixty to eighty thousand men, he necessarily stood on the defensive. The very interesting battle of Rustchuk, in which the characteristic qualities of the European infantry and Asiatic horse were so remarkably displayed, was the first occurrence of any note. Though victorious, Kutusoff felt his position to be insecure, with the Danube in his rear, and retired the whole of his forces across the river. The Turks having crossed in pursuit, fortified themselves on the opposite, or Wallachian bank; then followed the extraordinary action, in advance of Guirgevo, in which the Turkish fieldworks covering their bridges were literally surrounded by the Russian redoubts, and their whole army shut up within their lines, while a Russian division, having crossed the river unperceived, gained command of the bridges in their rear and of the interior of the camp. A furious cannonade ensued, till the whole surviving Turkish force which

had passed the river laid down their arms. Negotiations for peace were entered upon shortly after, and the campaign thus terminated.

Little or no use appears in these campaigns to have been made of the fleets on either side. This is explained, however, so far as the Russians are concerned, by the circumstance, that Varna, the great military post of Turkey, was untaken. An attempt on that fortress was made in the course of the second campaign, which, however, failed. On the other hand, both sides employed a large fleet of gunboats on the Danube, which seems to be indispensable to operations on that river.

We now come to the Russian campaigns of 1828-9. The destruction of the janissaries, or military feudatories, holding their lands for services liable to be demanded in war, which had occurred three years before, had sapped, for the time at least, the main strength of the Ottoman Empire, by transferring its defence from the arm of the free-man to that of the conscript. The latter was no substitute for the former—the irregular violence of whose blows was but ill compensated by the attempted European discipline under the new system. Accordingly, we may be prepared to expect the most formidable defeat the Turkish Empire had yet sustained. Bad as it was, however, it was by no means easily achieved; and, as we shall presently see, it was accomplished at last far more by a successful stroke of generalship, than by the overwhelming force of the assailants. We do not usually, indeed, hear these campaigns spoken of in this manner; but we imagine it will be evident that such was the case, from the following statement. So little is really known of this war, though occurring strictly in our own times, that it may be well to state the authorities we shall generally follow in the account. *The Portfolio*, or collection of State Papers, contains (vol. iii.), a 'Précis of a Report on the Russian Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, drawn up, for the information of the Duke of Wellington, by Lieut.-Colonel Chesney.' The Editor of that publication, and the gallant and highly scientific officer, of whose report it purports to be a précis,

being happily both living, we shall leave any question of authenticity to be settled, if necessary, between them—merely observing, however, that it bears upon its face the stamp of truth, under whatever circumstances it chanced to come into print. We shall rely in some measure also on the history by Valentini, from whom we have already largely quoted, and who, though evincing a strong bias in favour of his former companions in arms, and obtaining his information through Russian channels, shows, nevertheless, a regard for truth that may well qualify him for the first rank of military historians.

The Russians opened the campaign of 1828 with 160,000 men according to some, with only 100,000 according to others, by invading the Danubian Principalities, which they entered on the 8th May. They are stated to have advanced without any previously arranged commissariat, acting probably on the old Roman, and afterwards Napoleonian maxim, of making war maintain war, and levying contributions on the peasants without payment. As might be expected, a scarcity ensued; fresh supplies were brought in from Russian Bessarabia by forced labour: famine preyed on the population of the country, a murrain consumed the cattle, and the plague broke out with intense energy at Bucharest, carrying off in the two years no less than 12,000 Russian soldiers. While these horrors were being perpetrated in their rear, the Russian army proceeded to the siege and capture of the fortresses in their way. Meanwhile, the Turks had assembled 31,800 infantry, and 13,000 cavalry at Schumla, under 'the energetic Hussein Pacha.' The Russians moved simultaneously against Varna, Silistria, and Schumla. Of these, however, at the termination of the campaign, on the arrival of winter, they had only succeeded in the capture of Varna, after a resistance of seventy days to the Russian batteries, and with two bastions demolished by their mines. The garrison did not risk an assault, with which the Turkish defence usually commences, and there appears reason to suppose the gates were partly opened with a golden key. The

besiegers were materially assisted by their fleet. At the end of October, the sieges of Silistria and Schumla were raised, and the Russians went into winter quarters. Thousands of men are said to have died of the plague in this campaign, and 30,000 horses were lost.

The winter of 1828-9 was marked by a total inactivity on the part of the Turks, and, as has hitherto been their wont, by great numbers of them returning to their homes. The Russians, taught by the experience of the past year, made the most extensive preparations for the forthcoming campaign—the total inability to proceed without a full supply of provisions and stores laid up in a regular system of magazines, and forwarded to the fighting corps, by established and well-guarded lines of communication, having been fatally demonstrated.*

At the commencement of the second campaign, the Russian army amounted to all to 150,000 men. The Turkish regular force was rather less than in the autumn of 1828. Forty-five thousand Russians proceeded to the siege of Silistria, which had been raised on the approach of winter. The remainder appear to have been placed in various positions menacing Schumla, and preparing for the passage of the Balkan should occasion offer.

Pravadi, a small town situated between Varna and Schumla, and on the road leading from Bazarjik, through Aidos, to Constantinople, was recognised by the Grand Vizier as an important strategical point, which would enable the Russians to turn the position of Schumla, and lay open the plains of Adrianople. Here the Russians had assembled 10,000 men. The Grand Vizier attacked it with 35,000 men; and whilst he was occupied in besieging it, Diebitsch planned and executed the passage of the Balkan.

General Diebitsch marched from Silistria, desiring Generals Roth and Rudiger to enclose the Turks

in the defiles of Pravadi (with the garrison of that place closing them in its rear), until he himself could arrive with his army. Meantime, Ibrahim Pacha, who was left at Schumla, summoned the Grand Vizier to his relief. A battle ensued, in the afternoon of the 11th June, at Kouleftja, in which, after a sanguinary conflict, and hemmed in on all sides, the Turks at length fled. 'The Russians had in the battle 40,000 men and 100 guns.'

The garrison of Schumla had, during the battle, made a diversion in the rear of the Russians; but became, as it would appear, panic-struck, to which the Turks are peculiarly liable, retired with haste, and even abandoned the redoubts in front of Schumla. Had General Diebitsch followed up his victory, which, however, he may not have been in a position to do, he must have carried Schumla itself. Two days afterwards, the Grand Vizier regained that encampment with 30,000 men; having lost in the engagement at Pravadi 3000, and the Russians very few less.

Silistria surrendered, on the 30th June, for want of ammunition—the Russians having effected two practicable breaches, and prepared five mines. The Turks, having expended their powder, could not risk an assault, or history might have recorded a second Rustchuk.

General Diebitsch then made a feint of attacking Schumla, till the Grand Vizier had recalled his detachments from all the passes. In order further to deceive the Turks, Diebitsch retreated on Jeni-Bazaar, six leagues on the road to Silistria. He then turned suddenly towards Devra and Keuprikioi. In order to pass the Balkan, each soldier was supplied with four days' food, and the wagons brought sufficient for ten days more. Ten thousand men were left to watch Schumla, and to assault it if the Vizier moved. The Vizier sent instantly 10,000 men to intercept Diebitsch at Keuprikioi; but the Russians had already passed through, and were on their way to Selimnia.

* A curious indication, with many others, of the long matured designs of Russia for an attack upon Turkey, is offered by the fact, well known in the London trade, that the Russian medical department purchased, at the commencement of the present year, four times their usual amount of quinine, the chief medicine for the intermittent fever arising from malaria. It is customary with that government to purchase six months' consumption at a time. The order was this year for an amount equal to two years' consumption. The circumstance occasioned much surprise, until the mystery was solved by recent events.

The Russians passed the Balkan with only forty thousand men, of whom, in ten days afterwards, ten thousand were in the hospitals. If the Turks had shown front from place to place, the Russians must have retreated towards the sea for provisions.

Thus the famous Balkans, with the Great Gate of Constantinople, as we may fairly term Schumla, were effectually turned. The fall of Adrianople succeeded, and Turkey appeared for the first time prostrate under its conqueror. It is very doubtful how far this was really the case. The Russians at Adrianople could not bring forty thousand men into the field. Their line of communication was insecure, and their troops were dying off by thousands. 'Of six thousand sick at Adrianople, every one died in three months.' The total loss of the Russians in the two campaigns is calculated at the frightful number of ; one hundred and forty thousand men and fifty thousand horses.*

It is quite clear from the above narrative that the Balkans ought not to have been forced, and that the success of this daring passage of arms was due rather to the skill of the general than to the want of bravery or of ability in the defenders. It was an event which may or may not recur, but with strong chances against the repetition. The forces, moreover, were very unequally matched, and yet the Turks lost but little ground in the first campaign, and, but for their misfortune at Pravadî, would probably have lost but a few fortresses in the second. The Russians again had the entire command of the sea, on which their left flank rested, with Varna as their base, and their fleet was of incalculable service in the siege and capture of Sizepoli, a fortress on the coast commanding the harbour of Bourgas, in the early part of the campaign, which gave them a ready communication with the sea for provisions and ammunition after crossing the Balkan.

We have in the above accounts gone somewhat into detail, in order to bring before our readers the real state of the matter, as it has been

laid open by past wars. We confess, at the same time, to having another and more immediately important object,—to inspire a wholesome confidence in the public mind, not only in the justice of the cause on which this great country has (virtually) embarked, but also in its perfect ability to uphold the same, if necessary, by force of arms, as we now hope to show.

Out of the five campaigns above sketched, the Russians gained a decisive success in but one. It by no means appears that they would have gained this but for two circumstances—their command of the sea, which, with the possession of Varna and Sizepoli, ensured in some degree their communications and supplies, and, as we have before said, a very successful stroke of generalship. What, then, would have happened had there been forty thousand French and British troops covering Adrianople? What, if British and French fleets had maintained the line of the coast, and prevented any Russian squadrons or transports from accompanying or supplying their troops on the march? It is obvious the thing could not have been attempted at all. It is not, indeed, equally obvious that Varna would not have been captured; but it is not impossible that in Turkish hands, with the assistance of a friendly squadron, that most important place, with respect both to land and sea operations, would have proved a second Acre. Varna, as covering the right flank of the great positions on the Balkan, and as, conjointly with Constantinople, a basis of naval operations against Odessa and Sebastopol, should be defended, it is clear, to the last, in any war of defence undertaken by the western nations on behalf of Turkey.

ADRIANOPLE, the second city in the empire, next claims our attention. Placed at the confluence of the Maritza, the Toundja and the Arda; being the point to which the roads from the various passes of the Balkan converge, with exception alone of that from Aïdos; possessing water communication with the Levant for vessels of moderate tonnage,

* It is only proper to observe that the account given in *The Portfolio*, from which the parts above quoted are drawn, appears essentially Turkish. We may rely, however, on the general facts here stated.

by the Maritza and the Gulf of Enos; thus at once covering the approaches on Constantinople and supporting the positions of the Balkan—seems marked out by its position as the last bulwark of the empire. Marshal Marmont, who in the earlier part of his career had made Turkey his special study. (having been ordered by Napoleon, after the treaty of Tilsit, to send officers into the country on various pretexts, to examine and report upon its military capabilities), and who in the latter part of his life, when an exile, revisited the scene of his former labours, has left us an instructive chapter on the relations of that empire to the various European Powers, and on the strategical advantages of Adrianople in particular. The picture, indeed, which he draws is the exact reverse of what is now the case—he presumes the Russians to have entered Turkey, and, with the consent of the Turks, to be holding it against Austria, France, and England. After providing for the security of the Dardanelles and of Constantinople, he proposes to place the remainder of the army, that is to say, forty thousand men at Adrianople, and to form there an entrenched camp, similar to the fortifications around Liutz, consisting of an extended system of towers, and with due advantage taken of the rivers which there flow into the Maritza. Eighteen or twenty towers would render that post unassailable; an army of thirty to forty thousand men could not be shut up within it, while it would hold one of eighty thousand in check, who could not venture to leave it in their rear.* The accomplished author subsequently considers the opposite case, of the western nations becoming the defenders of Turkey, and candidly admits that the brilliant advantages he had depicted as accruing to the Russians from a presumed defensive position taken in Turkey with the consent of the Turks, belong in truth to the first occupant. The sentence which follows is so curiously illustrative of (in part at least) the present situation, that we cannot resist transcribing it *verbatim*, merely premising that the work was published in 1837:—

En effet, si une flotte française et anglaise, passe le détroit des Dardanelles, et arrive à Constantinople; si en même temps un corps de cinquante mille hommes de l'alliance, autrichien ou français, vient prendre position à Andrinople, et y établir le camp retranché dont j'ai parlé, alors les Russes ont d'immenses difficultés à vaincre pour enlever ces positions à leurs ennemis; dès ce moment leur escadre rentre à Sébastopol, et n'en sort plus,* &c. &c.†

Put 'British' for 'Austrian,' in the category of troops which should be opposed, if the worst come to the worst, to Russian aggression, and the picture would seem not unlikely to be realized.

We have purposely abstained from touching on the grave question, 'What is to be done with Turkey?' It is, indeed, a question the responsibilities of which may well make statesmen tremble. But we fail to perceive that the course of Providence has yet put it to us. What we do know is our present plain path of duty. No verbal sophisms, no diplomatic niceties, no risk even to our own beloved land, must keep us from *that*. A nation, like an individual, has an end for which to live. Better to cease to live than give up that end for which it came into being. 'Death before dishonour.' Right is at this moment invaded by unjust power, and the strong arm of the brave must come if needs be to the rescue. A 'wilful king' aims at interference with the manifest course of Providential government, to turn its righteous decrees to his own account. He invades under the name of peace. To justify his violence he pleads facts that never had being, and principles that have no place save in the mind that blinds itself to the real truth of things. Let the wise take warning. What will be the end we know not yet. But our hope is in Him who 'giveth not the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' And with truth and justice, and that sympathy which was not withheld even from the out-cast Samaritan—all these for us, we may surely quote against the northern invader his own biblical motto for the war, if to war we at last be driven—DOMINE IN TE SPERAVI, NE CONFUNDAR IN ETERNUM.

* *Voyage du Maréchal Duc de Raguse*, ii. 121.

† *Ibid.* p. 126.

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